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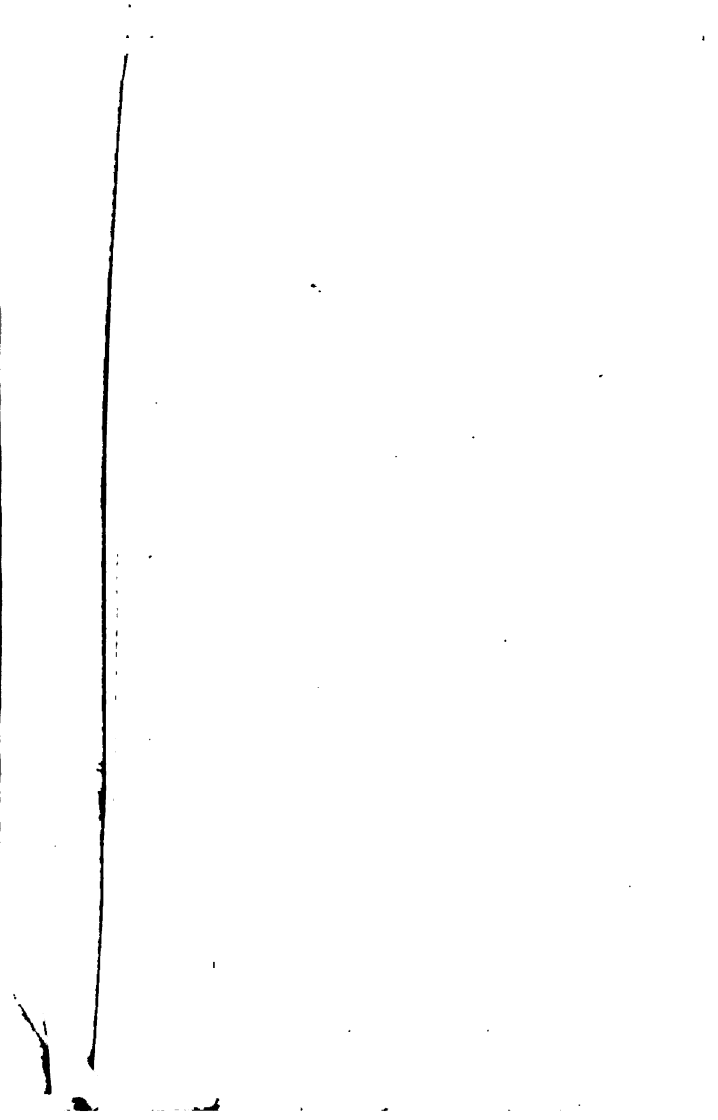


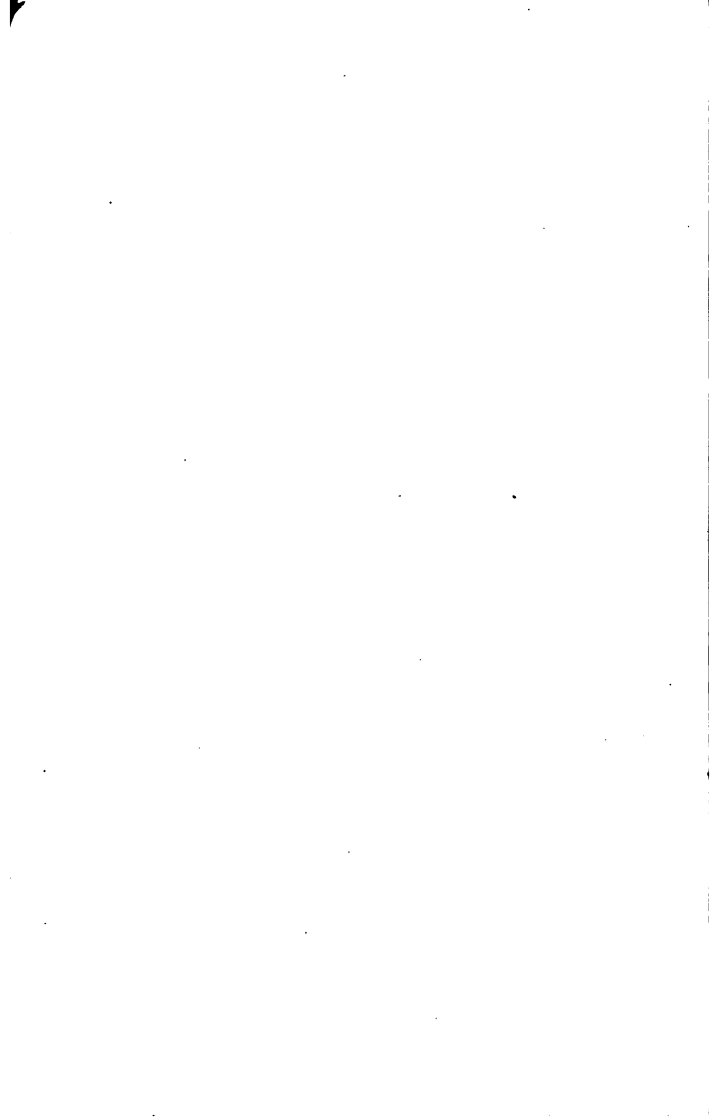
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DANTE AND HIS BOOK

From the picture by Domenico di Michelino,  
in the Cathedral of Florence.





THE VISION  
OF  
DANTE ALIGHIERI

*Translated by*  
HENRY FRANCIS CARY, M.A.

PART I.—HELL

*REVISED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION*  
BY PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A.

*WITH A FRONTISPIECE*  
From the Picture of Dante by  
DOMENICO DI MICHELINO

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ABSTRACT

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## PREFATORY NOTE

**I**N the present edition of Cary's *Hell* the notes have been subjected to revision. A paragraph here and there, which was no longer strictly relevant, has been omitted, sundry errors have been corrected, and an occasional note has been added in square brackets.

The biographical section of the *Life of Dante* has been entirely rewritten, many of the details which were accepted without question at the time Cary wrote being now rejected by the best authorities as more or less apocryphal. The latter half of Cary's sketch, which for the most part deals with the literary aspect of the Poet's life, has, with the exception of one or two paragraphs, been retained. The chronological table has been revised, and the index has been recast.

A few bibliographical *data* have been supplied in the Introduction, and a brief notice of Cary has been appended.

The representation of Dante prefixed to the volume is reproduced (by kind permission of  
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Messrs. Alinari of Florence) from a photograph of the picture (painted in 1466) by Domenico di Michelino, a pupil of Fra Angelico, over the north door in the Cathedral of Florence.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

*September 14, 1899.*

*In obitu Dantis Florentini.*

# INTRODUCTION

## NOTICE OF DANTE

### I

DANTE<sup>1</sup> ALIGHIERI was born in Florence, in the quarter of San Martino al Vescovo, in the year 1265, probably in the month of May. His father, Alighiero, who was a notary, and died before Dante was twenty, was the son of Bellincione degli Alighieri, and was descended, as several of Dante's own expressions go to prove, from the ancient and noble family of the Elisei, who lived in the Sesto di Porta san Piero in Florence. His mother's name was Bella, but it is not known to what family she belonged.<sup>2</sup> Bella was the first wife of Alighiero, and Dante was their only child. By his second wife, Lapa, Alighiero had two children—a son Francesco, who survived his half-brother Dante more than twenty years, and a daughter Tana. Dante, as he himself tell us in the *Paradiso* (xxv. 8–9), was baptized in the ancient Florentine Baptistery of San Giovanni, the font of which, as we know, again

<sup>1</sup> A contraction of Durante.

<sup>2</sup> It has been conjectured that she was the daughter of Durante di Scolaio degli Abati, in which case Dante's name was no doubt derived from his maternal grandfather.

on his own authority (*Inferno*, xix. 17-21), he once broke in order to rescue a boy from suffocation.

Of Dante's early years little is known, beyond the episode of his love for Beatrice, commonly supposed to be the daughter of Folco Portinari of Florence, the story of which is told in the *Vita Nuova*. Dante says that he first saw Beatrice when she was at the beginning of her ninth year, and he had nearly completed his ninth year (*i.e.* in the spring of 1274). "Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited her very tender age."<sup>1</sup> At the moment when he saw her Dante's heart was possessed by a passionate love for her, which from that time forward, he declares, completely mastered his soul. Nine years later, when they were both in their eighteenth year (in 1283), Dante saw Beatrice dressed all in pure white, walking in the street between two ladies older than herself. On this occasion she turned her eyes upon Dante, and saluted him. After this greeting, which, he says, seemed to reveal to him the utmost limits of blessedness, Dante had a vision, whereon he composed a sonnet, beginning, "A ciascun alma presa, e gentil core,"<sup>2</sup> which is his earliest known poetical composition. This sonnet he sent to various famous poets of the day, and among those from whom he

<sup>1</sup> Dante's *New Life*, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

<sup>2</sup> "To every captive soul, and gentle heart."

received replies was Guido Cavalcanti, who from this time became Dante's most intimate friend. Later on, Dante having meanwhile, in order to conceal his love for Beatrice, paid attentions to another lady, Beatrice denied him her salutation, which plunged him into the deepest grief. The next time he saw her was at a wedding-feast, whither he had been taken by a friend, and on this occasion his emotion so overcame him that his confusion was remarked, and the ladies, including Beatrice herself, whispered and mocked at him, whereupon his friend, noticing his distress, led him from the house. This episode has been taken to refer to the marriage of Beatrice Portinari, of which Dante never directly makes mention in the *Vita Nuova*, but which is known to have taken place in 1287, her husband being Simone de' Bardi, a member of one of the great banking-houses of Florence.<sup>1</sup>

Not long after this Dante learned of the death of Beatrice's father, Folco Portinari, whom he describes as a man "of exceeding goodness," and who was a personage of no little importance in Florence, for he had held high office in the city, and had several times served as Prior; he was also a great public benefactor, for in the year of his daughter's marriage he had founded the well-known hospital of Santa Maria Nuova in Florence. Folco's

<sup>1</sup> The Bardi were of European celebrity as bankers. They had extensive relations with our Edward III., through whose default—he owed them nearly a million gold florins—they failed, together with several other big Florentine houses, in 1345, not much more than twenty years after Dante's death.

death, and the grief of Beatrice for him, brought into Dante's mind the thought that one day Beatrice herself too must die ; and in a very short time his forebodings were realised. Beatrice died in June 1290, just on the completion of her twenty-fourth year, and Dante was for a time overwhelmed with grief. After a while he devoted himself to the study of philosophy, and, having thereby regained his peace of mind, he made the resolve, which is recorded at the conclusion of the *Vita Nuova*, that, should his life be spared, he would write of Beatrice what had never yet been written of any woman, a resolve which was carried into execution in the *Divina Commedia*.

According to some accounts, in the year before the death of Beatrice, Dante had taken part in the battle of Campaldino (June 11, 1289), fighting on the side of the Florentine Guelfs against the Ghibellines of Arezzo, who were totally defeated. And in August of the same year he was, as he records in the *Inferno* (xxi. 94-96), present at the capitulation of the Pisan fortress of Caprona, the garrison of which surrendered to the Tuscan Guelfs, and was allowed to pass with a safe-conduct through the midst of the besieging force.

Of Dante's studies as a youth we know little for certain. From an expression in the *Divina Commedia* (*Inferno*, xv. 82-85) it has been assumed that he was a pupil of Brunetto Latino, the author of the *Trésor*, a sort of encyclopædia written in

French. But, apart from other objections, Brunetto could not have been Dante's master in the ordinary sense of the word, as he was about fifty-five when Dante was born. Equally doubtful are the assertions of some of Dante's biographers that before the year 1300 he studied at the universities of Bologna and Padua. We know from himself (*Convivio*, ii. 13) that after the death of Beatrice he consoled himself with reading philosophical works, such as the *De Consolatione Philosophie* of Boëtius, and the *De Amicitia* of Cicero, and that he began to frequent the schools of philosophy with such assiduity that he soon came to think of nothing else, and the thought of his great loss almost faded from his mind. Dante confesses that at first he found it hard to understand the books he was reading, which, as he was now past his twenty-fifth year, shows that no very special attention can have been paid to his education up to that time.

Between 1295 and 1298 Dante married: of his wife nothing much is known beyond the facts that she was the daughter of Manetto Donati, that she was called Gemma, that she bore Dante four children, who remained with her for some time in Florence after Dante's exile, and that she was still living in 1332, some eleven years after Dante's death. Of these children, Pietro, the eldest, who was the author of a commentary on the *Divina Commedia*, became a lawyer, and died at Treviso in 1364; Jacopo, who wrote a didactic poem

called *Il Dottrinale*, entered the Church, became a canon in the diocese of Verona, and died before 1349; Beatrice became a nun in a convent at Ravenna, where in 1350 she was presented by Boccaccio with the sum of fifty gold florins on behalf of the Capitani di Or San Michele of Florence; of Antonia it is only known that she was still alive in 1332. Dante nowhere in his writings mentions his wife by name; she is supposed by some (with but slight probability) to be identical with the "donna pietosa" (*Vita Nuova*, §§ 36-39; *Convivio*, ii. 2, 7, etc.) who took compassion upon him after the death of Beatrice. There is no evidence to justify the assumption of certain of Dante's biographers that he lived on bad terms with Gemma (whom he probably never saw again after his exile) while they were together.

In order to qualify for the higher offices in the government of Florence, Dante, probably in 1295 or 1296, enrolled himself in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries ("Arte dei Medici e Speziali"). His choice of this particular guild may perhaps be explained by the fact that in those days books were among the wares sold by apothecaries; further, to this guild were attached also those who practised the art of painting,—an art which, it may be gathered, had especial attractions for Dante, and in which, as may be inferred from an incident related in the *Vita Nuova* (§ 35), he himself had

some skill. A few details of Dante's public life have been preserved in various documents. On July 6, 1295, it is recorded that he gave his opinion as to certain proposed modifications of the "Ordinamenti di Giustizia," ordinances against the power of the nobles of Florence, which had been enacted a couple of years before. On December 14 of the same year he took part in the bi-monthly election of Priors; and on June 5, 1296, he spoke in the Council of the Hundred ("Consiglio dei Cento"). In the spring of 1300 he went as ambassador to San Gimignano, a town not far from Siena, where he delivered a speech in discharge of his office on May 7. In this same year he was elected to serve as one of the Priors, for the two months from June 15 to August 15, this being the highest office in the Republic of Florence. During Dante's priorate it was decided to banish from Florence the leaders of the two political factions, the Neri and Bianchi, in order to put an end to the disturbances caused by the continued hostilities between them. Among the leaders of the Bianchi was Guido Cavalcanti, the poet, Dante's earliest friend. It thus came about that Dante was instrumental in sending his own friend into exile, and, as it proved, to his death; for, though the exiles were soon recalled, Guido never recovered from the effects of the malarious climate of Sarzana in Lunigiana, to which he had been banished, and died in Florence at the end of



August in the same year (1300). At this time the city was in a state of ferment owing to the feuds between these two factions, the former of whom, the Neri or Blacks, were the partisans of the Pope, Boniface VIII., and were clamouring for Charles of Valois (brother of the King of France) as his representative; while the Bianchi or Whites, to which faction Dante himself belonged, were bitterly opposed both to Boniface and to Charles.

• In April of the next year (1301), in the midst of these troubles, Dante was entrusted with the charge of superintending the works on the street of San Procolo, which were intended to facilitate the passage of troops into Florence. In the following October, in order to protest against the Papal policy, which aimed at the virtual subjection of Florence, the Bianchi sent an embassy to Rome, of which Dante was a member. During their absence, however, Charles of Valois entered Florence, on All Saints' Day (November 1, 1301); and soon after, the Podestà, Cante de' Gabrielli of Gubbio, pronounced a sentence, dated January 27, 1302, against Dante and several others, who had been summoned and had failed to appear. The charge against them was the infamous one of "barratry," that is, of pecuniary malversation in office, including the extortion of money and the making of illicit gains; they were further charged with having conspired against the Pope and the admission into the city of his representative, Charles

of Valois, and against the peace of the city of Florence and of the Guelf party. The penalty was a fine of five thousand florins, and the restitution of the monies illegally exacted; payment was to be made within three days of the promulgation of the sentence, in default of which all their goods were to be forfeited and destroyed. In addition to the fine, the delinquents were sentenced to banishment from Tuscany for two years, and to perpetual deprivation from office in the Commonwealth of Florence, their names to that end being recorded in the book of the Statutes of the People, as speculators and malversators in office.

This sentence having been disregarded, on March 10 in the same year (1302) a second severer sentence was pronounced against Dante and the others, condemning them to be burned alive should they at any time fall into the hands of the Republic—

“Si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti Communis pervenerit, talis perveniens *igne comburatur sic quod moriatur.*”

The charge of corruption brought against Dante was, it is needless to say, merely a base device on the part of his enemies within the city, who were anxious to disqualify him and the rest of the Bianchi from taking any further part in the government of Florence. His contemporary and fellow-citizen, the chronicler, Giovanni Villani, who belonged to the opposite party, states frankly that

Dante was driven into exile for no other fault than that of being an adherent of the Bianchi —

“Il detto Dante,” he says, “era de’ maggiori governatori della nostra città, e di quella parte bianca, bene che fosse guelfo; e però *senza altra colpa* colla detta parte bianca fu cacciato e sbandito di Firenze” (ix. 136).

That Dante, on the other hand, was a determined opponent of Boniface VIII. and his representative, Charles of Valois, is certain enough. It is still on record that when the Pope in the previous year had required the Florentines to supply a contingent of a hundred soldiers to serve with the Papal forces, Dante in the Council of the People (“Consiglio del Popolo”) advised that the demand of the Pope should not be complied with—“Dante Alagherii consuluit quod de servitio faciendo domino Papæ *nihil fiat*” (June 19, 1301).

Never again after his sentence of banishment did Dante set foot within the walls of his native city. The rest of his life, nearly twenty years, was spent in poverty and exile, such as is foretold by his ancestor Cacciaguida in the Heaven of Mars—

“Thou shalt leave each thing  
Beloved most dearly: this is the first shaft  
Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove  
How salt the savour is of other’s bread;  
How hard the passage, to descend and climb  
By other’s stairs.”<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> *Paradiso*, xvii. 55-60 (Cary).

In a passage at the beginning of the *Convivio* he has left a pathetic account of the miseries and mortifications he endured during his wanderings as an exile—

“Alas! had it pleased the Dispenser of the Universe that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly; suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and of poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age; and in which, with her good will, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth.

“Wandering over almost every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing, against my will, the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports and roads and shores by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty; and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps from some report that had reached them, had imagined me in a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt.”<sup>1</sup>

Of Dante's movements from the time of his banishment little is known for certain. He appears at first to have thrown in his lot with the rest

<sup>1</sup> *Convivio*, i. 3. (Cary).

of the exiles, who looked to effect their return to Florence by forcible means, and to that end assembled at Gargonza, a castle of the Ubertini between Arezzo and Siena, and decided to make common cause with the Ghibellines of Tuscany and Romagna, fixing their headquarters at Arezzo, where they remained until 1304. Dante, at any-rate, was present at a meeting of the exiles, held on June 8, 1302, in the church of San Godenzo (in the Tuscan Apennines, about twenty miles north-east of Florence), at which they entered into a convention with the Ubaldini, the ancient foes of Florence. In the prophecy of Cacciaguida, already referred to, Dante's ancestor warns him—

“But that shall gall thee most,  
Will be the worthless and vile company,  
With whom thou must be thrown into these straits;”<sup>1</sup>

and he goes on to foretell that Dante, disapproving of their proceedings, would dissociate himself from the rest of the exiles, and would “make a party for himself.” At what precise juncture Dante did dissociate himself from his fellow-exiles we have no means of ascertaining. It was probably before the summer of 1304, for in July of that year the exiles, having been disappointed in their hopes of a peaceable return to Florence, through the mediation of the Cardinal, Niccolò da Prato, the legate of Benedict XI., made an abortive

<sup>1</sup> *Paradiso*, xvii. 61-63. (Cary).

attempt<sup>1</sup> (commonly known as "il fatto della Lastra"), in concert with the Pistoians, to effect an entry into the city—an attempt from which Dante appears to have held aloof. It was doubtless about this time that, having separated himself from "the worthless and vile company," Dante took refuge at Verona with one of the Scaligers (most probably Bartolommeo della Scala).

It is impossible, for lack of *data*, to follow Dante with any certainty in his wanderings, which, as he records in the above-quoted passage of the *Convivio*, took him into nearly every part of Italy. It is inferred from a legal document still in existence that he was at Padua on August 27, 1306; and from another it is known that he was shortly after (on October 6 in the same year) at Sarzana in Lunigiana as agent for the Malaspini, where he was the guest of Franceschino Malaspina.<sup>2</sup> The duration of his stay in Lunigiana is uncertain, but it probably did not last beyond the summer of 1307. According to some of his biographers he went from Lunigiana to the Casentino and Forlì, and returned again to Lunigiana on his way to Paris. That Dante visited Paris during his exile is expressly stated by Villani in his *Cronica*<sup>3</sup> and by Boccaccio in his *Vita di Dante*. A phrase of Boccaccio in a Latin poem addressed to Petrarch

<sup>1</sup> Some see a reference to this incident in *Paradiso*, xvii. 65-66.

<sup>2</sup> This visit of Dante to the Malaspini is "foretold" by Currado Malaspina, Franceschino's first cousin, in the *Purgatorio* (viii. 133-139).

<sup>3</sup> ix. 136.

has given rise to the supposition that Dante visited England, and it is even stated by a fifteenth-century commentator<sup>1</sup> that he studied in the University of Oxford; but, in the absence of more trustworthy evidence than has yet been adduced, this supposed visit to England and Oxford must be regarded as extremely doubtful, if not altogether apocryphal.

There seems no doubt that Dante was in Italy between September 1310 and January 1311, when he addressed a letter<sup>2</sup> to the Princes and Peoples of Italy on the advent of the ~~Emperor Henry VII.~~ into Italy; and he was certainly in Tuscany (probably as the guest of Guido Novello of Battifolle at the Castle of Poppi in the Casentino) when he wrote his terrible letter<sup>3</sup> to the Florentines (headed "Dante Alighieri, a Florentine and undeservedly an exile, to the most iniquitous Florentines within the city," and dated "from the springs of the Arno," March 31, 1311), as well as that<sup>4</sup> (dated April 16, 1311) addressed to the Emperor himself, who was at the time besieging Cremona, urging him to come and crush first the viper Florence, as the most obstinate opponent to the Imperial authority. It appears also from this last letter that Dante had been present at the coronation of Henry with the iron crown at Milan on the day of Epiphany (January 6), 1311.

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Serravalle.

<sup>2</sup> *Epist.* v. "Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile."

<sup>3</sup> *Epist.* vi. "Aeterni pia providentia Regis."

<sup>4</sup> *Epist.* vii. "Immensa Dei dilectione testante."

On September 2 of this same year was issued a proclamation (known as the "Riforma di Messer Baldo d' Aguglione," from the name of the Prior who drew it up), offering pardon to a portion of the Florentine exiles, but expressly excepting certain others by name. Among those excepted was Dante, whose exclusion was no doubt due to the above-mentioned letters, and to his active sympathy with the Imperial cause.

Nothing whatever is known of Dante's movements during the next few years, in the course of which, by the sudden death of Henry VII. at Buonconvento near Siena on August 24, 1313, his last hope of return to Florence was extinguished. At some date subsequent to June 14, 1314, when Lucca fell into the hands of the Ghibelline captain, Ugucione della Faggiuola, Dante appears to have been in that city; and it has been conjectured that it may have been on this occasion that he formed the attachment for a Lucchese lady named Gentucca, which is supposed to be alluded to by Bonagiunta in the *Purgatorio* (xxiv. 37, 43-45); but we have no means of ascertaining what was the nature of Dante's relations with this lady.

In 1315 (August 29) the Ghibellines, under the leadership of Ugucione della Faggiuola, completely defeated the Florentines and Tuscan Guelfs at Monte Catini, an event which was followed by a fresh sentence against the Florentine exiles. By this decree, which is dated November 6, 1315,



Dante and those named with him, including his sons this time, were branded as Ghibellines and rebels, and condemned, if captured, to be beheaded on the place of public execution. Shortly afterwards, in the next year, an amnesty was proclaimed by Count Guido of Battifolle, the Vicar in Florence of the Guelf Protector, King Robert of Naples, and permission was granted to the majority of the exiles to return to Florence, under certain degrading conditions, including the payment of a fine and the performance of penance in the Baptistery. Many of the exiles appear to have accepted this offer, but it was scornfully rejected by Dante, who wrote as follows to a friend in Florence :—

“Is this, then, the glorious recall of Dante Alighieri to his native city, after the miseries of nearly fifteen years of exile? . . . No! this is not the way for me to return to my country. If another can be found which does not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante, that will I take with no lagging steps. But if by no such way Florence may be entered, then will I re-enter Florence never. What! can I not everywhere behold the sun and the stars? can I not under any sky meditate on the most precious truths, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay ignominious, in the eyes of the people and city of Florence? At least bread will not fail me!”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Epist.* ix. As all the exiles condemned by Cante de' Gabrielli (including Dante) were expressly excluded from this amnesty, some regard this letter as apocryphal. But it is quite possible that Dante was imperfectly informed at first as to the provisions of the amnesty.

After again seeking shelter with the Scaligers at Verona, this time as the guest of Can Grande (according to the most commonly accepted interpretation, the "Veltro" of *Inferno*, i. 101-111), Dante, on the invitation of Guido Novello da Polenta, went to Ravenna (probably in 1317 or 1318), where his eldest son Pietro and his daughter Beatrice resided with him. At Ravenna, his last refuge, Dante lived in congenial company, as we learn from Boccaccio, and here he put the finishing touches to the "sacred poem," his work upon which he tells us "had made him lean for many years."<sup>1</sup> It was while he was at Ravenna, and after the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* had been completed and made public, that Dante was invited by a poet and professor of Bologna, Giovanni del Virgilio, in a Latin eclogue, to come and receive the laurel crown at Bologna, an invitation which Dante declined. Such an honour had no attractions for him unless it were conferred by his own fellow-citizens in the same Baptistry where, as a child, he had received the name which he had since made famous.<sup>2</sup>

In the summer of 1321, a difference having arisen between Ravenna and Venice on account of an affray, in which several Venetian sailors were killed, Guido da Polenta sent an embassy to Venice, of which Dante was a member. The ambassadors were ill received by the Venetians,

<sup>1</sup> *Paradiso*, xxv. 1-3.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Paradiso*, xxv. 8-9.

who refused them permission to return by sea, and forced them to make the journey overland along the malarious sea-board. The consequences to Dante were fatal, for he contracted a fever (as is supposed) on the way, and, growing worse after his return to Ravenna, died in that city on the 14th of September of the same year (1321), aged fifty-six years and four months. At Ravenna Dante was buried, and there his remains (which were identified and exhibited in 1865 on the occasion of the sixth centenary of his birth) still rest, in spite of repeated efforts on the part of the Florentines to secure "the metaphorical ashes of the man of whom they had threatened to make literal cinders if they could catch him alive."<sup>1</sup>

Portraits of Dante are numerous; the best known are the beautiful profile of the poet as a young man,<sup>2</sup> commonly supposed to have been painted by his contemporary and friend, Giotto, in the chapel of the Palazzo del Podestà (the present Bargello) at Florence; the full-length figure in the picture by Domenico di Michelino in the Cathedral of Florence (a reproduction of which is prefixed to the present volume); and the death-mask, from which apparently was modelled the fine bronze bust<sup>3</sup> now in the National Museum at Naples.

<sup>1</sup> J. R. Lowell.

<sup>2</sup> See Frontispiece to the *Purgatory*.

<sup>3</sup> See Frontispiece to the *Paradise*.

## II

BY H. F. CARY

Dante was a man of middle stature and grave deportment; of a visage rather long; large eyes; an aquiline nose; dark complexion; large and prominent cheek-bones; black curling hair and beard; the under lip projecting beyond the upper. He mentions, in the *Convito*, that his sight had been transiently impaired by intense application to books.<sup>1</sup> In his dress he studied as much plainness as was suitable with his rank and station in life; and observed a strict temperance in his diet.<sup>2</sup> He was at times extremely absent and abstracted; and appears to have indulged too much a disposition to sarcasm. It is related of him<sup>3</sup> that at the table of Can Grande, when the company was amused by the conversation and tricks of a buffoon, he was asked by his patron, why Can Grande himself and the guests who were present, failed of receiving as much pleasure from the exertion of his talents, as this man had been able to give them. "Because all creatures delight in their own resemblance,"

<sup>1</sup> "Per affaticare lo viso molto a studio di leggere, in tanto debilitai gli spiriti visivi, che le stelle mi pareano tutte d'alcuno albore ombrate. E per lunga riposanza in luoghi scuri e freddi, e con affreddare lo corpo dell'occhio con acqua chiara, rivinsi la virtù disgregata, che tornai nel primo buono stato della vista." *Convito*, iii. 9.

<sup>2</sup> [This description of Dante's person is from the *Vita di Dante* of Boccaccio, who derived it no doubt from the recollections of those who had been personally acquainted with the Poet.]

<sup>3</sup> [By Petrarch (in Bk. ii. of his *Res Memoranda*), and by Poggio (in his *Facetia*, xxxix.)]. There is here a point of resem-

was the reply of Dante. In other respects, his manners are said to have been dignified and polite. He was particularly careful not to make any approaches to flattery, a vice which he justly held in the utmost abhorrence. He spoke seldom, and in a slow voice; but what he said derived authority from the subtileness of his observations, somewhat like his own poetical heroes, who

Parlavan rado con voci soavi.

—spake

Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.

*Hell*, iv. 109-110.

He was connected in habits of intimacy and friendship with the most ingenious men of his time; with Guido Cavalcanti;<sup>1</sup> with Buonagiunta da Lucca; <sup>2</sup> with Forese Donati; <sup>3</sup> with Cino da Pistoia; <sup>4</sup> with Giotto, the celebrated painter, by

blance (nor is it the only one) in the character of Milton. "I had rather," says the author of *Paradise Lost*, "since the life of man is likened to a scene, that all my entrances and exits might mix with such persons only, whose worth erects them and their actions to a grave and tragic deportment, and not to have to do with clowns and vices." *Colasterion, Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 339. Edit. London, 1753.

<sup>1</sup> See *Hell*, x. and notes.

<sup>2</sup> See *Purg.* xxiv.

<sup>3</sup> See *Purg.* xxiii. 44.

<sup>4</sup> Guittoncino de' Sinibuldi, commonly called Cino da Pistoia (besides the passage that will be cited in a following note from the *De Vulg. Eloq.*), is again spoken of in the same treatise, lib. i. c. 17, as a great master of the vernacular diction in his *Canzoni*, and classed with our Poet himself, who is termed "*Amicus ejus*"; and likewise in lib. ii. c. 2, where he is said to have written of "*Love*." His verses are cited too in other chapters. He addressed and received sonnets from Dante; and wrote a sonnet, or canzone, on Dante's death, which is preserved in the library of St. Mark, at Venice. Tiraboschi, della Poes. Ital. v. i. p. 116, and v. ii. p. 60. The same honour was done to the memory of Cino by Petrarch, son. 71, part i. "Celebrated both as a lawyer and a poet, he is better known by the writings which he has left in the latter of these characters," insomuch that Tiraboschi has observed, that amongst those who preceded Petrarch, there is, perhaps, none who can be

whose hand his likeness was preserved ;<sup>1</sup> with Oderigi da Gubbio,<sup>2</sup> the illuminator ; and with an eminent musician<sup>3</sup>—

— his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

*Milton's Sonnets.*

Besides these, his acquaintance extended to some others, whose names illustrate the first dawn of Italian literature. Lapo ;<sup>4</sup> Dante da Majano ;<sup>5</sup>

compared to him in elegance and sweetness. "There are many editions of his poems, the most copious being that published at Venice in 1589, by P. Faustino Tasso ; in which, however, the Padre degli Agostini, not without reason, suspects that the second book is by later hands." *Tiraboschi, ibid.* There has been an edition by Seb. Ciampi, at Pisa, in 1813, etc. ; but see the remarks on it in Gamba's *Testi di Lingua Ital.* 294. He was interred at Pistoia, with this epitaph : "Cino eximio juris interpreti Bartolique præceptor dignissimo populus Pistoriensis Civi suo B. M. fecit. Obiit anno 1336." *Guidi Panziroti de Claris Legum Interpretibus*, lib. ii. cap. xxix. Lips. 4to. 1721. A Latin letter supposed to be addressed by Dante to Cino was published for the first time from a MS. in the Laurentian library, by M. Witte.

<sup>1</sup> See *Purg.* xi. Mr. Eastlake, in a note to *Kugler's Hand-Book of Painting, translated by a Lady, Lond.* 1842, p. 50, describes the discovery and restoration, in July 1840, of Dante's portrait by Giotto in the chapel of the Podestà at Florence, where it had been covered with whitewash or plaster. But it could scarcely have been concealed so soon as our distinguished artist supposes, since Landino speaks of it as remaining in his time, and Vasari says it was still to be seen when he wrote.

<sup>2</sup> See *Purg.* xi.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* Canto ii.

<sup>4</sup> [Lapo Gianni, of the Ricevuti family of Florence.] He is probably the Lapo mentioned in the sonnet to Guido Cavalcanti, beginning,

Guido vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io,

which Mr. Hayley has so happily translated (see *Hell*, x. 62) ; and also in a passage that occurs in the *De Vulg. Eloq.* v. i. p. 116, "Quoniam fere omnes Tusci in suo turpiloquio sint obtusi, non-nullos Vulgaris excellentiam cognovisse sentimus, scilicet Guidonem, Lapum, et unum alium, Florentinos, et Cinum Pistoriensem, quem nunc indigne postponimus, non indigne coacti." "Although almost all the Tuscans are marred by the baseness of their dialect, yet I perceive that some have known the excellence of the vernacular tongue, namely Guido, Lapo, and one other" (who is supposed to be the Author himself), "Florentines ; and last, though not of least regard, Cino da Pistoia."

<sup>5</sup> Dante da Majano flourished about 1290. He was a Florentine,

Cecco Angiolieri<sup>1</sup>; Dino Frescobaldi; <sup>2</sup>  
Giovanni di Virgilio; <sup>3</sup> Giovanni Quirino; <sup>4</sup>  
 and Francesco Stabili,<sup>5</sup> who is better known by  
 the appellation of Cecco d' Ascoli; most of them  
 either honestly declared their sense of his superi-  
 ority, or betrayed it by their vain endeavours to  
 detract from the estimation in which he was  
 held.

He is said to have attained some excellence in  
 the art of designing; which may easily be believed,  
 when we consider that no poet has afforded more

and composed many poems in praise of a Sicilian lady, who, being herself a poetess, was insensible neither to his verses nor his love, so that she was called the Nina of Dante. Pelli, p. 60, and Tiraboschi, Storia della Poes. Ital. v. i. p. 137. There are several of his sonnets addressed to our Poet, who declares, in his answer to one of them, that, although he knows not the name of its author, he discovers in it the traces of a great mind.

<sup>1</sup> Of Cecco Angiolieri, Boccaccio relates a pleasant story in the Decameron G. 9. N. 4. He lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, and wrote several sonnets to Dante, which are in Allacci's collection. In some of them he wears the semblance of a friend; but in one the mask drops, and shows that he was well disposed to be a rival. See Crescimbeni, Com. alla Storia di Volg. Poes. v. ii. par. ii. lib. ii. p. 103; Pelli, p. 61.

<sup>2</sup> Dino, son of Lambertuccio Frescobaldi. Crescimbeni (*Ibid.* lib. iii. p. 120) assures us that he was not inferior to Cino da Pistoia. Pelli, p. 61. He is said to have been a friend of Dante's, in whose writings I have not observed any mention of him. Boccaccio, in his Life of Dante, calls Dino "in que' tempi famosissimo dicitore in rima in Firenze."

<sup>3</sup> Giovanni di Virgilio addressed two Latin eclogues to Dante, which were answered in similar compositions; and is said to have been his friend and admirer. See Boccaccio, Vita di Dante; and Pelli, p. 137. Dante's poetical genius sometimes breaks through the rudeness of style in his two Latin eclogues.

<sup>4</sup> Muratori had seen several sonnets, addressed to Giovanni Quirino by Dante, in a MS. preserved in the Ambrosian library. Della Perfetta Poesia Ital. Ediz. Venezia, 1770, tom. i. lib. ii. c. iii. p. 9.

<sup>5</sup> For the correction of many errors respecting this writer, see Tiraboschi, Stor. della Lett. Ital. tom. v. lib. ii. cap. ii. § 15, etc. He was burned in 1317. In his Acerba, a poem in sesta rima, he has taken several occasions of venting his spleen against his great contemporary.

lessons to the statuary and the painter,<sup>1</sup> in the variety of objects which he represents, and in the accuracy and spirit with which they are brought before the eye. Indeed, on one occasion,<sup>2</sup> he mentions that he was employed in delineating the figure of an angel, on the first anniversary of Beatrice's death. It is not unlikely that the seed of the *Paradiso* was thus cast into his mind; and that he was now endeavouring to express by the pencil an idea of celestial beatitude, which could only be conveyed in its full perfection through the medium of song.

As nothing that related to such a man was thought unworthy of notice, one of his biographers,<sup>3</sup> who had seen his handwriting, has recorded that it was of a long and delicate character, and remarkable for neatness and accuracy.

<sup>1</sup> Besides Filippo Brunelleschi, who, as Vasari tells us, "diede molta opera alle cose di Dante," and Michael Angelo, whose Last Judgment is probably the mightiest effort of modern art, as the loss of his sketches on the margin of the *Divina Commedia* may be regarded as the severest loss the art has sustained; besides these, Andrea Orgagna, Gio. Angelico di Fiesole, Luca Signorelli, Spinello Aretino, Giacomo da Pontormo, and Aurelio Lomi, have been recounted among the many artists who have worked on the same original. See Cancellieri, *Osservazioni*, etc. p. 75. To these we may justly pride ourselves in being able to add the names of Reynolds, Fuseli, and Flaxman. The frescoes by Cornelius in the Villa Massimi at Rome, lately executed, entitle the Germans to a share in this distinction.

<sup>2</sup> "In quel giorno, nel quale si compieva l'anno, che questa donna era fatta delle cittadine di vita eterna, io mi sedeva in parte, nella quale, ricordandomi di lei, io disegnava uno Angelo sopra certe tavolette, e mentre io il disegnava, volsi gli occhi, etc." *Vita Nuova*, § 35.

<sup>3</sup> Leonardo Aretino. A specimen of it was believed to exist when Pelli wrote, about sixty years ago, in a MS. preserved in the archives at Gubbio, at the end of which was the sonnet to Busone, said to be in the handwriting of Dante. Pelli, p. 51.



Dante wrote in Latin a treatise *De Monarchiâ*, and two books *De Vulgari Eloquio*.<sup>1</sup> In the former he defends the Imperial rights against the pretensions of the Pope, with arguments that are sometimes chimerical, and sometimes sound and conclusive. The latter, which he left unfinished, contains not only much information concerning the progress which the vernacular poetry of Italy had then made, but some reflections on the art itself, that prove him to have entertained large and philosophical principles respecting it.

His Latin style, however, is generally rude and unclassical. It is fortunate that he did not trust to it, as he once intended, for the work by which his name was to be perpetuated. In the use of his own language he was, beyond measure, more successful. The prose of his *Vita Nuova* and his *Convito*, although five centuries have intervened since its composition, is probably, to an Italian eye, still devoid neither of freshness nor elegance. In the *Vita Nuova*, which he appears to have written about his twenty-eighth year, he gives an account of his youthful attachment to Beatrice. It is, according to the taste of those times, somewhat mystical: yet there are some particulars in it which have not at all the air of a fiction, such as

<sup>1</sup> The latter were first published in an Italian translation by Trissino, and were not allowed to be genuine, till the Latin original was published at Paris in 1577. Tiraboschi. A copy, written in the fourteenth century, has been lately found in the public library at Grenoble. See Fraticelli's *Opere minori di Dante*, 12°. Fir. 1840, v. 3, p<sup>te</sup> ii. p. xvi.

the death of Beatrice's father, Folco Portinari; her relation to the friend whom he esteemed next after Guido Cavalcanti; his own attempt to conceal his passion, by a pretended attachment to another lady; and the anguish he felt at the death of his mistress.<sup>1</sup> He tells us too, that at the time of her decease he chanced to be composing a canzone in her praise, and that he was interrupted by that event at the conclusion of the first stanza; a circumstance which we can scarcely suppose to have been a mere invention.

Of the poetry, with which the *Vita Nuova* is plentifully interspersed, the two sonnets that follow may be taken as a specimen. Near the beginning he relates a marvellous vision, which appeared to him in sleep, soon after his mistress had for the first time addressed her speech to him; and of this dream he thus asks for an interpretation:—

To every heart that feels the gentle flame,  
To whom this present saying comes in sight,  
In that to me their thoughts they may indite,  
All health! in Love, our lord and master's name.

Now on its way the second quarter came  
Of those twelve hours, wherein the stars are bright,  
When Love was seen before me, in such might,  
As to remember shakes with awe my frame.

Suddenly came he, seeming glad, and keeping  
My heart in hand; and in his arms he had  
My Lady in a folded garment sleeping:

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<sup>1</sup> Beatrice's marriage to Simone de' Bardi, which is collected from a clause in her father's will dated January 15, 1287, would have been a fact too unsentimental to be introduced into the *Vita Nuova*, and is not, I believe, noticed by any of the early biographers.

He waked her; and that heart all burning bade  
 Her feed upon, in lowly guise and sad:  
 Then from my view he turned; and parted,  
 weeping.

To this sonnet, Guido Cavalcanti, amongst others, returned an answer in a composition of the same form; endeavouring to give a happy turn to the dream, by which the mind of the Poet had been so deeply impressed. From the intercourse thus begun, when Dante was eighteen years of age, arose that friendship which terminated only with the death of Guido.

The other sonnet is one that was written after the death of Beatrice:—

Ah pilgrims! ye that, haply musing, go,  
 On aught save that which on your road ye meet,  
 From land so distant, tell me, I intreat,  
 Come ye, as by your mien and looks ye show?  
 Why mourn ye not, as through these gates of woe  
 Ye wend along our city's midmost street,  
 Even like those who nothing seem to weep  
 What chance hath fall'n, why she is grieving so?  
 If ye to listen but a while would stay,  
 Well knows this heart, which inly sigheth sore,  
 That ye would then pass, weeping on your way.  
 Oh hear: her Beatrice is no more;  
 And words there are a man of her might say,  
 Would make a stranger's eye that loss deplore.

In the Convito,<sup>1</sup> or Banquet, which did not

<sup>1</sup> Perticari (*Degli Scrittori del trecento*, lib. ii. c. v.), speaking of the Convito, observes that Salviati himself has termed it the most ancient and principal of all excellent prose works in Italian. On

follow till some time after his banishment, he explains very much at large the sense of three, out of fourteen, of his canzoni, the remainder of which he had intended to open in the same manner. "The viands at his Banquet," he tells his readers, quaintly enough, "will be set out in fourteen different manners; that is, will consist of fourteen canzoni, the materials of which are love and virtue. Without the present bread, they would not be free from some shade of obscurity, so as to be prized by many less for their usefulness than for their beauty; but the bread will, in the form of the present exposition, be that light, which will bring forth all their colours, and display their true meaning to the view. And if the present work, which is named a Banquet, and I wish may prove so, be handled after a more manly guise than the *Vita Nuova*, I intend not, therefore, that the former should in any part derogate from the latter, but that the one should be a help to the other: seeing that it is fitting in reason for this to be fervid and impassioned; that, temperate and manly. For it becomes us to act and speak otherwise at one age than at another; since at one age, certain manners are suitable and praiseworthy, which, at another, become disproportionate and blameable." He then apologises for speaking of himself. "I fear the

the other hand, Balbo (*Vita di Dante*, v. ii. p. 86) pronounces it to be, on the whole, certainly the lowest among Dante's writings. In this difference of opinion, a foreigner may be permitted to judge for himself.

disgrace," says he, "of having been subject to so much passion, as one, reading these canzoni, may conceive me to have been; a disgrace, that is removed by my speaking thus unreservedly of myself, which shows not passion, but virtue, to have been the moving cause. I intend, moreover, to set forth their true meaning, which some may not perceive, if I declare it not." He next proceeds to give many reasons why his commentary was not written rather in Latin than in Italian; for which, if no excuse be now thought necessary, it must be recollected that the Italian language was then in its infancy, and scarce supposed to possess dignity enough for the purposes of instruction. "The Latin," he allows, "would have explained his canzoni better to foreigners, as to the Germans, the English, and others; but then it must have expounded their sense, without the power of, at the same time, transferring their beauty:" and he soon after tells us, that many noble persons of both sexes were ignorant of the learned language. The best cause, however, which he assigns for this preference, was his natural love of his native tongue, and the desire he felt to exalt it above the Provençal, which by many was said to be the more beautiful and perfect language; and against such of his countrymen as maintained so unpatriotic an opinion he inveighs with much warmth.

In his exposition of the first canzone of the three, he tells the reader, that "the Lady, of

whom he was enamoured after his  
the most beauteous and honourable daughter  
Emperor of the universe, to whom Pythagoras  
gave the name of Philosophy:" and he applies  
the same title to the object of his affections, when  
he is commenting on the other two.

The purport of his third canzone, which is less  
mysterious, and, therefore, perhaps more likely to  
please, than the others, is to show that "virtue  
only is true nobility." Towards the conclusion,  
after having spoken of virtue itself, much as Pindar  
would have spoken of it, as being "the gift of  
God only";

*Che solo Iddio all' anima la dona,*

he thus describes it as acting throughout the  
several stages of life.

*L' anima, cui adorna, etc.*

The soul, that goodness like to this adorns,  
Holdeth it not conceal'd;  
But, from her first espousal to the frame,  
Shows it, till death, reveal'd.  
Obedient, sweet, and full of seemly shame,  
She, in the primal age,  
The person decks with beauty; moulding it  
Fitably through every part.  
In riper manhood, temperate, firm of heart,  
With love replenish'd, and with courteous praise,  
In loyal deeds alone she hath delight.  
And, in her elder days,  
For prudent and just largeness is she known;

Rejoicing with herself,  
 That wisdom in her staid discourse be shown  
 Then, in life's fourth division, at the last  
 She weds with God again,  
 Contemplating the end she shall attain;  
 And looketh back; and blesseth the time past.

His lyric poems, indeed, generally stand much in need of a comment to explain them; but the difficulty arises rather from the thoughts themselves, than from any imperfection of the language in which those thoughts are conveyed. Yet they abound not only in deep moral reflections, but in touches of tenderness and passion.

Some, it has been already intimated, have supposed that Beatrice was only a creature of Dante's imagination; and there can be no question but that he has invested her, in the *Divina Commedia*, with the attributes of an allegorical being. But who can doubt of her having had a real existence, when she is spoken of in such a strain of passion as in these lines?

Quel ch' ella par, quando un poco sorride,  
 Non si può dicer ne tenere a mente,  
 Si è nuovo miracolo e gentile.

*Vita Nuova.*

Mira che quando ride  
 Passa ben di dolcezza ogni altra cosa.

*Canz. xv.*

The canzone from which the last couplet is taken, presents a portrait which might well supply a painter with a far more exalted idea of female beauty, than

he could form to himself from the celebrated Ode of Anacreon on a similar subject. After a minute description of those parts of her form, which the garments of a modest woman would suffer to be seen, he raises the whole by the superaddition of a moral grace and dignity, such as the Christian religion alone could supply, and such as the pencil of Raphael afterwards aimed to represent—

Umile vergognosa e temperata,  
E sempre a virtù grata,  
Intra suoi be' costumi un atto regna,  
Che d' ogni riverenza la fa degna.<sup>1</sup>

One or two of the sonnets prove that he could at times condescend to sportiveness and pleasantry. The following to Brunetto, I should conjecture to have been sent with his *Vita Nuova*, which was written not long before Brunetto died :—

<sup>2</sup> Master Brunetto, this I send, entreating  
Ye'll entertain this lass of mine at Easter;  
She does not come among you as a feaster;  
No: she has need of reading, not of eating.

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<sup>1</sup> I am aware that this canzone is not ascribed to Dante in the collection of Sonetti e Canzoni printed by the Giunti in 1527. Monti, in his *Proposta* under the word "Induare," remarks that it is quite in the style of Fazio degli Uberti; and adds, that a very rare MS. possessed by Peticari restores it to that writer. On the other hand, Missirini, in a late treatise "On the Love of Dante and on the Portrait of Beatrice," printed at Florence in 1832, makes so little doubt of its being genuine, that he founds on it the chief argument to prove an old picture in his possession to be intended for a representation of Beatrice. See Fraticelli's *Opere Minori di Dante*, tom. i. p. cciii. 12<sup>a</sup>. Fir. 1834.

<sup>2</sup> Fraticelli (*Ibid.* p. ccvii, ccviii.) questions the genuineness of this sonnet, and decides on the spuriousness of that which follows. I do not, in either instance, feel the justness of his reasons.



Nor let her find you at some merry meeting,  
 Laughing amidst buffoons and drollers, lest her  
 Wise sentence should escape a noisy jester:  
 She must be wooed, and is well worth the weeting.

If in this sort you fail to make her out,  
 You have amongst you many sapient men,  
 All famous as was Albert of Cologne.  
 I have been posed amid that learned rout.  
 And if they cannot spell her right, why then  
 Call Master Giano, and the deed is done.

Another, though on a more serious subject, is yet remarkable for a fancifulness, such as that with which Chaucer, by a few spirited touches, often conveys to us images more striking than others have done by repeated and elaborate efforts of skill—

Came Melancholy to my side one day,  
 And said: "I must a little bide with thee:"  
 And brought along with her in company  
 Sorrow and Wrath.—Quoth I to her; "Away:  
 I will have none of you: make no delay."  
 And, like a Greek, she gave me stout reply.  
 Then, as she talk'd, I look'd and did espy  
 Where Love was coming onward on the way.  
 A garment new of cloth of black he had,  
 And on his head a hat of mourning wore;  
 And he, of truth, unfeignedly was crying.  
 Forthwith I ask'd: "What ails thee, caitiff lad?"  
 And he rejoin'd: "Sad thought and anguish sore,  
 Sweet brother mine! our lady lies a-dying."

For purity of diction, the *Rime* of our author are, I think, on the whole, preferred by Muratori

to his *Divina Commedia*, though that also is allowed to be a model of the pure Tuscan idiom. To this singular production, which has not only stood the test of ages, but given a tone and colour to the poetry of modern Europe, and even animated the genius of Milton and Michael Angelo, it would be difficult to assign its place according to the received rules of criticism. Some have termed it an epic poem; and others, a satire: but it matters little by what name it is called. It suffices that the poem seizes on the heart by its two great holds, terror and pity; detains the fancy by an accurate and lively delineation of the objects it represents; and displays throughout such an originality of conception, as leaves to Homer and Shakspeare alone the power of challenging the pre-eminence or equality.<sup>1</sup> The fiction, it has

<sup>1</sup> Yet his pretensions to originality have not been wholly unquestioned. Dante, it has been supposed, was more immediately influenced in his choice of a subject by the *Vision of Alberico*, written in barbarous Latin prose about the beginning of the twelfth century. The incident which is said to have given birth to this composition is not a little marvellous. Alberico, the son of noble parents, and born at a castle in the neighbourhood of Alvito in the diocese of Sora, in the year 1101 or soon after, when he had completed his ninth year, was seized with a violent fit of illness, which deprived him of his senses for the space of nine days. During the continuance of this trance, he had a vision, in which he seemed to himself to be carried away by a dove, and conducted by St. Peter, in company with two angels, through Purgatory and Hell, to survey the torments of sinners; the saint giving him information, as they proceeded, respecting what he saw: after which they were transported together through the seven heavens, and taken up into Paradise, to behold the glory of the blessed. As soon as he came to himself again, he was permitted to make profession of a religious life in the monastery of Monte Casino. As the account he gave of his vision was strangely altered in the reports that went abroad of it, Girardo the abbot employed one of the monks to take down a relation of it, dictated by the mouth of Alberico himself. Senioretto, who was chosen abbot in 1127, not contented with this narrative

although it seemed to have every chance of being authentic, ordered Alberico to revise and correct it, which he accordingly did with the assistance of Pietro Diacono, who was his associate in the monastery, and a few years younger than himself; and whose testimony to his extreme and perpetual self-mortification, and to a certain abstractedness of demeanour, which showed him to converse with other thoughts than those of this life, is still on record. The time of Alberico's death is not known; but it is conjectured that he reached to a good old age. His Vision, with a preface by the first editor Guido, and preceded by a letter from Alberico himself, is preserved in a MS. numbered 257 in the archives of the monastery, which contains the works of Pietro Diacono, and which was written between the years 1159 and 1181. The probability of our Poet's having been indebted to it, was first remarked either by Giovanni Bottari in a letter inserted in the *Deca di Simboli*, and printed at Rome in 1753; or, as F. Cancellieri conjectures, in the preceding year by Alessio Simmaco Mazzocchi. In 1801, extracts from Alberico's Vision were laid before the public in a quarto pamphlet, printed at Rome with the title of *Lettera di Eustazio Dicearcheo ad Angelio Sidicino*, under which appellations the writer, Giustino di Costanzo, concealed his own name and that of his friend Luigi Anton. Sompano; and the whole has since, in 1814, been edited in the same city by Francesco Cancellieri, who has added to the original an Italian translation. Such parts of it, as bear a marked resemblance to passages in the *Divina Commedia*, will be found distributed in their proper places throughout the following notes. The reader will in these probably see enough to convince him that our author had read this singular work, although nothing to detract from his claim to originality.

Long before the public notice had been directed to this supposed imitation, Malatesta Porta, in the *Dialogue* entitled *Rossi*, as referred to by Fontanini in his *Eloquenza Italiana*, had suggested the probability that Dante had taken his plan from an ancient romance, called *Guerrino di Durazzo il Meschino*. The above-mentioned Bottari, however, adduced reasons for concluding that this book was written originally in Provençal, and not translated into Italian till after the time of our Poet, by one Andrea di Barberino, who embellished it with many images, and particularly with similes, borrowed from the *Divina Commedia*.

Mr. Warton, in one part of his *History of English Poetry* (vol. i. s. xviii. p. 463), has observed, that a poem, entitled *Le Voye on le Songe d'Enfer*, was written by Raoul de Houdane, about the year 1180; and in another part (vol. ii. s. x. p. 219) he has attributed the origin of Dante's Poem to that "favourite apologue, the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, which, in Chaucer's words, treats

of heaven and hell  
And yearth and souls that therein dwell."

*Assembly of Fowles.*

It is likely that a little research might discover many other sources, from which his invention might with an equal appearance of truth be derived. The method of conveying instruction or entertainment under the form of a vision, in which the living should be made to converse with the dead, was so obvious, that it would be, perhaps, difficult to mention any country in which it had not been

been remarked,<sup>1</sup> is admirable, and the work of an inventive talent truly great. It comprises a description of the heavens and heavenly bodies; a description of men, their deserts and punishments, of supreme happiness and utter misery, and of the middle state between the two extremes: nor, perhaps, was there ever anyone who chose a more ample and fertile subject; so as to afford scope for the expression of all his ideas, from the vast multitude of spirits that are introduced speaking on such different topics; who are of so many different countries and ages, and under circumstances of fortune so striking and so diversified; and who succeed, one to another, with such a rapidity as never suffers the attention for an instant to pall.

His solicitude, it is true, to define all his images in such a manner as to bring them distinctly within the circle of our vision, and to subject them to the power of the pencil, sometimes renders him little better than grotesque, where Milton has since taught us to expect sublimity. But his faults, in general, were less those of the poet, than of the age in which he lived. For his having adopted the popular creed in all its extravagance, we have no more right to blame him, than we should have to blame Homer because he made use of the heathen deities, or Shakspeare on employed. It is the scale of magnificence on which this conception was framed, and the wonderful development of it in all its parts, that may justly entitle our Poet to rank among the few minds to whom the power of a great creative faculty can be ascribed.

<sup>1</sup> Leonardo Aretino, Vita di Dante.

account of his witches and fairies. The supposed influence of the stars, on the disposition of men at their nativity, was hardly separable from the distribution which he had made of the glorified spirits through the heavenly bodies, as the abodes of bliss suited to their several endowments. And whatever philosophers may think of the matter, it is certainly much better, for the ends of poetry at least, that too much should be believed, rather than less, or even no more than can be proved to be true. Of what he considered the cause of civil and religious liberty, he is on all occasions the zealous and fearless advocate; and of that higher freedom, which is seated in the will, he was an assertor equally strenuous and enlightened. The contemporary of Thomas Aquinas, it is not to be wondered if he has given his poem a tincture of the scholastic theology, which the writings of that extraordinary man had rendered so prevalent, and without which it could not perhaps have been made acceptable to the generality of his readers. The phraseology has been accused of being at times hard and uncouth; but if this is acknowledged, yet it must be remembered that he gave a permanent stamp and character to the language in which he wrote, and in which, before him, nothing great had been attempted; that the diction is strictly vernacular, without any debasement of foreign idiom; that his numbers have as much variety as the Italian tongue, at least in that kind of metre, could supply;

and that, although succeeding writers may have surpassed him in the lighter graces and embellishments of style, not one of them has equalled him in succinctness, vivacity, and strength.

Never did any poem rise so suddenly into notice after the death of its author, or engage the public attention more powerfully, than the *Divina Commedia*. This cannot be attributed solely to its intrinsic excellence. The freedom with which the writer had treated the most distinguished characters of his time, gave it a further and stronger hold on the curiosity of the age: many saw in it their acquaintances, kinsmen, and friends, or, what scarcely touched them less nearly, their enemies, either consigned to infamy or recorded with honour, and represented in another world as tasting

Of heaven's sweet cup, or poisonous drug of hell;

so that not a page could be opened without exciting the strongest personal feelings in the mind of the reader. These sources of interest must certainly be taken into our account, when we consider the rapid diffusion of the work, and the unexampled pains that were taken to render it universally intelligible. Not only the profound and subtile allegory which pervaded it, the mysterious style of prophecy which the writer occasionally assumed, the bold and unusual metaphors which he everywhere employed, and the great variety of knowledge he displayed; but his hasty allusions to passing events,

and his description of persons by accidental circumstances, such as some peculiarity of form or feature, the place of their nativity or abode, some office they held, or the heraldic insignia they bore, —all asked for the help of commentators and expounders, who were not long wanting to the task. . . . At Florence, a public lecture was founded for the purpose of explaining a poem, that was at the same time the boast and the disgrace of the city. The decree for this institution was passed in 1373; and in that year Boccaccio, the first of their writers in prose, was appointed, with an annual salary of a hundred florins, to deliver lectures in one of the churches, on the first of their poets. On this occasion he wrote his comment, which extends only to a part of the *Inferno*, and has been printed. In 1375 Boccaccio died; and among his successors in this honourable employment we find the names of Antonio Piovano in 1381, and of Filippo Villani in 1401.

The example of Florence was speedily followed by Bologna, by Pisa, by Piacenza, and by Venice. Benvenuto da Imola, on whom the office of lecturer devolved at Bologna, sustained it for the space of ten years. From the comment, which he composed for the purpose, and which he sent abroad in 1379, those passages, that tend to illustrate the history of Italy, have been published by Muratori.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Antiq. Ital.* v. i. The Italian comment published under the name of Benvenuto da Imola, at Milan, in 1473, and at Venice in 1477, is altogether different from that which Muratori has brought

At Pisa, the same charge was committed to Francesco da Buti about 1386.

On the invention of printing, in the succeeding century, Dante was one of those writers who were first and most frequently given to the press.<sup>1</sup>

. . . Of the four chief commentators on Dante, namely Landino, Vellutello, Venturi, and Lombardi, the first appears to enter most thoroughly into the mind of the Poet.<sup>2</sup> Within little more than a century of the time in which Dante had lived; himself a Florentine, while Florence was still free, and still retained something of her ancient simplicity; the associate of those great men who adorned the age of Lorenzo de' Medici, Landino<sup>3</sup> was the most capable of forming some estimate of the mighty stature of his compatriot, who was indeed greater than them all. His taste for the classics, which were then newly revived, and had become the principal objects of public curiosity, as it impaired his relish for what has not inaptly been termed the romantic literature, did not, it is true, improve him for a critic on the *Divina Commedia*. The adventures

to light, and appears to be the same as the Italian comment of Jacopo della Lana before mentioned. See Tiraboschi. [The commentary (in Latin) of Benvenuto da Imola has recently (1887) been published in full.]

<sup>1</sup> [See Bibliographical Note, p. lvii.]

<sup>2</sup> [Since this was written numerous other commentaries have appeared, and that of Benvenuto da Imola, as already noted, has been printed.]

<sup>3</sup> Cristoforo Landino was born in 1424, and died in 1504 or 1508. See Bandini, *Specimen Litterat. Florent.* Edit. Florence, 1751.



of King Arthur, by which<sup>1</sup> Dante had been delighted, appeared to Landino no better than a fabulous and inelegant book.<sup>2</sup> He is, besides, sometimes, unnecessarily prolix; at others, silent, where a real difficulty asks for solution; and, now and then, a little visionary in his interpretation. The commentary of his successor, Vellutello,<sup>3</sup> is more evenly diffused over the text; and although without pretensions to the higher qualities, by which Landino is distinguished, he is generally under the influence of a sober good sense, which renders him a steady and useful guide. Venturi,<sup>4</sup> who followed after a long interval of time, was too much swayed by his principles, or his prejudices, as a Jesuit, to suffer him to judge fairly of a Ghibelline poet; and either this bias, or a real want of tact for the higher excellence of his author, or, perhaps, both these imperfections together, betray him into such impertinent and injudicious sallies, as dispose us to quarrel with our companion, though, in the main, a very attentive one, generally acute and lively, and at times even not devoid of a better understanding for the merits of his master. To him, and in our own times, has succeeded the Padre Lombardi.<sup>5</sup> This good Franciscan, no doubt, must have given himself much pains to pick

<sup>1</sup> See note to Purgatory, xxvi. 132.

<sup>2</sup> "Il favoloso, e non molto elegante libro della Tavola Rotonda." *Landino, in the notes to the Paradise*, xvi.

<sup>3</sup> Alessandro Vellutello was born in 1519.

<sup>4</sup> Pompeo Venturi was born in 1693, and died in 1752.

<sup>5</sup> Baldassare Lombardi died January 2, 1802. See Cancellieri, *Osservazioni*, etc., Roma, 1814, p. 112.

out and separate those ears of grain which had escaped the flail of those who had gone before him in that labour. But his zeal to do something new often leads him to do something that is not over-wise; and if on certain occasions we applaud his sagaciousness, on others we do not less wonder that his ingenuity should have been so strangely perverted. His manner of writing is awkward and tedious; his attention, more than is necessary, directed to grammatical niceties; and his attachment to one of the old editions, so excessive, as to render him disingenuous or partial in his representation of the rest. But to compensate this, he is a good Ghibelline; and his opposition to Venturi seldom fails to awaken him into a perception of those beauties which had only exercised the spleen of the Jesuit.

He who shall undertake another commentary on Dante<sup>1</sup> yet completer than any of those which have hitherto appeared, must make use of these four, but depend on none. To them he must add several others of minor note, whose diligence will nevertheless be found of some advantage, and among whom I can particularly distinguish Volpi. Besides this, many commentaries and marginal annotations, that are yet inedited, remain

<sup>1</sup> Francesco Cionacci, a noble Florentine, projected an edition of the *Divina Commedia* in one hundred volumes, each containing a single canto, followed by all the commentaries, according to the order of time in which they were written, and accompanied by a Latin translation for the use of foreigners. *Cancellieri, ibid.* p. 64.

to be examined ; many editions and manuscripts<sup>1</sup> to be more carefully collated ; and many separate dissertations and works of criticism to be considered. But this is not all. That line of reading which the Poet himself appears to have pursued (and there are many vestiges in his works by which we shall be enabled to discover it) must be diligently tracked ; and the search, I have little doubt, would lead to sources of information, equally profitable and unexpected.

If there is anything of novelty in the notes which accompany the following translation, it will be found to consist chiefly in a comparison of the Poet with himself, that is, of the *Divina Commedia* with his other writings ; a mode of illustration so obvious, that it is only to be wondered how others should happen to have made so little use of it. As to the imitations of my author by later poets, Italian and English, which I have collected in addition to those few that had been already remarked, they contribute little or nothing to the purposes of illustration, but must be considered merely as matter of curiosity, and as instances of the manner in which the great practitioners in art do not scruple to profit by their predecessors.

[From Cary's *Life of Dante*.]

<sup>1</sup> The Count Mortara has lately shown me many various readings he has remarked on collating the numerous MSS. of Dante in the Canonici collection at the Bodleian. [Jan<sup>y</sup>. 1843.]

of the *Commedia*. The episodes of Francesca, and of Ugolino, are familiar to numbers who never heard of Casella or of Sordello, of Carlo Martello or of Cacciaguida. This result is no doubt in part due to the mere accident that the *Inferno* happens to be the first of the three divisions of the poem, and therefore naturally has the first claim on the reader's attention. Not so long ago, to have read the *Inferno* to the end was regarded as an achievement in itself, and the reader whose perseverance had carried him so far was as a rule content to rest on his oars and leave the other regions unexplored. To such a one the *Inferno*, of course, was the only part of Dante worth reading. But even of those who know the whole poem well, and are qualified to form a judgment, many are to be found who deliberately prefer the *Inferno*. The reason is not far to seek. To a large number of readers the interest of the narrative is the chief attraction in a work of imagination, and there is no doubt that in this sense the first *cantica* is far more interesting than either of the others—it is fuller of incident and more dramatic, there is greater scope for the play of the human passions, the range of emotions is wider,—in a word, it is more sensational.

No one familiar with the poem will dispute this statement. The journey through Hell abounds with thrilling descriptions which find no counterpart elsewhere in the poem. We need only recall such scenes as the dispute with the Furies at the entrance

to the City of Dis (viii. 82 ff.) ; Dante's launch into the abyss on the back of Geryon, when the wind which blows in his face and from below is the only indication of his descent (xvii. 112 ff.) ; his cowering in terror behind the broken bridge in Malebolge while Virgil parleys with the devils (xxi. 58 ff.) ; the trick by which Ciampolo turns the tables on his demon guardians (xxii. 97 ff.) ; and the hairbreadth escape of the travellers from the enraged devils in the same circle, when Virgil only just has time to get out of their reach by glissading on his back down the steep bank with Dante in his arms (xxiii. 19 ff.). Such incidents as these, the episodes of Francesca, and of Ugolino, or the narratives of Ulysses, and of Guido da Montefeltro, excite emotions in the reader which are almost unknown to him in the later stages of Dante's journey.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the other divisions of the poem are lacking in interest : the interest is not of the sensational order, it is true, but for that very reason the contrast is welcome, and it will be found a relief to escape from the storm and stress of the *Inferno*, and to glide into the calmer waters of the *Purgatorio*, where the mind by degrees becomes prepared for the dazzling ascent to the Kingdom of the Blessed.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The known manuscripts of the *Divina Commedia* number between five and six hundred. None of these dates earlier than fourteen or fifteen years after Dante's death (1321). No trace has yet been discovered of the original manuscript in Dante's handwriting, of which not a scrap, so far as is known, has been preserved. These manuscripts are scattered broadcast through the Continent of Europe, the majority being naturally in Italy; one has wandered as far afield as the Cape of Good Hope, having been presented to the library at Cape Town by the late Sir George Grey.

Of printed editions there are between three and four hundred. The earliest probably is that printed at Foligno in 1472, in which year editions appeared also at Mantua and at Jesi. These were followed by two editions printed at Naples in 1474 and 1477, a Venetian edition of 1477, a Milanese of 1477-78, and a second Venetian of 1478. The first Florentine edition appeared, with the commentary of Cristoforo Landino, in 1481. At least six others were published in Italy in the fifteenth century. Two editions were printed in the next century at the celebrated Venetian press of Aldus—the first in 1502, in which the well-known Aldine anchor began to be used for the first time; the second in 1515. The first edition printed outside

Italy was the counterfeit of the first Aldine, which appeared at Lyons in 1502 or 1503. Three other editions were printed in the sixteenth century at Lyons (1547, 1551, and 1571); no other edition appeared outside Italy for two hundred years, till 1768, when an edition was published at Paris. An edition dated London, but actually printed at Leghorn, appeared in 1778. The first edition of any portion of the Italian text printed in England was that of the *Inferno*, which accompanied the first issue of Cary's *Hell*, published in London in 1805-6. The first complete English edition of the *Commedia* was printed in London in 1808, and reprinted in 1819-20. Two more London editions appeared in 1822-23, and in 1842-43; since then at least a dozen others have been published, including the splendid reprint by Lord Vernon (1858), under the editorship of Panizzi, of the four first Italian editions. The latest English edition is that recently published in commemoration of the sixth centenary of the "viaggio dantesco."<sup>1</sup>

The British Museum Catalogue registers fourteen editions of the Italian text in the fifteenth century (from 1472 to 1497), twenty-nine in the sixteenth century, three only in the seventeenth, fifteen in the eighteenth, and about ninety between 1800 and 1886. The total number of editions in various

<sup>1</sup> La *Commedia* di Dante Alighieri: il testo Wittiano riveduto da Paget Toynbee. Londra, Methuen e Ci. MDCCCC.

languages printed in the present century now amounts to between two and three hundred.<sup>1</sup>

The first printed translation was the Castilian version of Fernandos de Villegas, which appeared at Burgos in 1515. The next was the French version of Grangier, published at Paris in 1596-97. The first published English translation of any portion of the *Commedia*<sup>2</sup> appears to have been the version of Canto xxxiii. of the *Inferno*, by the fifth Earl of Carlisle, which was printed in London in 1773. The Ugolino episode from the same canto had been previously translated by the poet Gray, but was not published until quite recently.<sup>3</sup> A version of the *Inferno* by Charles Rogers appeared in 1782, and another by Henry Boyd in 1785, who published a translation of the whole poem in 1802.

In 1805-6 appeared the first edition of Cary's translation of the *Inferno*, accompanied by the Italian text; and eight years later, in 1814, was published the first edition of the complete work. This edition, which was produced at the author's own expense, was issued in three diminutive volumes in boards, at the price of twelve shillings. It was noticed with praise by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and with contempt by the *Critical Review*, and then for several years lay dead and forgotten. In

<sup>1</sup> See Toynbee's *Dante Dictionary*, art. "Commedia."

<sup>2</sup> Irrespective, of course, of isolated passages translated by Chaucer, for instance, and Milton.

<sup>3</sup> In vol. i. of Gosse's edition of the works of Gray, 1886. Chaucer tells the story of Ugolino after Dante in the *Monk's Tale*.



February 1818 it was mentioned in a lecture on Dante by Coleridge, who had accidentally made Cary's acquaintance on the beach at Littlehampton a year or two before. The effect on the sale of the book was immediate. A thousand copies of the neglected first edition were at once disposed of, a new edition was called for, and within a few months the author pocketed a sum of nearly £250 by what he had come to regard as a dead failure. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* both published favourable articles on the work, which, in spite of all attempts to supersede it, has now for more than eighty years held its place as *the* translation of Dante—the translation, in fact, as Dr. Garnett<sup>1</sup> has well expressed it, which first occurs to the mind on the mention of Dante's name.<sup>2</sup>

## NOTICE OF CARY

Henry Francis Cary was born at Gibraltar on December 6, 1772, in the same year as Coleridge, and within a year or two of Wordsworth, Scott, and Southey. He was the eldest son of Captain William Cary, of the First Regiment of Foot. His mother was the daughter of Theophilus Brocas, Dean of Killala, County Mayo, of which diocese his great-grandfather, Mordecai Cary, had been

<sup>1</sup> In the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Literature*, April 8, 1899.

Bishop, and his grandfather, Henry Cary, Archdeacon. Within a few months of his son's birth Captain Cary returned with his regiment to England, and shortly after sold his commission and settled to a country life at Cannock in Staffordshire.

Young Cary was educated at Rugby (from 1783 to 1785), and at the Grammar Schools of Sutton Colefield and Birmingham. From the latter, where he obtained an exhibition of £35 a year, Cary proceeded to Oxford, and was entered in April 1790 as a commoner at Christ Church.

Cary at an early age displayed a literary bent, and especially a taste for translation. While he was still at school at Birmingham he published an ode to General Eliott (Lord Heathfield) on his gallant defence of Gibraltar, which attracted considerable attention, and was the means of bringing him acquainted with Miss Anna Seward, "the Swan of Lichfield," with whom he regularly corresponded for some years. In one of his letters to her from Oxford, dated May 7, 1792, occurs the first mention of his study of the *Divina Commedia*—he advises her to read the poem, and sends a prose translation of two passages from the *Purgatorio*.

Cary's career at Oxford was undistinguished. After taking his Master's degree in November 1796, he tried for a fellowship at Oriel College, but was unsuccessful. His desire to enter the army being opposed by his father, he took orders

and was presented to the vicarage of Abbot's Bromley in Staffordshire, and in the same year (1796) he married. In 1800 he removed to the living of Kingsbury in Warwickshire, and in May of this year he began his translation of the *Inferno*, which was published some years later in two volumes, the first appearing in 1805, the second in the next year. From an entry in Cary's diary, as well as from the preface to the first edition of his "Vision of Dante," it appears that he had begun to translate the *Purgatorio* as far back as 1797. On May 8, 1812 (he having meanwhile removed to London, where he had been appointed reader at Berkeley Chapel), the translation of the whole *Commedia* was completed. The work was published at the author's expense in 1814, but attracted little attention until 1818, when its public commendation by Coleridge caused a demand for it, and led to the issue of a new edition in the next year (1819).<sup>1</sup>

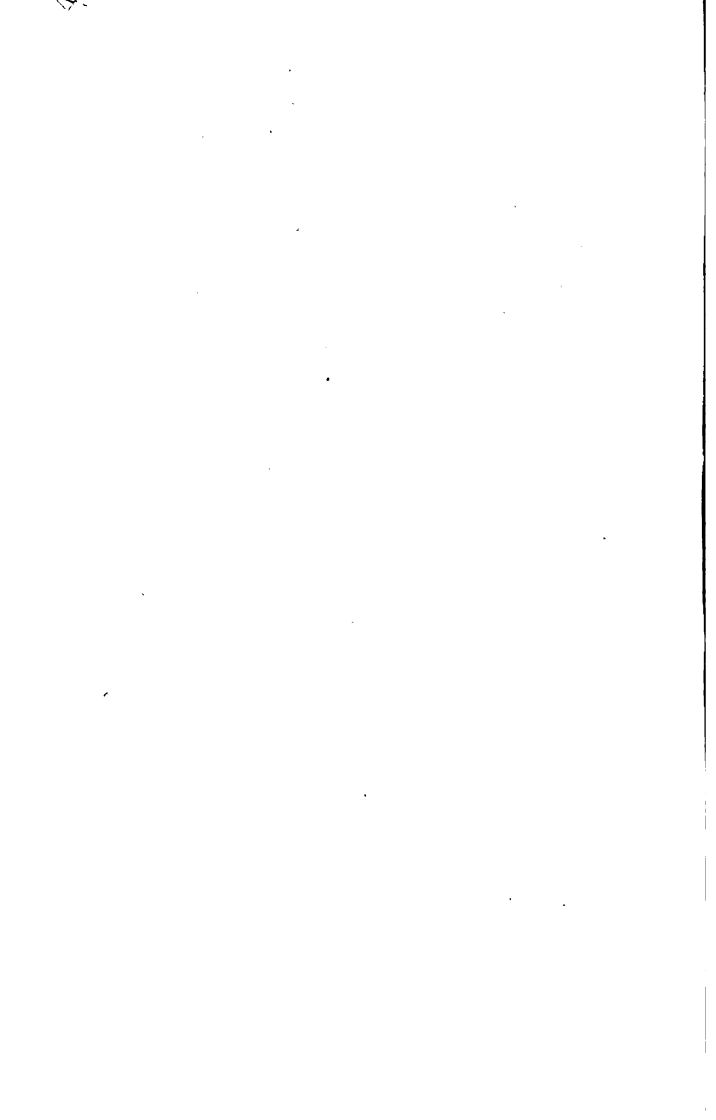
In 1814 Cary had accepted the curacy and lectureship of Chiswick, and two years later he returned to London as curate of the Savoy. His leisure was now chiefly taken up with literary work; he contributed ballads and critical essays to the *London Magazine*, and engaged upon translations from Aristophanes and Pindar. In 1826 he was appointed assistant keeper of printed books at the British Museum, a post which he retained for

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. lx.

eleven years. Among his literary acquaintances and correspondents about this time, besides Coleridge, were Charles and Mary Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Carlyle, Hood, Allan Cunningham, and Gabriel Rossetti (father of the poet). With the Lambs he was on terms of intimacy, and for some time they dined with him regularly at the Museum every third Wednesday in the month.

In 1837 the office of chief librarian at the Museum became vacant. Cary applied for the post, and on its being given to Panizzi, "his subordinate officer and a foreigner," he resigned his appointment. After his retirement he continued to devote himself to literature. Among his latest occupations was the preparation of a fourth edition of his Dante, the preface to which is dated February 1844. He died in the following August, and was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of Samuel Johnson, his title to fame being commemorated by a slab bearing the inscription

THE TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.



# CHRONOLOGICAL VIEW

OF

## THE AGE OF DANTE

A.D.

1265 May.—DANTE, son of Alighiero degli Alighieri and Bella, is born at Florence. Of his own ancestry he speaks in the *Paradiſe*, Cantos xv. and xvi.

In the same year, Manfredi, King of Naples and Sicily, is defeated and slain by Charles of Anjou at Benevento. H. xxviii. 13, and *Purg.* iii. 110.

Guido Novello of Polenta obtains the sovereignty of Ravenna. H. xxvii. 38.

Battle of Evesham. Simon de Montfort, leader of the barons, defeated and slain.

1266 Two of the Frati Godenti chosen arbitrators of the differences of Florence. H. xxiii. 104.

Gianni de' Soldanieri heads the populace in that city. H. xxxii. 118.

Giotto is born. *Purg.* xi. 95.

Roger Bacon sends a copy of his *Opus Majus* to Pope Clement IV.

1268 Charles of Anjou puts Conradine to death, and becomes King of Naples. H. xxviii. 16, and *Purg.* xx. 66.

1270 Louis IX. of France dies before Tunis. His

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A.D.

1270 widow, Margaret, daughter of Raymond Berenger, lived till 1295. Purg. vii. 126. Par. vi. 135.

1271 Guy de Montfort murders Prince Henry, son of Richard, King of the Romans, and nephew of Henry III. of England, at Viterbo. H. xii. 119. Richard dies, as is supposed, of grief for this event.

1272 Henry III. of England is succeeded by Edward I. Purg. vii. 129.

Abulfeda, the Arabic writer, is born.

1274 Our Poet first sees Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portinari.

Rodolph acknowledged emperor.

Philip III. of France marries Mary of Brabant, who lived till 1321. Purg. vi. 24.

Thomas Aquinas dies. Purg. xx. 67, and Par. x. 96.

Buonaventura dies. Par. xii. 25.

1276 Pope Adrian V. dies. Purg. xix. 97.

Guido Guinicelli, the poet, dies. Purg. xi. 96, and xxvi. 83.

1277 Pope John XXI. dies. Par. xii. 126.

1278 Pierre de la Brosse, secretary to Philip III. of France, executed. Purg. vi. 23.

Ottocar, King of Bohemia, dies. Purg. vii. 97.

Robert of Gloucester is living at this time.

1279 Dionysius succeeds to the throne of Portugal. Par. xix. 135.

1280 Albertus Magnus dies. Par. x. 95.

Our Poet's friend, Busone da Gubbio, is born about this time.

William of Ockham is born about this time.

Pope Nicholas III. dies. H. xix. 71.

Tribaldello de' Manfredi betrays the city of Faenza.

H. xxxii. 119.

A.D.

- 1280 About this time Ricordano Malaspina, the Florentine annalist, dies.
- 1282 The Sicilian Vespers. Par. viii. 80.  
The French defeated by the people of Forli. H. xxvii. 41.
- 1284 Prince Charles of Anjou is defeated and made prisoner by Rugier de Lauria, admiral to Peter III. of Arragon. Purg. xx. 78.  
Charles I., King of Naples, dies. Purg. vii. 111.  
Alonzo X. of Castile, dies. He caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian, and all legal instruments to be drawn up in that language  
Sancho IV. succeeds him.  
Philip (next year IV. of France) marries Jane, daughter of Henry of Navarre. Purg. vii. 102.
- 1285 Pope Martin IV. dies. Purg. xxiv. 23.  
Philip III. of France and Peter III. of Arragon die. Purg. vii. 101 and 110.  
Henry II., King of Cyprus, comes to the throne. Par. xix. 144.  
Simon Memmi, the painter, celebrated by Petrarch, is born.
- 1287 Guido delle Colonne (mentioned by Dante in his *De Vulgari Eloquio*) completes "The War of Troy."  
Pope Honorius IV. dies.  
The Scottish poet, Thomas Learmouth, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, is living at this time.
- 1289 Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi dies of famine. H. xxxiii. 14.  
The Battle of Campaldino, where the Florentines defeat the people of Arezzo, June 11. Purg. v. 90.  
Dante serves in the war waged by the Florentines upon the Pisans, and is present at the surrender of Caprona in the autumn. H. xxi. 92.



# lxviii CHRONOLOGICAL VIEW OF

A.D.

- 1290 Beatrice dies. *Purg.* xxxii. 2.  
William, Marquis of Montferrat, is made prisoner by his traitorous subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy. *Purg.* vii. 133.
- 1291 Can Grande della Scala is born, March 9. *H.* i. 98.  
*Purg.* xx. 16. *Par.* xvii. 75, and xxvii. 135.  
The renegade Christians assist the Saracens to recover St. Jean d'Acre. *H.* xxvii. 84.  
Alonzo III. of Arragon dies, and is succeeded by James II. *Purg.* vii. 113, and *Par.* xix. 133.  
Eleanor, widow of Henry III., dies. *Par.* vi. 135.
- 1292 The Emperor Rodolph dies. *Purg.* vi. 104, and vii. 91.  
Pope Nicholas IV. dies.  
Roger Bacon dies about this time.  
John Baliol, King of Scotland, crowned.
- 1294 Celestine V. abdicates the papal chair. *H.* iii. 56.  
Dante writes his *Vita Nuova*.  
Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, the poet, dies. *Purg.* xxiv. 56.  
Brunetto Latini dies. *H.* xv. 28.  
Andrea Taffi, of Florence, the worker in mosaic, dies.
- 1295 About this time Dante marries Gemma Donati, by whom he had two sons and two daughters.  
Charles Martel, King of Hungary, visits Florence, *Par.* viii. 57, and dies in the same year.  
Marco Polo, the traveller, returns from the East to Venice.  
Ferdinand IV. of Castile comes to the throne. *Par.* xix. 122.
- 1296 Frederick, son of Peter III. of Arragon, becomes King of Sicily. *Purg.* vii. 117, and *Par.* xix. 127.  
Forese Donati, the companion of Dante, dies. *Purg.* xxxlii. 44.

A.D.

1296 Sadi, the most celebrated of the Persian writers, dies.

War between England and Scotland, which terminates in the submission of the Scots to Edward I.; but in the following year, Sir William Wallace attempts the deliverance of Scotland. Par. xix. 121.

1298 The Emperor Adolphus falls in a battle with his rival, Albert I., who succeeds him in the Empire. Purg. vi. 98.

Jacopo da Varagine, Archbishop of Genoa, author of the *Legenda Aurea*, dies.

1300 The Bianchi and Neri parties take their rise in Pistoia. H. xxxii. 60.

This is the year in which Dante supposes himself to see his Vision. H. i. 1, and xxi. 109.

He is chosen one of the Priors of Florence: and holds office from June 15 to August 15.

Guido Cavalcanti, the most beloved of our Poet's friends, dies. H. x. 59, and Purg. xi. 96.

1301 The Bianchi expel the Neri from Pistoia. H. xxiv. 142.

1302 Cimabue, the painter, dies. Purg. xi. 93.

January 27. First sentence (of heavy fine, and banishment for two years) proclaimed against Dante, during his absence at Rome, and three others, for malversation in office.

March 10. Second sentence (of death by burning) against Dante, and fourteen others, for contumacy.

Fulcieri de' Calboli commits great atrocities on certain of the Ghibelline party. Purg. xiv. 61.

Carlino de' Pazzi betrays the castle di Piano Travigne, in Valdarno, to the Florentines. H. xxxii. 67.

The French vanquished in the battle of Courtrai. Purg. xx. 47.

# lxx CHRONOLOGICAL VIEW OF

A.D.

- 1303 Pope Boniface VIII. dies. H. xix. 55; Purg. xx. 86, xxxii. 146; and Par. xxvii. 20.  
 Taddeo, the physician, dies at Bologna. Par. xii. 77.  
 Robert of Brunne translates into English verse the Manuel de Pechés, a treatise written in French by Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln.
- 1304 The exiles make an unsuccessful attack on the city of Florence.  
 May. The bridge over the Arno breaks down during a representation of the infernal torments exhibited on that river. H. xxvi. 9.  
 July 20. Petrarch, whose father had been banished two years before from Florence, is born at Arezzo.
- 1305 Wincellaus IV., King of Bohemia, dies. Purg. vii. 99; and Par. xix. 123.  
 A conflagration happens at Florence. H. xxvi. 9.  
 Sir William Wallace is executed at London.  
 Dante about this time seeks an asylum at Verona, under the roof of the Signori della Scala. Par. xvii. 69.
- 1306 Dante at Padua, and in Lunigiana with the Malaspini. Purg. viii. 133; xix. 140.  
 Dolcino, the fanatic, is burned. H. xxviii. 53.  
 Edward II. of England comes to the throne.
- 1308 The Emperor Albert I. murdered. Purg. vi. 98; and Par. xix. 114.  
 Corso Donati, Dante's political enemy, slain. Purg. xxiv. 81.  
 Duns Scotus dies. He was born about the same time as Dante.
- 1309 Charles II., King of Naples, dies. Par. xix. 125.  
 He is succeeded by Robert, the patron of Petrarch. Par. ix. 2.
- 1310 Jean de Meun, the continuer of the Roman de la Rose, dies about this time.

A.D.

- 1310 Pier Crescenzi of Bologna writes his book on agriculture, in Latin.
- 1311 Dante present at the coronation of Henry VII. at Milan; and afterwards probably at Poppi as the guest of Count Guido Novello of Battifolle. Fra Giordano da Rivalto, of Pisa, a Dominican, the author of sermons esteemed for the purity of the Tuscan language, dies.
- 1312 The Order of the Templars abolished. Purg. xx. 94.  
Robert, King of Naples, opposes the coronation of the Emperor Henry VII. Par. viii. 59.  
Ferdinand IV. of Castile dies, and is succeeded by Alonzo XI. Par. xix. 122.  
Dino Compagni, a distinguished Florentine, concludes his history of his own time, written in elegant Italian.  
Gaddo Gaddi, the Florentine artist, dies.
- 1313 The Emperor Henry of Luxemburgh, by whom Dante had hoped to be restored to Florence, dies. Par. xvii. 80, and xxx. 135. Henry is succeeded by Lewis of Bavaria.  
Giovanni Boccaccio is born.
- 1314 Pope Clement V. dies. H. xix. 86; and Par. xxvii. 53, and xxx. 141.  
Philip IV. of France dies. Purg. vii. 108; and Par. xix. 117. He is succeeded by Louis X.  
Can Grande makes himself master of Vicenza. Par. ix. 45.
- 1315 Louis X. of France marries Clemenza, daughter of our Poet's friend, Charles Martel, King of Hungary. Par. ix. 2.  
November 6. Third sentence (of decapitation) against Dante, and others, including his sons.  
Dante about this time at Lucca. Purg. xxiv. 38.

A.D.

- 1316 Amnesty proclaimed by Count Guido of Battifolle, King Robert's Vicar in Florence, and conditional pardon offered to the exiles, which Dante rejects. Dante probably at Verona as the guest of Can Grande.

Louis X. of France dies, and is succeeded by Philip V.

John XXII. elected Pope. Par. xxvii. 53.

- 1317 In this year, or the next, Dante, on the invitation of Guido Novello da Polenta, goes to Ravenna.

Joinville, the French historian, dies.

- 1321 September 14. Dante dies at Ravenna, aged fifty-six years and four months.

# THE VISION OF DANTE

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## HELL

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### CANTO I

#### ARGUMENT

The writer, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory ; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

IN the midway<sup>1</sup> of this our mortal life,  
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray  
Gone from the path direct : and e'en to tell,  
It were no easy task, how savage wild  
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,  
Which to remember<sup>2</sup> only, my dismay  
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.

<sup>1</sup> *In the midway.*] That the æra of the Poem is intended by these words to be fixed to the thirty-fifth year of the Poet's age, A.D. 1300, will appear more plainly in Canto xxi. where that date is explicitly marked.

In his Convito (iv. 23), human life is compared to an arch or bow, the highest point of which is, in those well framed by nature, at their thirty-fifth year.

<sup>2</sup> *Which to remember.*] "Even when I remember I am afraid, and trembling taketh hold on my flesh." Job xxi. 6.

Yet, to discourse of what there good befel,  
All else will I relate discover'd there.

How first I enter'd it I scarce can say,  
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weigh'd  
My senses down, when the true path I left;  
But when a mountain's foot I reach'd, where closed  
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,  
I look'd aloft, and saw his shoulders broad  
Already vested with that planet's beam,<sup>1</sup>  
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

Then was a little respite to the fear,  
That in my heart's recesses<sup>2</sup> deep had lain  
All of that night, so pitifully past:  
And as a man, with difficult short breath,  
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,  
Turns<sup>3</sup> to the perilous wide waste, and stands  
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet fail'd,  
Struggling with terror, turn'd to view the straits  
That none hath past and lived. My weary frame  
After short pause recomforted, again  
I journey'd on over that lonely steep,  
The hinder foot still firmer.<sup>4</sup> Scarce the ascent  
Began, when, lo! a panther,<sup>5</sup> nimble, light,

<sup>1</sup> *That planet's beam.*] The sun.

<sup>2</sup> *My heart's recesses.*] Nel lago del cuor.  
Lombardi cites an imitation of this by Redi in his *Ditirambo*:

I buon vini son quegli, che acquetano  
Le procelle sì fosche e rubelle,  
Che nel lago del cuor l'anime inquietano.

<sup>3</sup> *Turns.*] So in our Poet's second psalm:  
Come colui, che andando per lo bosco,  
Da spino punto, a quel si volge e guarda.

Even as one, in passing through a wood,  
Pierced by a thorn, at which he turns and looks.

[The *Sette Salmi Penitenziali* attributed to Dante are almost certainly apocryphal.]

<sup>4</sup> *The hinder foot.*] It is to be remembered that in ascending a hill the weight of the body rests on the hinder foot.

<sup>5</sup> *A panther.*] Pleasure or luxury.

And cover'd with a speckled skin, appear'd ;  
 Nor, when it saw me, vanish'd ; rather strove  
 To check my onward going ; that oft-times,  
 With purpose to retrace my steps, I turn'd.

The hour was morning's prime, and on his way  
 Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,<sup>1</sup>  
 That with him rose when Love divine first moved  
 Those its fair works : so that with joyous hope  
 All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin<sup>2</sup>  
 Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,  
 And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased.  
 And by new dread succeeded, when in view  
 A lion<sup>3</sup> came, 'gainst me as it appear'd,  
 With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,  
 That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *With those stars.*] The sun was in Aries, in which sign he supposes it to have begun its course at the creation.

<sup>2</sup> *The gay skin.*] A late editor of the Divina Commedia, Signor Zotti, has spoken of the present translation as the only one that has rendered this passage rightly : but Mr. Hayley had shown me the way, in his very skilful version of the first three Cantos of the Inferno, inserted in the notes to his Essay on Epic Poetry :

I now was raised to hope sublime  
 By these bright omens of my fate benign,  
 The beauteous beast and the sweet hour of prime.

All the commentators, whom I have seen, understand our Poet to say that the season of the year and the hour of the day induced him to hope for the gay skin of the panther ; and there is something in the sixteenth Canto, verse 107, which countenances their interpretation, although that which I have followed still appears to me the more probable.

<sup>3</sup> *A lion.*] Pride or ambition.

<sup>4</sup> *A she-wolf.*] Avarice.

It cannot be doubted that the image of these three beasts coming against him is taken by our author from the prophet Jeremiah, v. 6 : "Wherefore a lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities." Rossetti, following Dionisi and other later commentators, interprets Dante's leopard to denote Florence, his lion the king of France, and his wolf the Court of Rome. It is far from improbable that our author might have had a second allegory of this sort in his view ; even as Spenser, in the introductory letter to his poem, tells us that "in the Faery Queen he meant Glory in his general intention, but in his particular he conceived the most excellent and glorious person of his sovereign the Queen." "And



Was at his heels, who in her leanness seem'd  
 Full of all wants, and many a land hath made  
 Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear  
 O'erwhelm'd me, at the sight of her appall'd,  
 That of the height all hope I lost. As one,  
 Who, with his gain elated, sees the time  
 When all unawares is gone, he inwardly  
 Mourns with heart-gripping anguish; such was I,  
 Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,  
 Who coming o'er against me, by degrees  
 Impell'd me where the sun in silence rests.<sup>1</sup>

While to the lower space with backward step  
 I fell, my ken discern'd the form of one  
 Whose voice seem'd faint through long disuse of  
 speech.

When him in that great desert I espied,  
 "Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,  
 "Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."

He answer'd: "Now not man, man once I  
 was,

And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both

yet," he adds, "in some places else I do otherwise shadow her." Such involution of allegorical meanings may well be supposed to have been frequently present to the mind of Dante throughout the composition of this poem. Whether his acute and eloquent interpreter, Rossetti, may not have been carried much too far in the pursuit of a favourite hypothesis, is another question; and I must avow my disbelief of the secret jargon imputed to our Poet and the other writers of that time in the *Comment on the Divina Commedia* and in the *Spirito Antipapale*, the latter of which works is familiarised to the English reader in Miss Ward's faithful translation.

<sup>1</sup> *Where the sun in silence rests.*]

The sun to me is dark,  
 And silent as the moon,  
 When she deserts the night,  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

*Milton, Sam. Agon.*

The same metaphor will recur, Canto v. verse 29.

Into a place I came  
 Where light was silent all.

By country, when the power of Julius<sup>1</sup> yet  
 Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past,  
 Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time  
 Of fabled deities and false. A bard  
 Was I, and made Anchises' upright son  
 The subject of my song, who came from Troy,  
 When the flames prey'd on Ilium's haughty towers.<sup>2</sup>  
 But thou, say wherefore to such perils past  
 Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount  
 Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"  
 "And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,  
 From which such copious floods of eloquence  
 Have issued?" I with front abash'd replied.  
 "Glory and light of all the tuneful train!  
 May it avail me, that I long with zeal  
 Have sought thy volume, and with love immense  
 Have conn'd it o'er. My master thou, and guide!<sup>3</sup>  
 Thou he from whom alone I have derived  
 That style, which for its beauty into fame  
 Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.  
 O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!  
 For every vein and pulse throughout my frame  
 She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw  
 That I was weeping, answer'd, "Thou must needs

<sup>1</sup> *When the power of Julius.]*

Nacqui sub Julio, ancorchè fosse tardi.

This is explained by the commentators: "Although it were rather late with respect to my birth, before Julius Cæsar assumed the supreme authority, and made himself perpetual dictator." Virgil indeed was born twenty-five years before that event.

<sup>2</sup> *Ilium's haughty towers.]*

Ceciditque superbum

Ilium.

Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *My master thou, and guide.]*

Tu se' lo mio maestro, e' l mio autore,  
 Tu se' solo colui.

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou.

Milton, *P. L.* ii. 864.

Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape  
 From out that savage wilderness. This beast,  
 At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none  
 To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death :  
 So bad and so accursed in her kind,  
 That never sated is her ravenous will,  
 Still after food <sup>1</sup> more craving than before.  
 To many an animal in wedlock vile  
 She fastens, and shall yet to many more,  
 Until that greyhound <sup>2</sup> come, who shall destroy  
 Her with sharp pain. He will not life support  
 By earth nor its base metals, but by love,  
 Wisdom, and virtue ; and his land shall be  
 The land 'twixt either Feltro.<sup>3</sup> In his might

<sup>1</sup> *Still after food.*] So Frezzi :

La voglia sempre ha fame, e mai non s'empie,  
 Ed al più pasto più riman digiuna.

*Il Quadrivregio*, lib. ii. cap. xi.

Venturi observes that the verse in the original is borrowed by Berni.

<sup>2</sup> *That greyhound.*] This passage has been commonly understood as an eulogium on the liberal spirit of his Veronese patron, Can Grande della Scala.

<sup>3</sup> *'Twixt either Feltro.*] Verona, the country of Can della Scala, is situated between Feltro, a city in the Marca Trivigiana, and Monte Feltro, a city in the territory of Urbino.

But Dante perhaps does not merely point out the place of Can Grande's nativity, for he may allude further to a prophecy, ascribed to Michael Scot, which imported that the "Dog of Verona would be lord of Padua and of all the Marca Trivigiana." It was fulfilled in the year 1329, a little before Can Grande's death. See G. Villani, *Hist.* l. x. cap. cv. and cxli. and some lively criticism by Gasparo Gozzi, entitled *Giudizio degli Antichi Poeti*, etc., printed at the end of the Zatta edition of Dante, t. iv. part ii. p. 15. The prophecy, it is likely, was a forgery ; for Michael died before 1300, when Can Grande was only nine years old. See Hell, xx. 115, and Par. xvii. 75. Troya has given a new interpretation to Dante's prediction, which he applies to Uguccione della Faggiola, whose country also was situated between two Feltros. See the *Veltro Allegorico* di Dante, p. 110. But after all the pains he has taken, this very able writer fails to make it clear that Uguccione, though he acted a prominent part as a Ghibelline leader, is intended here or in Purgatory, c. xxxiii. 38. The main proofs rest on an ambiguous report mentioned by Boccaccio of the Inferno being dedicated to him, and on a suspicious letter attributed to a certain Friar Ilario, in which the friar describes Dante addressing him as a stranger, and desiring him to convey that portion of the

Shall safety to Italia's plains<sup>1</sup> arise,  
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,  
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.  
He, with incessant chase, through every town  
Shall worry, until he to hell at length  
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.  
I, for thy profit pondering, now devise  
That thou mayst follow me ; and I, thy guide,  
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,  
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see  
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke  
A second death ;<sup>2</sup> and those next view, who dwell  
Content in fire,<sup>3</sup> for that they hope to come,  
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,  
Into whose regions if thou then desire  
To ascend, a spirit worthier<sup>4</sup> than I  
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,  
Thou shalt be left : for that Almighty King,  
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law  
Adjudges me ; and therefore hath decreed  
That, to his city, none through me should come.  
He in all parts hath sway ; there rules, there holds  
His citadel and throne. O happy those,  
Whom there he chuses ! " I to him in few :  
" Bard ! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,  
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse

poem to Ugucione. There is no direct allusion to him throughout the Divina Commedia, as there is to the other chief public protectors of our Poet during his exile.

<sup>1</sup> *Italia's plains.*] "Umile Italia," from Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 522.

Humilemque videmus  
Italiam.

<sup>2</sup> *A second death.*] "And in these days men shall seek death, and shall not find it ; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." Rev. ix. 6.

<sup>3</sup> *Content in fire.*] The spirits in Purgatory.

<sup>4</sup> *A spirit worthier.*] Beatrice, who conducts the Poet through Paradise.

I may escape) to lead me where thou said'st,  
That I Saint Peter's gate<sup>1</sup> may view, and those  
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."

Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

## CANTO II

### ARGUMENT

After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works, he shows that, on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage, and followed him as his guide and master.

Now was the day departing,<sup>2</sup> and the air,  
Imbrown'd with shadows, from their toils released  
All animals on earth; and I alone  
Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,  
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,  
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.

O Muses! O high genius! now vouchsafe  
Your aid. O mind!<sup>3</sup> that all I saw hast kept  
Safe in a written record, here thy worth  
And eminent endowments come to proof.

<sup>1</sup> *Saint Peter's gate.*] The gate of Purgatory, which the Poet feigns to be guarded by an angel placed on that station by St. Peter.

<sup>2</sup> *Now was the day.*] A compendium of Virgil's description, *Æn.* iv. 522. Compare Apollonius Rhodius, lib. iii. 744. and lib. iv. 1058.

The day gan failin; and the darke night,  
That revith bestis from their businesse,  
Berafte me my booke, etc.

*Chaucer, The Asseble of Foules.*

<sup>3</sup> *O mind.*]

O thought! that write all that I met,  
And in the tresorie it set  
Of my braine, now shall men see  
If any virtue in thee be.

*Chaucer, Temple of Fame, b. ii. v. 18.*

I thus began : " Bard ! thou who art my guide,  
Consider well, if virtue be in me  
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise  
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that *Silvius' sire*,<sup>1</sup>  
Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among  
The immortal tribes had entrance, and was there  
Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great Lord,  
Almighty foe to ill, such favour show'd  
In contemplation of the high effect,  
Both what and who from him should issue forth,  
It seems in reason's judgment well deserved ;  
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,  
In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire :  
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordain'd  
And stablish'd for the holy place, where sits  
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.  
He from this journey, in thy song renown'd,  
Learn'd things, that to his victory gave rise  
And to the papal robe. In after-times  
The chosen vessel<sup>2</sup> also travel'd there,<sup>3</sup>  
To bring us back assurance in that faith  
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.  
But I, why should I there presume ? or who  
Permits it ? not *Æneas* I, nor Paul.  
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else  
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then  
I venture, fear it will in folly end.  
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning know'st,  
Than I can speak." As one, who unresolves  
What he hath late resolved, and with new thoughts  
Changes his purpose, from his first intent

<sup>1</sup> *Silvius' sire.*] *Æneas*.

<sup>2</sup> *The chosen vessel.*] St. Paul. Acts ix. 15. "But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way ; for he is a chosen vessel unto me."

<sup>3</sup> *There.*] This refers to "the immortal tribes," v. 15. St. Paul having been caught up to heaven. 2 Cor. xii. 2.

Removed; e'en such was I on that dun coast,  
 Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first  
 So eagerly embraced. "If right thy words  
 I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,  
 "Thy soul is by vile fear assail'd,<sup>1</sup> which oft  
 So overcasts a man, that he recoils  
 From noblest resolution, like a beast  
 At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.  
 That from this terror thou mayst free thyself,  
 I will instruct thee why I came, and what  
 I heard in that same instant, when for thee  
 Grief touch'd me first. I was among the tribe,  
 Who rest suspended,<sup>2</sup> when a dame, so blest  
 And lovely I besought her to command,  
 Call'd me; her eyes were brighter than the star  
 Of day; and she, with gentle voice and soft,  
 Angelically tuned, her speech address'd:  
 'O courteous shade of Mantua! thou whose fame  
 'Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts!<sup>3</sup>  
 'A friend, not of my fortune but myself,<sup>4</sup>  
 'On the wide desert in his road has met

<sup>1</sup> *Thy soul is by vile fear assail'd.*]

*L'anima tua è da viltate offesa.*

So in Berni, Orl. Inn. lib. iii. c. i. st. 53.

*Se l'alma avete offesa da viltate.*

<sup>2</sup> *Who rest suspended.*] The spirits in Limbo, neither admitted to a state of glory nor doomed to punishment.

<sup>3</sup> *As nature lasts.*] Quanto 'l moto lontana. "Mondo," instead of "moto," which Lombardi claims as a reading peculiar to the Nidobeatina edition and some MSS., is also in Landino's edition of 1484. Of this Monti was not aware. See his Proposta, under the word "Lontanare."

<sup>4</sup> *A friend, not of my fortune but myself.*] Se non fortunæ sed hominibus solere esse amicum. *Cornelii Nepotis Attici Vita*, c. ix.

*Cætera fortunæ, non mea turba, fuit.*

*Ovid, Trist. lib. i. el. 5. 34.*

My Fortune and my seeming destiny  
 He made the bond, and broke it not with me.

*Coleridge, Death of Wallenstein, act i. sc. 7.*

‘Hindrance so great, that he through fear has  
turn’d.

‘Now much I dread lest he past help have stray’d,

‘And I be risen too late for his relief,

‘From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed  
now,

‘And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,

‘And by all means for his deliverance meet,

‘Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.

‘I, who now bid thee on this errand forth,

‘Am Beatrice; <sup>1</sup> from a place I come

‘Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,

‘Who prompts my speech. When in my Master’s  
sight

‘I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.’

“She then was silent, and I thus began :

‘O Lady! by whose influence alone

‘Mankind excels whatever is contain’d <sup>2</sup>

‘Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,

‘So thy command delights me, that to obey,

‘If it were done already, would seem late.

‘No need hast thou further to speak thy will :

‘Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth

‘To leave that ample space, where to return

‘Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.’

“She then: ‘Since thou so deeply wouldst  
inquire,

‘I will instruct thee briefly why no dread

‘Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone

‘Are to be fear’d whence evil may proceed ;

‘None else, for none are terrible beside.

<sup>1</sup> *Beatrice.*] The daughter of Folco Portinari, who is here invested with the character of celestial wisdom or theology.

<sup>2</sup> *Whatever is contain’d.*] Every other thing comprised within the lunar heaven, which, being the lowest of all, has the smallest circle.



'I am so framed by God, thanks to his grace!  
 'That any sufferance of your misery  
 'Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire  
 'Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame<sup>1</sup>  
 'Resides, who mourns with such effectual grief  
 'That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,  
 'That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.  
 'To Lucia<sup>2</sup> calling, her she thus bespake:  
 "Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,  
 "And I commend him to thee." At her word  
 'Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,  
 'And coming to the place, where I abode  
 'Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,  
 'She thus address'd me: "Thou true praise of  
 God.

"Beatrice! why is not thy succour lent  
 "To him, who so much loved thee, as to leave  
 "For thy sake all the multitude admires?  
 "Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,  
 "Nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,  
 "Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?"  
 'Ne'er among men did any with such speed  
 'Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,  
 'As, when these words were spoken, I came here,  
 'Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force  
 'Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all  
 'Who well have mark'd it, into honour brings.'

"When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes  
 Tearful she turn'd aside; whereat I felt

<sup>1</sup> *A blessed dame.*] The Divine Mercy [symbolised by the Virgin Mary].

<sup>2</sup> *Lucia.*] The enlightening Grace of Heaven; as it is commonly explained. But Lombardi has well observed, that as our Poet places her in the Paradise, c. xxxii., amongst the souls of the blessed, so it is probable that she, like Beatrice, had a real existence; and he accordingly supposes her to have been Saint Lucia the martyr, although she is here representative of an abstract idea.

Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she will'd,  
 Thus am I come: I saved thee from the beast,  
 Who thy near way across the goodly mount  
 Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee then?  
 Why, why dost thou hang back? why in thy breast  
 Harbour vile fear? why hast not courage there,  
 And noble daring; since three maids,<sup>1</sup> so blest,  
 Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of heaven;  
 And so much certain good my words forbode?"

As florets,<sup>2</sup> by the frosty air of night  
 Bent down and closed, when day has blanch'd  
 their leaves,

Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;  
 So was my fainting vigour new restored,  
 And to my heart such kindly courage ran,  
 That I as one undaunted soon replied:  
 "O full of pity she, who undertook  
 My succour! and thou kind, who didst perform  
 So soon her true behest! With such desire  
 Thou hast disposed me to renew my voyage,

<sup>1</sup> *Three maids.*] The Divine Mercy [Virgin Mary], Lucia, and Beatrice.

<sup>2</sup> *As florets.*] Come fioretto dal notturno gelo  
 Chinato e chiuso, poi che il sol l'imbianca,  
 S'apre e si leva dritto sopra il stelo.  
*Boccaccio, Il Filostrato, p. iii. st. xiii.*

But right as floures through the cold of night  
 Iclosed, stoupen in her stalkes lowe,  
 Redressen hem agen the sunne bright,  
 And spreden in her kinde course by rowe, etc.  
*Chaucer, Troilus and Creseide, b. ii.*

It is from Boccaccio rather than Dante that Chaucer has taken this simile, which he applies to Troilus on the same occasion as Boccaccio has done. He appears indeed to have imitated or rather paraphrased the Filostrato in his Troilus and Creseide; for it is not yet known who that Lollius is, from whom he professes to take the poem, and who is again mentioned in the House of Fame, b. iii.

The simile in the text has been imitated by many others; among whom see Berni, *Orl. Inn. lib. 1. c. xii. st. 86.* Marino, *Adone, c. xvii. st. 63.* and Son. "Donna vestita di nero," and Spenser's *Faery Queen, b. iv. c. xii. st. 34.* and *b. vi. c. ii. st. 35,* and Boccaccio again in the *Teseide, lib. 9. st. 28.*

That my first purpose fully is resumed.  
 Lead on : one only will is in us both.  
 Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."

So spake I ; and when he had onward moved,  
 I enter'd on the deep and woody way.

## CANTO III

### ARGUMENT

Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of Hell ; where, after having read the dreadful words that are written thereon, they both enter. Here, as he understands from Virgil, those were punished who had past their time (for living it could not be called) in a state of apathy and indifference both to good and evil. Then pursuing their way, they arrive at the river Acheron ; and there find the old ferryman Charon, who takes the spirits over to the opposite shore ; which as soon as Dante reaches, he is seized with terror, and falls into a trance.

"THROUGH me you pass into the city of woe :  
 Through me you pass into eternal pain :  
 Through me among the people lost for aye.  
 Justice the founder of my fabric moved :  
 To rear me was the task of power divine,  
 Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.<sup>1</sup>  
 Before me things create were none, save things  
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
 All hope abandon,<sup>2</sup> ye who enter here."

Such characters, in colour dim, I mark'd  
 Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed.

<sup>1</sup> —Power divine,  
*Supremest wisdom and primeval love.*  
 The three Persons of the Blessed Trinity.

<sup>2</sup> *All hope abandon.*

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.  
 So Berni, Orl. Inn. lib. 1. c. 8. st. 53.  
 Lascia pur della vita ogni speranza.

Whereat I thus : "Master, these words import  
 Hard meaning." He as one prepared replied :  
 "Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave ;  
 Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come  
 Where I have told thee we shall see the souls  
 To misery doom'd, who intellectual good  
 Have lost." And when his hand<sup>1</sup> he had stretch'd  
 forth

To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was  
 cheer'd,

Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs,<sup>2</sup> with lamentations and loud moans,  
 Resounded through the air pierced by no star,  
 That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,  
 Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
 Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
 With hands together smote that swell'd the  
 sounds,

Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls  
 Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,  
 Like to the sand<sup>3</sup> that in the whirlwind flies.

I then, with error<sup>4</sup> yet encompassed, cried :

<sup>1</sup> *And when his hand.]*

With that my hand in his he caught anone ;  
 On which I comfort caught, and went in fast.

*Chaucer, The Assemlie of Foules.*

<sup>2</sup> *Here sighs.]* "Post hæc omnia ad loca tartarea, et ad os  
 infernalis baratri deductus sum, qui simile videbatur puteo, loca  
 vero eadem horridis tenebris, fætoribus exhalantibus, stridoribus  
 quoque et nimiis plena erant ejulatus, juxta quem infernum vermis  
 erat infinitæ magnitudinis, ligatus maxima catena." *Alberici*  
*Visio*, § 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Like to the sand.]* —Unnumber'd as the sands

Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
 Their lighter wings. — *Milton, P. L. b. ii. 903.*

<sup>4</sup> *With error.]* Instead of "error," Vellutello's edition of 1544  
 has "error," a reading remarked also by Landino, in his notes. So  
 much mistaken is the collator of the Monte Casino MS. in calling it  
 "lezione da niuno notata"; "a reading which no one has  
 observed."

"O master! what is this I hear? what race  
Are these, who seem so overcome with woe?"

He thus to me: "This miserable fate  
Suffer the wretched souls of those, who lived  
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band  
Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious proved,  
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves  
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them  
forth

Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth  
Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe<sup>1</sup>  
Should glory thence with exultation vain."

I then: "Master! what doth aggrieve them  
thus,

That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:  
"That will I tell thee briefly. These of death  
No hope may entertain: and their blind life  
So meanly passes, that all other lots  
They envy. Fame<sup>2</sup> of them the world hath none,  
Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.

Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."

And I, who straightway look'd, beheld a flag,<sup>3</sup>  
Which whirling ran around so rapidly,

<sup>1</sup> *Lest the accursed tribe.*] Lest the rebellious angels should exult at seeing those who were neutral, and therefore less guilty, condemned to the same punishment with themselves.

Rossetti, in a long note on this passage, has ably exposed the plausible interpretation of Monti, who would have "*alcuna gloria*" mean "no glory," and thus make Virgil say "that the evil ones would derive no honour from the society of the neutral." A similar mistake in the same word is made elsewhere by Lombardi. See my note on c. xii. v. 9.

<sup>2</sup> *Fame.*] Cancell'd from heaven and sacred memory,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.

*Milton, P. L. b. vi. 380.*

Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

*Ibid. 385.*

<sup>3</sup> *A flag.*] —All the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron.

*Milton, Comus 602*

That it no pause obtain'd : and following came  
Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er  
Have thought that death so many had despoil'd.

When some of these I recognised, I saw  
And knew the shade of him, who to base fear<sup>1</sup>  
Yielding, abjured his high estate. Forthwith  
I understood, for certain, this the tribe  
Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing  
And to his foes. These wretches, who ne'er  
lived,

Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung  
By wasps and hornets, which bedew'd their  
cheeks

With blood, that, mix'd with tears, dropp'd to  
their feet,

And by disgusting worms was gather'd there.

Then looking further onwards, I beheld  
A throng upon the shore of a great stream :  
Whereat I thus : " Sir ! grant me now to know  
Whom here we view, and whence impell'd they  
seem

So eager to pass o'er, as I discern

<sup>1</sup> — *Who to base fear  
Yielding, abjured his high estate.*—]

This is commonly understood of Celestine the Fifth, who abdicated the papal power in 1294. Venturi mentions a work written by Innocenzio Barcellini, of the Celestine order, and printed at Milan in 1701, in which an attempt is made to put a different interpretation on this passage.

Lombardi would apply it to some one of Dante's fellow-citizens, who, refusing, through avarice or want of spirit, to support the party of the Bianchi at Florence, had been the main occasion of the miseries that befel them. But the testimony of Fazio degli Uberti, who lived so near the time of our author, seems almost decisive on this point. He expressly speaks of the Pope Celestine as being in hell. See the *Dittamondo*, L. iv. cap. xxi. The usual interpretation is further confirmed in a passage in *Canto xxvii. v. 101*. Petrarch, while he passes a high encomium on Celestine for his abdication of the papal power, gives us to understand that there were others who thought it a disgraceful act. See the *De Vitâ Solit.* b. ii. sect. iii. c. 18.

Through the blear light?"<sup>1</sup> He thus to me in few:

"This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive  
Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."

Then with eyes downward cast, and fill'd with shame,

Fearing my words offensive to his ear,  
Till we had reach'd the river, I from speech  
Abstain'd. And lo! toward us in a bark  
Comes on an old man,<sup>2</sup> hoary white with eld,  
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not  
Ever to see the sky again. I come  
To take you to the other shore across,  
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell  
In fierce heat and in ice."<sup>3</sup> And thou, who there  
Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave  
These who are dead." But soon as he beheld  
I left them not, "By other way," said he,  
"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,  
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Through the blear light.*] *Lo fuoco lume.*  
So Filicaja, canz. vi. st. 12: *Qual fuoco lume.*

<sup>2</sup> *An old man.*]

Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat  
Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento  
Canities inculca jacet; stant lumina flammâ.

*Virg. Æn. lib. vi. 298.*

<sup>3</sup> *In fierce heat and in ice.*]

—The bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth.—

*Milton, P. L. b. ii. 60r.*

—The delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

*Shakspeare, Measure for Measure, a. iii. s. 1.*

See note to C. xxxii. 23.

<sup>4</sup> *A nimbler boat.*] He perhaps alludes to the bark "swift and light," in which the Angel conducts the spirits to Purgatory. See *Purg. c. ii. 40.*

Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide :  
 "Charon ! thyself torment not : so 't is will'd,  
 Where will and power are one : ask thou no more."

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks  
 Of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,<sup>1</sup>  
 Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames.

Meanwhile

Those spirits, faint and naked, colour changed,  
 And gnash'd their teeth, soon as the cruel words  
 They heard. God and their parents they  
 blasphemed,

The human kind, the place, the time, and seed,  
 That did engender them and give them birth.

Then all together sorely wailing drew  
 To the curst strand, that every man must pass  
 Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,  
 With eyes of burning coal,<sup>2</sup> collects them all,  
 Beckoning, and each, that lingers, with his oar  
 Strikes. As fall of the light autumnal leaves,<sup>3</sup>  
 One still another following, till the bough  
 Strews all its honours on the earth beneath ;  
 E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood

<sup>1</sup> *The livid lake.*] Vada livida. *Virg. Æn.* lib. vi. 320.

—Totius ut lacûs putidæque paludis  
 Lividissima, maximeque est profunda vorago.  
*Catullus*, xviii. 10.

<sup>2</sup> *With eyes of burning coal.*]

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes,  
 Like two great beacons, glared bright and wide.  
*Spenser, F. Q.* b. vi. c. vii. st. 42.

<sup>3</sup> *As fall of the light autumnal leaves.*]

Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo  
 Lapsa cadunt folia. —  
*Virg. Æn.* lib. vi. 309.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
 High over-arch'd imbower.

*Milton, P. L.* b. i. 304.

Compare Apoll. Rhod. lib. iv. p. 214.



Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,  
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.<sup>1</sup>

Thus go they over through the umber'd wave ;  
And ever they on the opposing bank  
Be landed, on this side another throng  
Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the courteous  
guide,

"Those who die subject to the wrath of God  
All here together come from every clime,  
And to o'erpass the river are not loth :  
For so heaven's justice goads them on, that fear  
Is turn'd into desire. Hence ne'er hath past  
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,  
Now mayst thou know the import of his words."

This said, the gloomy region trembling shook  
So terribly, that yet with clammy dew  
Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,  
That, lightening, shot forth a vermillion flame,  
Which all my senses conquer'd quite, and I  
Down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber seized.

## CANTO IV

### ARGUMENT

The Poet, being roused by a clap of thunder, and following his guide onwards descends into Limbo, which is the first circle of Hell, where he finds the souls of those who, although they have lived virtuously and have not to suffer for great sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism, merit not the bliss of Paradise. Hence he is led on by Virgil to descend into the second circle.

BROKE the deep slumber in my brain a crash  
Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself,

<sup>1</sup> *As falcon at his call.*] This is Vellutello's explanation, and seems preferable to that commonly given: "as a bird that is enticed to the cage by the call of another."

As one by main force roused. Risen upright,  
My rested eyes I moved around, and search'd,  
With fixed ken, to know what place it was  
Wherein I stood. For certain, on the brink  
I found me of the lamentable vale,  
The dread abyss, that joins a thundrous sound<sup>1</sup>  
Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,  
And thick with clouds o'erspread, mine eye in vain  
Explored its bottom, nor could aught discern.

"Now let us to the blind world there beneath  
Descend;" the bard began, all pale of look:  
"I go the first, and thou shalt follow next."

Then I, his alter'd hue perceiving, thus:  
"How may I speed, if thou yieldest to dread,  
Who still art wont to comfort me in doubt?"

He then: "The anguish of that race below  
With pity stains my cheek, which thou for fear  
Mistakest. Let us on. Our length of way  
Urges to haste." Onward, this said, he moved;  
And entering led me with him, on the bounds  
Of the first circle that surrounds the abyss.

Here, as mine ear could note, no plaint was heard  
Except of sighs, that made the eternal air  
Tremble, not caused by tortures, but from grief  
Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,  
Of men, women, and infants. Then to me  
The gentle guide: "Inquirest thou not what spirits  
Are these which thou beholdest? Ere thou pass  
Farther, I would thou know, that these of sin  
Were blameless; and if aught they merited,  
It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,

<sup>1</sup> *A thundrous sound.*] Imitated, as Mr. Thyer has remarked,  
by Milton, P. L. b. viii. 242:

—But long, ere our approaching, heard  
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

The portal<sup>1</sup> to thy faith. If they before  
 The Gospel lived, they served not God aright;  
 And among such am I. For these defects,  
 And for no other evil, we are lost;  
 Only so far afflicted, that we live  
 Desiring without hope."<sup>2</sup> Sore grief assail'd  
 My heart at hearing this, for well I knew  
 Suspended in that Limbo many a soul  
 Of mighty worth. "O tell me, sire revered!  
 Tell me, my master!" I began, through wish  
 Of full assurance in that holy faith  
 Which vanquishes all error; "say, did e'er  
 Any, or through his own or other's merit,  
 Come forth from thence, who afterward was blest?"

Piercing the secret purport<sup>3</sup> of my speech,  
 He answer'd: "I was new to that estate.  
 When I beheld a puissant one<sup>4</sup> arrive  
 Amongst us, with victorious trophy crown'd.  
 He forth<sup>5</sup> the shade of our first parent drew,

<sup>1</sup> *Portal.*] "Porta della fede." This was an alteration made in the text by the Academicians della Crusca, on the authority, as it would appear, of only two MSS. The other reading is "parte della fede"; "part of the faith."

<sup>2</sup> *Desiring without hope.*]

And with desire to languish without hope.

*Milton, P. L. b. x. 995.*

<sup>3</sup> *Secret purport.*] Lombardi well observes, that Dante seems to have been restrained by awe and reverence from uttering the name of Christ in this place of torment; and that for the same cause, probably, it does not occur once throughout the whole of this first part of the poem.

<sup>4</sup> *A puissant one.*] Our Saviour.

<sup>5</sup> *He forth.*] The author of the *Quadriregio* has introduced a sublime description into his imitation of this passage:—

Pose le reni là dove si serra;  
 Ma Cristo lui e 'l catarcion d' acciajo  
 E queste porte allora gettò a terra.  
 Quando in la grotta entrò 'l lucido rajo,  
 Adamo disse: questo è lo splendore  
 Che mi spirò in faccia da primajo.  
 Venuto se' aspettato Signore.

L. ii. cap. 3.

Satan hung writhing round the bolt; but him,  
 The huge portcullis, and those gates of brass,

Abel his child, and Noah righteous man,  
 Of Moses lawgiver for faith approved,  
 Of patriarch Abraham, and David king,  
 Israel with his sire and with his sons,  
 Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,  
 And others many more, whom he to bliss  
 Exalted. Before these, be thou assured,  
 No spirit of human kind was ever saved."

We, while he spake, ceased not our onward road,  
 Still passing through the wood; for so I name  
 Those spirits thick beset. We were not far  
 On this side from the summit, when I kenn'd  
 A flame, that o'er the darken'd hemisphere  
 Prevailing shined. Yet we a little space  
 Were distant, not so far but I in part  
 Discover'd that a tribe in honour high  
 That place possess'd. "O thou, who every art  
 And science valuest! who are these, that boast  
 Such honour, separate from all the rest?"

He answer'd: "The renown of their great names,  
 That echoes through your world above, acquires  
 Favour in heaven, which holds them thus advanced."  
 Meantime a voice I heard: "Honour the bard  
 Sublime! <sup>1</sup> his shade returns, that left us late!"  
 No sooner ceased the sound, than I beheld  
 Four mighty spirits toward us bend their steps,  
 Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.<sup>2</sup>

Christ threw to earth. As down the cavern stream'd  
 The radiance: "Light," said Adam, "this, that breathed  
 First on me. Thou art come, expected Lord!"

Much that follows is closely copied by Frezzi from our Poet.

<sup>1</sup> —Honour the bard  
*Sublime.*]

Onorate l' altissimo poeta.

So Chiabrera, Canz. Erioche. 32.

Onorando l' altissimo poeta.

<sup>2</sup> *Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.*]

She nas to sober ne to glad.

*Chaucer's Dream.*

When thus my master kind began : "Mark him,  
 Who in his right hand bears that falchion keen,  
 The other three preceding, as their lord.  
 This is that Homer, of all bards supreme :  
 Flaccus the next, in satire's vein excelling ;  
 The third is Naso ; Lucan is the last.  
 Because they all that appellation own,  
 With which the voice singly accosted me,  
 Honouring they greet me thus, and well they  
 judge."

So I beheld united the bright school  
 Of him the monarch of sublimest song,<sup>1</sup>  
 That o'er the others like an eagle soars.

When they together short discourse had held,  
 They turn'd to me, with salutation kind  
 Beckoning me ; at the which my master smiled :  
 Nor was this all ; but greater honour still  
 They gave me, for they made me of their tribe ;  
 And I was sixth amid so learn'd a band.

Far as the luminous beacon on we pass'd,  
 Speaking of matters, then befitting well

<sup>1</sup> *The monarch of sublimest song.*] Homer.

It appears from a passage in the *Convito* (i. 7) that there was no Latin translation of Homer in Dante's time. "Sappia ciascuno, etc." "Every one should know, that nothing, harmonised by musical enchainment, can be transmuted from one tongue into another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony. And this is the reason why Homer has never been turned from Greek into Latin, as the other writers we have of theirs." This sentence, I fear, may well be regarded as conclusive against the present undertaking. Yet would I willingly bespeak for it at least so much indulgence as Politian claimed for himself, when in the Latin translation, which he afterwards made of Homer, but which has since unfortunately perished, he ventured on certain liberties both of phraseology and metre, for which the nicer critics of his time thought fit to call him to an account : "Ego vero tametsi rudis in primis non adeo tamen obtusi sum pectoris in versibus maxime faciundis, ut spatia ista morasque non sentiam. Vero cum mihi de Græco pæne ad verbum forent antiquissima interpretanda carmina, fateor affectavi equidem ut in verbis obsoletam vetustatem, sic in mensurâ ipsâ et numero gratam quandam ut speravi novitatem." Ep. lib. i. Baptistæ Guarino.

To speak, now fitter left untold<sup>1</sup>. At foot  
Of a magnificent castle we arrived,  
Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round  
Defended by a pleasant stream. O'er this  
As o'er dry land we pass'd. Next, through seven  
gates,

I with those sages enter'd, and we came  
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.

There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around  
Majestically moved, and in their port  
Bore eminent authority: they spake  
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.

We to one side retired, into a place  
Open and bright and lofty, whence each one  
Stood manifest to view. Incontinent,  
There on the green enamel<sup>2</sup> of the plain  
Were shown me the great spirits, by whose sight  
I am exalted in my own esteem.

Electra<sup>3</sup> there I saw accompanied

<sup>1</sup> *Fitter left untold.*]

Che'l tacere è bello.

So our Poet, in Canzone 14.

La vide in parte che'l tacere è bello.

Ruccellai, *Le Api*, 789.

Ch' a dire è brutto ed a tacerlo è bello.

And Bembo.

Vie più bello è il tacerle, che il favellarne. *Gli Asol.* lib. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Green enamel.*] "Verde smalto." Dante here uses a metaphor that has since become very common in poetry—

O'er the smooth enamel'd green. *Milton, Arcades.*

"Enameling, and perhaps pictures in enamel, were common in the middle ages, etc." *Warton, Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, v. i. c. xiii. p. 376. "This art flourished most at Limoges, in France. So early as the year 1197, we have duas tabulas æneas superauratas de labore Limogiæ. Chart. ann. 1197 apud Ughelin. tom. vii. Ital. Sacr. p. 1274." *Warton. Ibid.* Additions to v. i. printed in vol. ii. Compare Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, vol. i. c. ii.

<sup>3</sup> *Electra.*] The daughter of Atlas, and mother of Dardanus the founder of Troy. See Virg. *Æn.* l. viii. 134, as referred to by Dante in the treatise *De Monarchiâ* (ii. 3). "Electra, scilicet, nata magni nominis regis Atlantis, ut de ambobus testimonium reddit poeta noster in octavo, ubi Æneas ad Evandrum sic ait:

"'Dardanus Iliacæ,' etc."

By many, among whom Hector I knew,  
 Anchises' pious son, and with hawk's eye  
 Cæsar all arm'd, and by Camilla there  
 Penthesilea. On the other side,  
 Old king Latinus seated by his child  
 Lavinia, and that Brutus I beheld  
 Who Tarquin chased, Lucretia, Cato's wife  
 Marcia, with Julia<sup>1</sup> and Cornelia there;  
 And sole apart retired, the Soldan fierce.<sup>2</sup>

Then when a little more I raised my brow,  
 I spied the master of the sapient throng,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Julia.*] The daughter of Julius Cæsar, and wife of Pompey.

<sup>2</sup> *The Soldan fierce.*] Saladin, or Salaheddin, the rival of Richard Cœur de Lion. See D'Herbelot, *Bibl. Orient. the Life of Saladin*, by Bohao'edin Ebn Shedad, published by Albert Schultens, with a Latin translation, and Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*, p. 57 to 73. "About this time (1193) died the great Sultan Saladin, the greatest terror of the Christians, who, mindful of man's fragility and the vanity of worldly honours, commanded at the time of his death no solemnity to be used at his burial, but only his shirt, in manner of an ensign, made fast unto the point of a lance, to be carried before his dead body as an ensign, a plain priest going before, and crying aloud unto the people in this sort, 'Saladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in his life, carrieth not with him any thing more than his shirt.' A sight worthy so great a king, as wanted nothing to his eternal commendation more than the true knowledge of his salvation in Christ Jesus. He reigned about sixteen years with great honour." He is introduced by Petrarch in the *Triumph of Fame*, c. ii.; and by Boccaccio in the *Decameron*, G. x. N. 9.

<sup>3</sup> *The master of the sapient throng.*]

Maestro di color che sanno.

[Aristotle.—Petrarch assigns the first place to Plato. See *Triumph of Fame*, c. iii.

Volsimi da man manca, e vidi Plato

Che 'n quella schiera andò più presso al segno

A qual aggiunge, a chi dal cielo è dato.

Aristotile poi pien d' alto ingegno.

Pulci, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, c. xviii. says,

Tu se' il maestro di color che sanno.

The reverence in which the Stagirite was held by our author, cannot be better shown than by a passage in his *Convito* (iv. 6), "Che Aristotile sia degnissimo, etc." "That Aristotle is most worthy of trust and obedience, may be thus proved. Amongst the workmen or artificers of different arts and operations, which are in order to some final art or operation, he, who is the artist or operator in that, ought chiefly to be obeyed and trusted by the rest, as being the one who alone considers the ultimate end of all the other ends.

Seated amid the philosophic train.  
 Him all admire, all pay him reverence due.  
 There Socrates and Plato, both I mark'd  
 Nearest to him in rank, Democritus,  
 Who sets the world at chance,<sup>1</sup> Diogenes,  
 With Heraclitus, and Empedocles,  
 And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,  
 Zeno, and Dioscorides well read  
 In nature's secret lore. Orpheus I mark'd  
 And Linus, Tully and moral Seneca,  
 Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,  
 Galenus, Avicen,<sup>2</sup> and him who made  
 That commentary vast, Averroes.<sup>3</sup>

Thus he, who exercises the occupation of a knight, ought to be obeyed by the sword-cutler, the bridle-maker, the armourer, and by all those trades which are in order to the occupation of a knight. And because all human operations respect a certain end, which is that of human life, to which man, inasmuch as he is man, is ordained, the master or artist, who considers of and teaches us that, ought chiefly to be obeyed and trusted: now this is no other than Aristotle; and he is therefore the most deserving of trust and obedience."

<sup>1</sup> —Democritus,

*Who sets the world at chance.]*

Democritus, who maintained the world to have been formed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

<sup>2</sup> *Avicen.*] See D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. article Sina. He died in 1037. Pulci here again imitates our Poet:

Avicenna quel che il sentimento

Intese di Aristotile e i segreti,

Averrois che fece il gran comento. *Morg. Mag.* c. xxv.

Chaucer, in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, makes the Doctour of Phisike familiar with

—Avicen,

Averrois. —

Sguarda Avicenna mio con tre corone,

Ch' egli fù Prence, e di scienza pieno,

E' util tanto all' umane persone.

*Frezzi, Il Quadrir.* l. iv. cap. 9.

Fuit Avicenna vir summi ingenii, magnus, Philosophus, excellens medicus, et summus apud suos Theologus. Sebastian Scheffer, *Introd. in Artem Medicam*, p. 63, as quoted in the *Historical Observations on the Quadriregio*, Ediz. 1725.

<sup>3</sup> —Him who made

*That commentary vast, Averroes.]*

Il gran Platone, e l' altro che sta attento

Mirando il cielo, e sta a lui a lato

Averrois, che fece il gran comento.

*Frezzi, Il Quadrir.* l. iv. cap. 9.



Of all to speak at full were vain attempt ;  
 For my wide theme so urges, that oft-times  
 My words fall short of what bechanced. In two  
 The six associates part. Another way  
 My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,  
 Into a climate ever vex'd with storms :  
 And to a part I come, where no light shines.

[Averroes, called by the Arabians [Ibn] Roschd, translated and commented the works of Aristotle. According to Tiraboschi (*Storia della Lett. Ital.* t. v. l. ii. c. ii. sect. 4), he was the source of modern philosophical impiety. The critic quotes some passages from Petrarch (*Senil.* l. v. ep. iii. et *Oper.* v. ii. p. 1143) to show how strongly such sentiments prevailed in the time of that poet, by whom they were held in horror and detestation. He adds, that this fanatic admirer of Aristotle translated his writings with that felicity which might be expected from one who did not know a syllable of Greek, and who was therefore compelled to avail himself of the unfaithful Arabic versions. D'Herbelot, on the other hand, informs us that "Averroes was the first who translated Aristotle from Greek into Arabic, before the Jews had made their translation; and that we had for a long time no other text of Aristotle, except that of the Latin translation, which was made from this Arabic version of this great philosopher (Averroes), who afterwards added to it a very ample commentary, of which Thomas Aquinas, and the other scholastic writers, availed themselves, before the Greek originals of Aristotle and his commentators were known to us in Europe." According to D'Herbelot, he died in 1198; but Tiraboschi places that event about 1206.

"Averroes," says Warton, "as the Asiatic schools decayed by the indolence of the Caliphs, was one of those philosophers who adorned the Moorish schools erected in Africa and Spain. He was a professor in the University of Morocco. He wrote a commentary on all Aristotle's works. He was styled the most Peripatetic of all the Arabian writers. He was born at Cordova, of an ancient Arabic family." *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. i. sect. xvii. p. 441.

## CANTO V

## ARGUMENT

Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds ~~Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom~~ he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tost about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets with ~~Francesca~~ of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

FROM the first circle<sup>1</sup> I descended thus  
Down to the second, which, a lesser space  
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,  
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,  
Grinning with ghastly feature :<sup>2</sup> he, of all  
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,  
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,  
According as he foldeth him around :  
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,  
It all confesses ; and that judge severe  
Of sins, considering what place in hell  
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft  
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath  
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand  
Alway a numerous throng ; and in his turn  
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears  
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd.  
“ O thou ! who to this residence of woe  
Approachest ! ” when he saw me coming, cried

<sup>1</sup> *From the first circle.*] Chiabrera's twenty-first sonnet is on a painting, by Cesare Corte, from this Canto. Mr. Fuseli, a much greater name, has lately employed his wonder-working pencil on the same subject.

<sup>2</sup> *Grinning with ghastly feature.*] Hence Milton :

— Death  
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile.

P. L. b. ii. 845.

Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,  
 "Look how thou enter here ; beware in whom  
 Thou place thy trust ; let not the entrance broad  
 Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide :  
 "Wherefore exclaimest ? Hinder not his way  
 By destiny appointed ; so 'tis will'd,  
 Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."

Now 'gin the rueful wallings to be heard.  
 Now am I come where many a plaining voice  
 Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came  
 Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groan'd  
 A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn  
 By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell  
 With restless fury drives the spirits on,  
 Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore annoy.  
 When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,  
 There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,  
 And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.

I understood, that to this torment sad  
 The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom  
 Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops  
 And multitudinous, when winter reigns,  
 The starlings on their wings are borne abroad ;  
 So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.  
 On this side and on that, above, below,  
 It drives them : hope of rest to solace them  
 Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *As cranes.*] This simile is imitated by Lorenzo de' Medici, in his *Ambra*, a poem, first published by Mr. Roscoe, in the Appendix to his *Life of Lorenzo* :

Marking the tracts of air, the clamorous cranes  
 Wheel their due flight in varied ranks descried ;  
 And each with outstretch'd neck his rank maintains,  
 In marshal'd order through the ethereal void.

*Roscoe*, v. i. c. v. p. 257, 4to edit.

Compare Homer, *Il.* iii. 3, Virgil, *Æn.* l. x. 264, Oppian *Haliêut*, lib. i. 620, Ruccellai, *Le Api*, 942, and Dante's *Purgatory*, xxiv. 63.

Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,  
 Stretch'd out in long array; so I beheld  
 Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on  
 By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who  
 Are these, by the black air so scourged?"—"The  
 first

'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,  
 "O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice  
 Of luxury was so shameless, that she made  
 Liking<sup>1</sup> be lawful by promulged decree,  
 To clear the blame she had herself incurr'd.  
 This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,  
 That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;<sup>2</sup>  
 And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.  
 The next in amorous fury slew herself,  
 And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:  
 Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."

There mark'd I Helen, for whose sake so long  
 The time was fraught with evil; there the great  
 Achilles, who with love fought to the end.  
 Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,

<sup>1</sup> *Liking.*] His lusts were as law in his decree.

*Chaucer, Monke's Tale. Nero.*

<sup>2</sup> *That she succeeded Ninus her espoused.*]

Che succedette a Nino e fu sua sposa.

M. Artaud, in his *Histoire de Dante*, p. 589, mentions a manuscript work called Attacanti's *Quadragesimale de reditu peccatoris ad Deum*, in which the line is thus cited:

Che sugger dette a Nino e fu sua sposa.

"Who suckled Ninus, and was his wife."

This remarkable reading had been before noticed by Federici. *Intorno ad alcune varianti nel testo della Divina Commedia*. Ed. Milan. 1836. See the *Biblioteca Italiana*. Tom. 82, p. 282. It appears from the treatise *De Monarchiâ* (l. ii.) that Dante derived his knowledge of Assyrian history from his favourite author Orosius (l. i. c. iv.), who relates that Semiramis both succeeded Ninus through the artifice of personating her son, and that she committed incest with her son; but as the name of her husband Ninus only is there recorded, and as other historians call the son Ninias, it is probable that the common reading is right.

A thousand more he show'd me, and by name  
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.

When I had heard my sage instructor name  
Those dames and knights of antique days,  
o'erpower'd

By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind  
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly  
I would address those two together coming,  
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:  
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.  
Then by that love which carries them along,  
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind  
Sway'd them toward us, I thus framed my speech:  
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse  
With us, if by none else restrain'd." As doves  
By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;  
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,  
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force  
My cry prevail'd, by strong affection urged.

"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st  
Visiting, through this element obscure,<sup>1</sup>  
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;  
If, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd,  
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,  
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.  
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse

<sup>1</sup> *Element obscure.*] "L'aer perso." Much is said by the commentators concerning the exact sense of the word "perso." It cannot be explained in clearer terms than those used by Dante himself in his *Convito* (iv. 20): "Il perso è un colore misto di purpureo e nero, ma vince il nero." "It is a colour mixed of purple and black, but the black prevails." The word recurs several times in this poem. Chaucer also uses it in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Doctour of Phisike:

In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle.

It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that  
 Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,  
 As now, is mute. The land,<sup>1</sup> that gave me birth,  
 Is situate on the coast, where Po descends  
 To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,<sup>2</sup>  
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
 Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still :  
 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,<sup>3</sup>  
 Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
 That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.  
 Love brought us to one death : Caina<sup>4</sup> waits  
 The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their  
 words ;

At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,  
 And held them there so long, that the bard cried :  
 "What art thou pondering?" I in answer thus :

<sup>1</sup> *The land.*] Ravenna.

<sup>2</sup> *Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt.*]

Amor, ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende.

A line taken by Marino, *Adone*, c. cxli. st. 251.

That the reader of the original may not be misled as to the exact sense of the word "s'apprende," which I have rendered "is learnt," it may be right to apprise him that it signifies "is caught," and that it is a metaphor from a thing taking fire. Thus it is used by Guido Guinicelli, whom indeed our Poet seems here to have had in view :

Fuoco d'Amore in gentil cor s'apprende,

Come vertute in pietra preziosa.

*Sonetti, etc., di diversi Antichi Toscani. Ediz. Giunti, 1527. l. ix. p. 107.*

The fire of love in gentle heart is caught,  
 As virtue in the precious stone.

<sup>3</sup> *Love, that denial takes from none beloved.*]

Amor, ch' a null' amato amar perdona.

So Boccaccio, in his *Filocolo*, l. 1.

Amore mai non perdonò l'amore a nullo amato.

And Pulci, in the *Morgante Maggiore*, c. iv.

E perchè amor mal volontier perdona,  
 Che non sia al fin sempre amato chi ama.

Indeed many of the Italian poets have repeated this verse.

<sup>4</sup> *Caina.*] The place to which murderers are doomed.

"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire  
Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!"

Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,  
And thus began: "Francesca!<sup>1</sup> your sad fate  
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,  
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew  
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:  
"No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand."<sup>2</sup> That kens

<sup>1</sup> *Francesca.*] Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini, a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed in his person. His brother Paolo, who unhappily possessed those graces which the husband of Francesca wanted, engaged her affections; and being taken in adultery, they were both put to death by the enraged Lanciotto. See Notes to Canto xxvii. v. 38 and 43. Troya relates that they were buried together; and that three centuries after, the bodies were found at Rimini, whither they had been removed from Pesaro, with the silken garments yet fresh. (*Veltro Allegorico di Dante.*) Ediz. 1826. p. 33. The whole of this passage is alluded to by Petrarch, in his *Triumph of Love*, c. iii.:

Ecco quei che le carte empion di sogni  
Lancilotto Tristano e gli altri erranti:  
Onde convien che 'l vulgo errante agogni;  
Vedi Ginevra, Isotta e l'altre amanti;  
E la coppia d'Arimino che 'nsieme  
Vanno facendo dolorosi pianti.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has expanded the present episode into a beautiful poem in his "Story of Rimini."

<sup>2</sup> *No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand.*]

Imitated by Chaucer:

For of Fortunis sharp adversite  
The worstie kind of infortune is this,  
A man to have been in prosperite,  
And it remembir when it passid is.

*Troilus and Creseide*, b. iii.

By Marino:

Che non ha doglia il misero maggiore,  
Che ricordar la gioia entro il dolore.

*Adone*, c. xiv. st. 100.

And by Fortiguerra:

—Rimembrare il ben perduto  
Fa più meschino lo presente stato.

*Ricciardetto*, c. xi. st. 83.

The original, perhaps, was in Boëtius de Consol. Philosoph. "In

Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly  
 If thou art bent to know the primal root,  
 From whence our love gat being, I will do  
 As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,  
 For our delight we read of Lancelot,<sup>1</sup>  
 How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no  
 Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading  
 Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
 Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point<sup>2</sup>  
 Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
 The wished smile so rapturously kiss'd  
 By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er  
 From me shall separate, at once my lips  
 All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both  
 Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day  
 We read no more."<sup>3</sup> While thus one spirit  
 spake,  
 The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck  
 — I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far  
 From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.<sup>4</sup>

omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem et non esse." l. 2. pr. 4. Boëtius, and Cicero de Amicitia, were the two first books that engaged the attention of Dante, as he himself tells us in the Convito (ii. 13).

<sup>1</sup> *Lancelot.*] One of the Knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Ginevra, or Guinever, celebrated in romance. The incident alluded to seems to have made a strong impression on the imagination of Dante, who introduces it again, in the Paradise, Canto xvi.

<sup>2</sup> *At one point.*] Questo quel punto fu, che sol mi vinse.

*Tasso, Il Torrismondo, a. i. s. 3.*

<sup>3</sup> — *In its leaves that day*

*We read no more.*] Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which Francesca in these words intimates her guilt.

*And like a corse fell to the ground.*]

E caddi, come corpo morto cade.

So Pulci: E cadde come morto in terra cade.

*Morgante Maggiore, c. xxii.*

And Ariosto: E cada, come corpo morto cade.

*Orl. Fur. c. ii. st. 55.*

"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." Revelation, i. 17.



## CANTO VI

## ARGUMENT

On his recovery, the Poet finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttonous are punished. Their torment is, to lie in the mire, under a continual and heavy storm of hail, snow, and discoloured water; Cerberus meanwhile barking over them with his threefold throat, and rending them piecemeal. One of these, who on earth was named Ciacco, foretells the divisions with which Florence is about to be distracted. Dante proposes a question to his guide, who solves it; and they proceed towards the fourth circle.

My sense reviving,<sup>1</sup> that erewhile had droop'd  
 With pity for the kindred shades, whence grief  
 O'ercame me wholly, straight around I see  
 New torments, new tormented souls, which way  
 So'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.  
 In the third circle I arrive, of showers  
 Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged  
 For ever, both in kind and in degree.  
 Large hail, discolour'd water, sleety flaw  
 Through the dun midnight air stream'd down amain :  
 Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.

Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,  
 Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog  
 Over the multitude immersed beneath.  
 His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,  
 His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which  
 He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs  
 Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs,  
 Under the rainy deluge, with one side

<sup>1</sup> *My sense reviving.*] Al tornar della mente, che si chiuse,  
 Dinanzi alla pietà de' duo cognati.

Berni has made a sportive application of these lines, in his *Orl.*  
*Inn. lib. iii. c. viii. st. 1.*

The other screening, oft they roll them round,  
 A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm<sup>1</sup>  
 Descried us, savage Cerberus, he oped  
 His jaws, and the fangs show'd us; not a limb  
 Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his palms  
 Expanding on the ground, thence fill'd with earth  
 Raised them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.  
 E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food  
 His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall  
 His fury, bent alone with eager haste  
 To swallow it; so dropp'd the loathsome cheeks  
 Of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns  
 The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.

We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the  
 brunt

Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet  
 Upon their emptiness, that substance seem'd.

They all along the earth extended lay,  
 Save one, that sudden raised himself to sit,  
 Soon as that way he saw us pass. "O thou!"  
 He cried, "who through the infernal shades art  
 led,

Own, if again thou know'st me. Thou wast framed  
 Or ere my frame was broken." I replied:

"The anguish thou endurest perchance so takes  
 Thy form from my remembrance, that it seems

<sup>1</sup> *That great worm.*] Juxta—infernum vermis erat infinitæ  
 magnitudinis ligatus maximâ catenâ. Alberici Visio, § 9.

In Canto xxxiv. *Lucifer* is called

The abhorred worm, that boreth through the world.

This is imitated by Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* c. xlv. st. 76. Shakspeare,  
 Milton, and Cowper, who well understood that the most common  
 words are often the most impressive, have used the synonymous  
 term in our language with the best effect; as Pindar has done in  
 Greek:

Ἀπὸ Ταυρίτου μὲν Λάκαιναν  
 ἐπὶ θερὶ χίνα τρίχυν σκινώτατον ἱππιδόν.

*Heyne's Pindar. Fragm. Epimic. ii. 2. In Hieron.*

As if I saw thee never. But inform  
 Me who thou art, that in a place so sad  
 Art set, and in such torment, that although  
 Other be greater, none disgusteth more.”  
 He thus in answer to my words rejoin’d :  
 “Thy city, heap’d with envy to the brim,  
 Aye, that the measure overflows its bounds,  
 Held me in brighter days. Ye citizens  
 Were wont to name me Ciacco.<sup>1</sup> For the sin  
 Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain,  
 E’en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn :  
 Nor I sole spirit in this woe : all these  
 Have by like crime incurr’d like punishment.”

No more he said, and I my speech resumed :  
 “Ciacco ! thy dire affliction grieves me much,  
 Even to tears. But tell me, if thou know’st,  
 What shall at length befall the citizens  
 Of the divided city ; <sup>2</sup> whether any  
 Just one inhabit there : and tell the cause,  
 Whence jarring Discord hath assail’d it thus.”

He then : “After long striving they will come  
 To blood ; and the wild party from the woods <sup>3</sup>  
 Will chase the other <sup>4</sup> with much injury forth.  
 Then it behoves that this must fall, <sup>5</sup> within  
 Three solar circles ; <sup>6</sup> and the other rise  
 By borrow’d force of one, who under shore

<sup>1</sup> *Ciacco.*] So called from his inordinate appetite ; Ciacco, in Italian, signifying a pig. The real name of this glutton has not been transmitted to us. He is introduced in Boccaccio’s Decameron, Giorn. ix. Nov. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *The divided city.*] The city of Florence, divided into the Bianchi and Neri factions.

<sup>3</sup> *The wild party from the woods.*] So called, because it was headed by Veri de’ Cerchi, whose family had lately come into the city from Accone, and the woody country of the Val di Nievole.

<sup>4</sup> *The other.*] The opposite party of the Neri, at the head of which was Corso Donati.

<sup>5</sup> *This must fall.*] The Bianchi.

<sup>6</sup> *Three solar circles.*] Three years.

Now rests.<sup>1</sup> It shall a long space hold aloof  
 Its forehead, keeping under heavy weight  
 The other opprest, indignant at the load,  
 And grieving sore. The just are two in number,<sup>2</sup>  
 But they neglected. Avarice, envy, pride,<sup>3</sup>  
 Three fatal sparks, have set the hearts of all  
 On fire." Here ceased the lamentable sound ;  
 And I continued thus : " Still would I learn  
 More from thee, further parley still entreat.  
 Of Farinata and Tegghiaio<sup>4</sup> say,  
 They who so well deserved ; of Giacopo,<sup>5</sup>  
 Arrigo, Mosca,<sup>6</sup> and the rest, who bent  
 Their minds on working good. Oh ! tell me where  
 They bide, and to their knowledge let me come.  
 For I am preest with keen desire to hear

<sup>1</sup> — *Of one, who under shore*

*Now rests.*]

Charles of Valois, by whose means the Neri were replaced.

<sup>2</sup> *The just are two in number.*] Who these two were, the commentators are not agreed. Some understand them to be Dante himself and his friend, Guido Cavalcanti. But this would argue a presumption, which our Poet himself elsewhere contradicts ; for, in the Purgatory, he owns his consciousness of not being exempted from one at least of " the three fatal sparks, which had set the hearts of all on fire." See Canto xiii. 126. Others refer the encomium to Barduccio and Giovanni Vespignano, adducing the following passage from Villani in support of their opinion : " In the year 1331 died in Florence two just and good men, of holy life and conversation, and bountiful in almsgiving, although laymen. The one was named Barduccio, and was buried in S. Spirito, in the place of the Frati Romitani : the other, named Giovanni da Vespignano, was buried in S. Pietro Maggiore. And by each, God showed open miracles, in healing the sick and lunatic after divers manners ; and for each there was ordained a solemn funeral, and many images of wax set up in discharge of vows that had been made. G. Villani, lib. x. cap. clxxix.

<sup>3</sup> *Avarice, envy, pride.*]

Invidia, superbia ed avarizia

Vedea multiplicar tra miei figliuoli.

*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo*, lib. i. cap. xxix.

<sup>4</sup> *Of Farinata and Tegghiaio.*] See Canto x. and Notes, and Canto xvi. and Notes.

<sup>5</sup> *Giacopo.*] Giacopo Rusticucci. See Canto xvi. and Notes.

<sup>6</sup> *Arrigo, Mosca.*] Of Arrigo, who is said by the commentators to have been of the noble family of the Fifanti, no mention afterwards occurs. Mosca de' Lamberti, is introduced in Canto xxviii.

If heaven's sweet cup, or poisonous drug of hell,  
 Be to their lip assign'd." He answer'd straight:  
 "These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes  
 Have stunk them deeper in the dark abyss.  
 If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see them.  
 But to the pleasant world, when thou return'st,  
 Of me make mention, I entreat thee, there.  
 No more I tell thee, answer thee no more."

This said, his fixed eyes he turn'd askance,  
 A little eyed me, then bent down his head,  
 And 'midst his blind companions with it fell.

When thus my guide: "No more his bed he  
 leaves,

Ere the last angel-trumpet blow. The Power  
 Adverse to these shall then in glory come,  
 Each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair,  
 Resume<sup>1</sup> his fleshly vesture and his form,  
 And hear the eternal doom re-echoing rend  
 The vault." So pass'd we through that mixture foul  
 Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps; meanwhile  
 Touching,<sup>2</sup> though slightly, on the life to come.  
 For thus I question'd: "Shall these tortures, Sir!  
 When the great sentence passes, be increased,  
 Or mitigated, or as now severe?"

He then: "Consult thy knowledge;<sup>3</sup> that  
 decides,

<sup>1</sup> *Resume.*] Imitated by Frezzi:—

Allor ripiglieran la carne e l'ossa;  
 Li rei oscuri, e i buon con splendori  
 Per la virtù della divina possa.

*Il Quadr.* lib. iv. cap. xv.

<sup>2</sup> *Touching.*] Conversing, though in a slight and superficial manner, on the life to come.

<sup>3</sup> *Consult thy knowledge.*] We are referred to the following passage in St. Augustin:—"Cum fiet resurrectio carnis, et bonorum gaudia et malorum tormenta majora erunt."—"At the resurrection of the flesh, both the happiness of the good and the torments of the wicked will be increased." [The reference is more probably to *Ethics*, x. 4, 7.]

That, as each thing to more perfection grows,  
 It feels more sensibly both good and pain.  
 Though ne'er to true perfection may arrive  
 This race accurst, yet nearer then, than now,  
 They shall approach it." Compassing that path,  
 Circuitous we journey'd; and discourse,  
 Much more than I relate, between us pass'd :  
 Till at the point, whence the steps led below,  
 Arrived, there Plutus, the great foe, we found.

## CANTO VII

## ARGUMENT

In the present Canto, Dante describes his descent into the fourth circle, at the beginning of which he sees Plutus stationed. Here one like doom awaits the prodigal and the avaricious; which is, to meet in direful conflict, rolling great weights against each other with mutual upbraidings. From hence Virgil takes occasion to show how vain the goods that are committed into the charge of Fortune; and this moves our author to inquire what being that Fortune is, of whom he speaks: which question being resolved, they go down into the fifth circle, where they find the wrathful and gloomy tormented in the Stygian lake. Having made a compass round great part of this lake, they come at last to the base of a lofty tower.

"Ah me! O Satan! Satan!"<sup>1</sup> loud exclaim'd  
 Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm:

<sup>1</sup> Ah me! O Satan! Satan! Pape Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe.

*Pape* is said by the commentators to be the same as the Latin word *pape*! "strange!" Of *aleppe* they do not give a more satisfactory account. See the Life of Benvenuto Cellini, translated by Dr. Nugent, v. ii. b. iii. c. vii. p. 113, where he mentions "having heard the words *Paix, paix, Satan! alles, paix!* in the courts of justice at Paris. I recollected what Dante said, when he with his master Virgil entered the gates of hell: for Dante, and Giotto the painter, were together in France, and visited Paris with particular attention, where the court of justice may be considered as hell. Hence it is that Dante, who was likewise perfect master of the French, made use of that expression; and I have often been surprised that it was never understood in that sense."

And the kind sage, whom no event surprised,  
 To comfort me thus spake : " Let not thy fear  
 Harm thee, for power in him, be sure, is none  
 To hinder down this rock thy safe descent.  
 Then to that swoln lip turning, " Peace ! " he cried,  
 " Curst wolf ! thy fury inward on thyself  
 Prey, and consume thee ! Through the dark  
 profound,

Not without cause, he passes. So 'tis will'd  
 On high, there where the great Archangel pour'd  
 Heaven's vengeance on the first adulterer proud." <sup>1</sup>

As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,  
 Drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split ;  
 So to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend.

Thus we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,  
 Gain'd on the dismal shore, that all the woe  
 Hems in of all the universe. Ah me !

Almighty Justice ! in what store thou heap'st <sup>2</sup>  
 New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld.

Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this ?

E'en as a billow, <sup>3</sup> on Charybdis rising,

<sup>1</sup> *The first adulterer proud.*] Satan. The word "fornication," or "adultery," "strupo," is here used for a revolt of the affections from God, according to the sense in which it is often applied in Scripture. But Monti, following Grassi's "Essay on Synonymes," supposes "strupo" to mean "troop"; the word "strup" being still used in the Piemontese dialect for "a flock of sheep," and answering to "troupeau" in French. In that case, "superbo strupo" would signify "the troop of rebel angels who sinned through pride."

<sup>2</sup> *In what store thou heap'st.*] Some understand "chi stipa" to mean either "who can imagine," or "who can describe the torments," etc. I have followed Landino, whose words, though very plain, seem to have been mistaken by Lombardi: "Chi stipa, chi accumula, ed insieme raccoglie; quasi dica, tu giustizia aduni tanti supplicii."

<sup>3</sup> *E'en as a billow.*]

As when two billows in the Irish sowndes,  
 Forcibly driven with contrarie tides,  
 Do meet together, each aback rebounds  
 With roaring rage, and dashing on all sides,  
 That filleth all the sea with foam, divides  
 The doubtful current into divers wayes.

*Spenser, F. Q. b. iv. c. i. st. 42.*

Against encounter'd billow dashing breaks ;  
 Such is the dance this wretched race must lead,  
 Whom more than elsewhere numerous here I found.  
 From one side and the other, with loud voice,  
 Both roll'd on weights, by main force of their breasts,  
 Then smote together, and each one forthwith. /  
 Roll'd them back voluble, turning again ;  
 Exclaiming these, " Why holdest thou so fast ? "  
 Those answering, " And why castest thou away ? "  
 So, still repeating their despitful song,  
 They to the opposite point, on either hand,  
 Traversed the horrid circle ; then arrived,  
 Both turn'd them round, and through the middle  
 space

Conflicting met again. At sight whereof  
 I, stung with grief, thus spake : " O say, my guide !  
 What race is this ? Were these, whose heads are  
 shorn,

On our left hand, all separate to the church ? "

He straight replied : " In their first life, these all  
 In mind were so distorted, that they made,  
 According to due measure, of their wealth,  
 No use. This clearly from their words collect,  
 Which they howl forth, at each extremity  
 Arriving of the circle, where their crime  
 Contrary in kind disparts them. To the church  
 Were separate those, that with no hairy cowl  
 Are crown'd, both Popes and Cardinals,<sup>1</sup> o'er whom  
 Avarice dominion absolute maintains. "

<sup>1</sup> *Popes and Cardinals.*] Ariosto having personified Avarice as a strange and hideous monster, says of her—

Peggio facea nella Romana corte,  
 Che v'avea uccisi Cardinali e Papi.

*Orl. Fur.* c. xxvi. st. 32.

Worse did she in the Court of Rome, for there  
 She had slain Popes and Cardinals.



I then : "'Mid such as these some needs must be,  
Whom I shall recognise, that with the blot  
Of these foul sins were stain'd." He answering  
thus :

"Vain thought conceivest thou. That ignoble life,  
Which made them vile before, now makes them  
dark,

And to all knowledge indiscernible.

For ever they shall meet in this rude shock :  
These from the tomb with clenched grasp shall rise,  
Those with close-shaven locks. That ill they gave,  
And ill they kept, hath of the beauteous world  
Deprived, and set them at this strife, which needs  
No labour'd phrase of mine to set it off.

Now mayst thou see, my son ! how brief, how vain,  
The goods committed into Fortune's hands,  
For which the human race keep such a coil !

Not all the gold <sup>1</sup> that is beneath the moon,  
Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls  
Might purchase rest for one." I thus rejoind :

"My guide ! of thee this also would I learn ;  
This Fortune, that thou speak'st of, what it is,  
Whose talons grasp the blessings of the world."

He thus : "O beings blind ! what ignorance  
Besets you ! Now my judgment hear and mark.  
He, whose transcendent wisdom <sup>2</sup> passes all,  
The heavens creating, gave them ruling powers  
To guide them ; so that each part <sup>3</sup> shines to each,  
Their light in equal distribution pour'd.

<sup>1</sup> *Not all the gold.*] Tutto l'oro ch'è sotto la luna.

For all the gode under the colde mone.

*Chaucer, Legende of Hypermnestra.*

<sup>2</sup> *He, whose transcendent wisdom.*] Compare Frezzi :

—Dio è primo prince in ogni parte

Sempre e di tutto, etc. *Il. Quadrir.* lib. ii. cap. ii.

<sup>3</sup> *Each part.*] Each hemisphere of the heavens shines upon that hemisphere of the earth which is placed under it.

By similar appointment he ordain'd,  
 Over the world's bright images to rule,  
 Superintendence of a guiding hand  
 And general minister,<sup>1</sup> which, at due time,  
 May change the empty vantages of life  
 From race to race, from one to other's blood,  
 Beyond prevention of man's wisest care :  
 Wherefore one nation rises into sway,  
 Another languishes, e'en as her will  
 Decrees, from us conceal'd, as in the grass  
 The serpent train. Against her nought avails  
 Your utmost wisdom. She with foresight plans,  
 Judges, and carries on her reign, as theirs  
 The other powers divine. Her changes know  
 None intermission : by necessity<sup>2</sup>  
 She is made swift, so frequent come who claim  
 Succession in her favours. This is she,  
 So execrated e'en by those whose debt  
 To her is rather praise : they wrongfully  
 With blame requite her, and with evil word ;  
 But she is blessed, and for that reck's not :  
 Amidst the other primal beings glad,

<sup>1</sup> *General minister.*] Lombardi cites an apposite passage from Augustin, *De Civitate Dei*, lib. v. :—"Nos eas causas, quas dicuntur fortuitæ (unde etiam fortuna nomen accepit) non dicimus nullas, sed latentes, easque tribuimus, vel veri Dei, vel quorumlibet spirituum voluntati."

<sup>2</sup> *By necessity.*] This sentiment called forth the reprehension of Francesco Stabili, commonly called Cecco d' Ascoli, in his *Acerba*, lib. i. c. i.

In ciò peccasti, O Fiorentin poeta,  
 Ponendo che li ben della fortuna  
 Necessitati sieno con lor meta.  
 Non è fortuna, cui ragion non vinca.  
 Or pensa Dante, se prova nessuna  
 Si può più fare che questa convinca.

Herein, O bard of Florence, didst thou err,  
 Laying it down that fortune's largesses  
 Are fated to their goal. Fortune is none,  
 That reason cannot conquer. Mark thou, Dante,  
 If any argument may gainsay this.

Rolls on her sphere, and in her bliss exults.  
 Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe  
 Descending: for each star<sup>1</sup> is falling now,  
 That mounted at our entrance, and forbids  
 Too long our tarrying." We the circle cross'd  
 To the next steep, arriving at a well,  
 That boiling pours itself down to a foss  
 Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was the wave  
 Than sablest grain: and we in company  
 Of the inky waters, journeying by their side,  
 Enter'd, though by a different track,<sup>2</sup> beneath.  
 Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands  
 The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the foot  
 Of the grey wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood  
 To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried  
 A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks  
 Betokening rage. They with their hands alone  
 Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,  
 Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

The good instructor spake: "Now seest thou,  
 son!

The souls of those, whom anger overcame.  
 This too for certain know, that underneath  
 The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs  
 Into these bubbles make the surface heave,  
 As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.  
 Fix'd in the slime, they say: 'Sad once were we,  
 'In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,  
 'Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:  
 'Now in these murky settlings are we sad.'

<sup>1</sup> *Each star.*] So Boccaccio: "Giù ogni stella a cader cominciò, che salia." Dec. G. 3. at the end.

<sup>2</sup> *A different track.*] Una via diversa. Some understand this "a strange path"; as the word is used in the preceding Canto; "fiera crudele e diversa," "monster fierce and strange"; and in the Vita Nuova (§ 23); "visi diversi ed orribili a vedere," "visages strange and horrible to see."

Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,  
 But word distinct can utter none." Our route  
 Thus compass'd we, a segment widely stretch'd  
 Between the dry embankment, and the core  
 Of the loath'd pool, turning meanwhile our eyes  
 Downward on those who gulp'd its muddy lees;  
 Nor stopp'd, till to a tower's low base we came.

## CANTO VIII

## ARGUMENT

▲ signal having been made from the tower, Phlegyas the ferryman of the lake, speedily crosses it, and conveys Virgil and Dante to the other side. On their passage, they meet with Filippo Argenti, whose fury and torment are described. They then arrive at the city of Dis, the entrance whereto is denied, and the portals closed against them by many Demons.

My theme pursuing,<sup>1</sup> I relate, that ere  
 We reach'd the lofty turret's base, our eyes  
 Its height ascended, where we mark'd uphung  
 Two cressets, and another saw from far  
 Return the signal, so remote, that scarce

<sup>1</sup> *My theme pursuing.*] It is related by some of the early commentators, that the seven preceding Cantos were found at Florence after our Poet's banishment, by someone, who was searching over his papers, which were left in that city; that by this person they were taken to Dino Frescobaldi; and that he, being much delighted with them, forwarded them to the Marchese Moroello Malaspina, at whose entreaty the poem was resumed. This account, though very circumstantially related, is rendered improbable by the prophecy of Ciacco in the sixth Canto, which must have been written after the events to which it alludes. The manner, in which the present Canto opens, furnishes no proof of the truth of the report; for, as Maffei remarks in his *Osservazioni Letterarie*, tom. ii. p. 249, referred to by Lombardi, it might as well be affirmed that Ariosto was interrupted in his *Orlando Furioso*, because he begins c. xvi. :

Dico la bella storia ripigliando.

And c. xxii.

Ma tornando al lavor, che vario ordisco.

The eye could catch its beam. I, turning round  
 To the deep source of knowledge, thus inquired :  
 "Say what this means ; and what, that other light  
 In answer set : what agency doth this ?"

"There on the filthy waters," he replied,  
 "E'en now what next awaits us mayst thou see,  
 If the marsh-gendered fog conceal it not."

Never was arrow from the cord dismiss'd,  
 That ran its way so nimbly through the air,  
 As a small bark, that through the waves I spied  
 Toward us coming, under the sole sway  
 Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud :  
 "Art thou arrived, fell spirit?" — "Phlegyas,

Phlegyas,<sup>1</sup>

This time thou criest in vain," my lord replied ;  
 "No longer shalt thou have us, but while o'er  
 The slimy pool we pass." As one who hears  
 Of some great wrong he hath sustain'd, whereat  
 Inly he pines : so Phlegyas inly pined  
 In his fierce ire. My guide, descending, stepp'd  
 Into the skiff, and bade me enter next,  
 Close at his side ; nor, till my entrance, seem'd  
 The vessel freighted. Soon as both embark'd,  
 Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,  
 More deeply than with others it is wont.

While we our course<sup>2</sup> o'er the dead channel  
 held,  
 One drench'd in mire before me came, and said :  
 "Who art thou, that thus comest ere thine  
 hour ?"

<sup>1</sup> *Phlegyas.*] Phlegyas, who was so incensed against Apollo, for having violated his daughter Coronis, that he set fire to the temple of that deity, by whose vengeance he was cast into Tartarus. See Virg. *Æn.* l. vi. 618.

<sup>2</sup> *While we our course.*] Solcando noi per quella morta gora.  
*Freszi, Il Quadrir.* lib. ii. cap. 7

I answer'd : " Though I come, I tarry not :  
But who art thou, that art become so foul ? "

" One, as thou seest, who mourn : " he straight replied.

To which I thus : " In mourning and in woe,  
Curst spirit ! tarry thou. I know thee well,  
E'en thus in filth disguised." Then stretch'd he  
forth

Hands to the bark ; whereof my teacher sage  
Aware, thrusting him back : " Away ! down there  
To the other dogs ! " then, with his arms my  
neck

Encircling, kiss'd my cheek, and spake : " O soul,  
Justly disdainful ! blest was she in whom  
Thou wast conceived.<sup>1</sup> He in the world was one  
For arrogance noted : to his memory  
No virtue lends its lustre ; even so  
Here is his shadow furious. There above,  
How many now hold themselves mighty kings,  
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,  
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise."

I then : " Master ! him fain would I behold  
Whelm'd in these dregs, before we quit the lake."

He thus : " Or ever to thy view the shore  
Be offer'd, satisfied shall be that wish,  
Which well deserves completion." Scarce his  
words

Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes  
Set on him with such violence, that yet  
For that render I thanks to God, and praise.

1

— *In whom*

*Thou wast conceived.*] "Che 'n te s'incinse." Several of the commentators have stumbled at this word, which is the same as "enceinte" in French, and "inciens" in Latin. For many instances, in which it is thus used, see the notes on Boccaccio's *Decameron*, p. 101, in the Giunti edition, 1573.

"To Filippo Argenti!"<sup>1</sup> cried they all:  
 And on himself the moody Florentine  
 Turn'd his avenging fangs. Him here we left,  
 Nor speak I of him more. But on mine ear  
 Sudden a sound of lamentation smote,  
 Whereat mine eye unbarr'd I sent abroad.

And thus the good instructor: "Now, my son  
 Draws near the city, that of Dis is named,<sup>2</sup>  
 With its grave denizens, a mighty throng."

I thus: "The minarets already, Sir!  
 There, certes, in the valley I descry,  
 Gleaming vermilion, as if they from fire  
 Had issued." He replied: "Eternal fire,  
 That inward burns, shows them with ruddy flame  
 Illumed; as in this nether hell thou seest."

We came within the fosses deep, that moat  
 This region comfortless. The walls appear'd  
 As they were framed of iron. We had made  
 Wide circuit, ere a place we reach'd, where loud  
 The mariner cried vehement: "Go forth:  
 The entrance is here." Upon the gates I spied  
 More than a thousand, who of old from heaven  
 Were shower'd.<sup>3</sup> With ireful gestures, "Who is  
 this,"

They cried, "that, without death first felt, goes  
 through

<sup>1</sup> *Filippo Argenti.*] Boccaccio tells us, "he was a man remarkable for the large proportions and extraordinary vigour of his bodily frame, and the extreme waywardness and irascibility of his temper." Decam. G. ix. N. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *The city, that of Dis is named.*] So Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* c. xl. st. 32:

Fatto era un stagno più sicuro e brutto,  
 Di quel che cinge la città di Dite.

<sup>3</sup> — *From heaven*

*Were shower'd.*] Da ciel piovuti.

Thus Frezzi: — Li maladetti piovutti da cielo.

*Il Quadr.* lib. iv. cap. 4.

And Pulci, in the passage cited in the note to c. xxi. 117.

The regions of the dead?" My sapient guide  
 Made sign that he for secret parley wish'd;  
 Whereat their angry scorn abating, thus  
 They spake: "Come thou alone; and let him go,  
 Who hath so hardily enter'd this realm.  
 Alone return he by his witless way;  
 If well he know it, let him prove. For thee,  
 Here shalt thou tarry, who through clime so dark  
 Hast been his escort." Now bethink thee, reader!  
 What cheer was mine at sound of those curst words.  
 I did believe I never should return.

"O my loved guide! who more than seven  
 times<sup>1</sup>

Security hast render'd me, and drawn  
 From peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,  
 Desert me not," I cried, "in this extreme.  
 And, if our onward going be denied,  
 Together trace we back our steps with speed."

My liege, who thither had conducted me,  
 Replied: "Fear not: for of our passage none  
 Hath power to disappoint us, by such high  
 Authority permitted. But do thou  
 Expect me here; meanwhile, thy wearied spirit  
 Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assured  
 I will not leave thee in this lower world."

This said, departs the sire benevolent,  
 And quits me. Hesitating I remain  
 At war, 'twixt will and will not,<sup>2</sup> in my thoughts.

<sup>1</sup> *Seven times.*] The commentators, says Venturi, perplex themselves with the inquiry what seven perils these were from which Dante had been delivered by Virgil. Reckoning the beasts in the first Canto as one of them, and adding Charon, Minos, Cerberus, Plutus, Phlegyas, and Filippo Argenti, as so many others, we shall have the number; and if this be not satisfactory, we may suppose a determinate to have been put for an indeterminate number.

<sup>2</sup> *At war 'twixt will and will not.*]

Che sì, e nò nel capo mi tenzona.



I could not hear what terms he offer'd them,  
 But they conferr'd not long, for all at once  
 Pellmell<sup>1</sup> rush'd back within. Closed were the  
     gates,  
 By those our adversaries, on the breast  
 Of my liege lord: excluded, he return'd  
 To me with tardy steps. Upon the ground  
 His eyes were bent, and from his brow erased  
 All confidence, while thus in sighs he spake:  
 "Who hath denied me these abodes of woe?"  
 Then thus to me: "That I am anger'd, think  
 No ground of terror: in this trial I  
 Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within  
 For hindrance. This their insolence, not new,<sup>2</sup>  
 Erewhile at gate less secret they display'd,  
 Which still is without bolt; upon its arch  
 Thou saw'st the deadly scroll: and even now,  
 On this side of its entrance, down the steep,  
 Passing the circles, unescorted, comes  
 One whose strong might can open us this land."

Thus our Poet in his eighth Canzone:

Ch' il sì, e'l nò tututto in vostra mano  
 Ha posto amore.

And Boccaccio, Ninf. Fiesol. st. 233:

Il sì e il nò nel capo gli contende.

The words I have adopted as a translation are Shakspeare's, *Measure for Measure*, a. ii. s. 1.

<sup>1</sup> *Pellmell*.] A pruova. "Certatim." "A l'envi." I had before translated "To trial"; and have to thank Mr. Carlyle for detecting the error.

<sup>2</sup> *This their insolence, not new.*] Virgil assures our poet, that these evil spirits had formerly shown the same insolence when our Saviour descended into hell. They attempted to prevent him from entering at the gate, over which Dante had read the fatal inscription. "That gate which," says the Roman poet, "an angel had just passed, by whose aid we shall overcome this opposition, and gain admittance into the city."

## CANTO IX

## ARGUMENT

After some hindrances, and having seen the hellish furies and other monsters, the Poet, by the help of an angel, enters the city of Dis, wherein he discovers that the heretics are punished in tombs burning with intense fire: and he, together with Virgil, passes onwards between the sepulchres and the walls of the city.

THE hue,<sup>1</sup> which coward dread on my pale cheeks  
Imprinted when I saw my guide turn back,  
Chased that from his which newly they had worn,  
And inwardly restrain'd it. He, as one  
Who listens, stood attentive: for his eye  
Not far could lead him through the sable air,  
And the thick-gathering cloud. "It yet behoves  
We win this fight;" thus he began: "if not,  
Such aid to us is offer'd.—Oh! how long  
Me seems it, ere the promised help arrive."

I noted, how the sequel of his words  
Clocked their beginning; for the last he spake  
Agreed not with the first. But not the less  
My fear was at his saying; sith I drew  
To import worse, perchance, than that he held,  
His mutilated speech. "Doth ever any  
Into this rueful concave's extreme depth  
Descend, out of the first degree, whose pain  
Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"

Thus I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,  
"It chances, that among us any makes  
This journey, which I wend. 'Erewhile, 'tis true,

<sup>1</sup> *The hue.*] Virgil, perceiving that Dante was pale with fear, restrained those outward tokens of displeasure which his own countenance had betrayed.

Once came I here beneath, conjured by fell  
 Erictho;<sup>1</sup> sorceress, who compell'd the shades  
 Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh  
 Was naked of me,<sup>2</sup> when within these walls  
 She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit  
 From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place  
 Is that of all, obscurest, and removed  
 Furthest from heaven's all-circling orb. The road  
 Full well I know : thou therefore rest secure.  
 That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round  
 The city of grief encompasses, which now  
 We may not enter without rage." Yet more  
 He added : but I hold it not in mind,  
 For that mine eye toward the lofty tower  
 Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top ;  
 — Where, in an instant, I beheld uprisen  
 At once three hellish furies stain'd with blood.  
 In limb and motion feminine they seem'd ;  
 Around them greenest hydras twisting roll'd  
 Their volumes ; adders and cerastes<sup>3</sup> crept

<sup>1</sup> *Erictho.*] Erictho, a Thessalian sorceress, according to Lucan, *Pharsal* l. vi., was employed by Sextus, son of Pompey the Great, to conjure up a spirit, who should inform him of the issue of the civil wars between his father and Cæsar.

<sup>2</sup> — *No long space my flesh  
 Was naked of me.*]

*Quæ corpus complexa animæ tam fortis inane.*

*Ovid, Met.* l. xiii. fab. 2.

Dante appears to have fallen into an anachronism. Virgil's death did not happen till long after this period. But Lombardi shows, in opposition to the other commentators, that the anachronism is only apparent. Erictho might well have survived the battle of Pharsalia long enough to be employed in her magical practices at the time of Virgil's decease.

<sup>3</sup> *Adders and cerastes.*]

*Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis. Virg. Æn.* l. vi. 281.

— spinæque vagi torquente cerastæ . . .

et torrida dipsas

*Et gravis in geminum vergens caput amphisbæna.*

*Lucan, Pharsal.* l. ix. 719.

So Milton : Scorpion and asp, and amphisbæna dire,

Cerastes horn'd, hydrus and elops drear,

And dipsas. —

*P. L.* b. x. 524.

Instead of hair, and their fierce temples  
bound.

He, knowing well the miserable hags  
Who tend the queen of endless woe, thus spake :  
"Mark thou each dire Erynnis. To the left,  
This is Megæra ; on the right hand, she  
Who wails, Alecto ; and Tisiphone  
I' th' midst." This said, in silence he remain'd.  
Their breast they each one clawing tore ; them-  
selves

Smote with their palms, and such thrill clamour  
raised,

That to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.

"Hasten Medusa : so to adamant

Him shall we change ;" all looking down  
exclaim'd :

"E'en when by Theseus' might assail'd, we took  
No ill revenge." "Turn thyself round, and keep  
Thy countenance hid ; for if the Gorgon dire  
Be shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy return  
Upwards would be for ever lost." This said,  
Himself, my gentle master, turn'd me round ;  
Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own

He also hid me. Ye of intellect

Sound and entire, mark well the lore<sup>1</sup> conceal'd  
Under close texture of the mystic strain.

And now there came o'er the perturbed waves  
Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made

<sup>1</sup> *The lore.*] The Poet probably intends to call the reader's attention to the allegorical and mystic sense of the present Canto, and not, as Venturi supposes, to that of the whole work. Landino supposes this hidden meaning to be, that in the case of those vices which proceed from incontinence and intemperance, reason, which is figured under the person of Virgil, with the ordinary grace of God, may be a sufficient safeguard ; but that in the instance of more heinous crimes, such as those we shall hereafter see punished, a special grace, represented by the angel, is requisite for our defence.



He came, and with his wand<sup>1</sup> touch'd it, whereat  
Open without impediment it flew.

"Outcasts of heaven! O abject race, and  
scorn'd!"

Began he, on the horrid grunsel standing,  
"Whence doth this wild excess of insolence  
Lodge in you? wherefore kick you 'gainst that  
will

Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft  
Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs?  
What profits, at the fates to butt the horn?  
Your Cerberus,<sup>2</sup> if ye remember, hence  
Bears still, peel'd of their hair, his throat and  
maw."

This said, he turn'd back o'er the filthy way,  
And syllable to us spake none; but wore  
The semblance of a man by other care  
Beset, and keenly prest, than thought of him  
Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps  
Toward that territory moved, secure  
After the hallow'd words. We, unopposed,  
There enter'd; and, my mind eager to learn  
What state a fortress like to that might hold,  
I, soon as enter'd, throw mine eye around,  
And see, on every part, wide-stretching space,  
Replete with bitter pain and torment ill.

<sup>1</sup> *With his wand.*]

She with her rod did softly smite the raile,  
Which straight flew ope.

*Spenser, F. Q. b. iv. c. iii. st. 46.*

<sup>2</sup> *Your Cerberus.*] Cerberus is feigned to have been dragged by Hercules bound with a threefold chain, of which, says the angel, he still bears the marks. Lombardi blames the other interpreters for having supposed that the angel attributes this exploit to Hercules, a fabulous hero, rather than to our Saviour. It would seem as if the good father had forgotten that Cerberus is himself no less a creature of the imagination than the hero who encountered him.

As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of  
Arles,<sup>1</sup>

Or as at Pola<sup>2</sup>, near Quarnaro's gulf,  
That closes Italy and laves her bounds,  
The place is all thick spread with sepulchres;  
So was it here, save what in horror here  
Excell'd: for 'midst the graves were scatter'd  
flames,

Wherewith intensely all throughout they burn'd,<sup>3</sup>  
That iron for no craft there hotter needs.

Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath,  
From them forth issued lamentable moans,  
Such as the sad and tortured well might raise.

I thus: "Master! say who are these, interr'd  
Within these vaults, of whom distinct we hear  
The dolorous sighs." He answer thus return'd:  
"The arch-heretics are here, accompanied  
By every sect their followers; and much more,  
Than thou believest, the tombs are freighted: like  
With like is buried; and the monuments  
Are different in degrees of heat." This said,  
He to the right hand turning, on we pass'd  
Betwixt the afflicted and the ramparts high.

<sup>1</sup> *The plains of Arles.*] In Provence. See Ariosto, *Orl. Fur. c.* xxxix. st. 72:

Fu da ogni parte in quest' ultima guerra  
(Benche la cosa non fu ugual divisa,  
Ch' assai più andar dei Saracin sotterra  
Per man di Bradamante e di Marfisa)  
Se ne vede ancor segno in quella terra,  
Che presso ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,  
Piena di sepolture è la campagna.

These sepulchres are mentioned in the *Life of Charlemagne*, which goes under the name of Archbishop Turpin, cap. 28 and 30, and by Fazio degli Uberti, *Dittamondo*, L. iv. cap. xxi.

<sup>2</sup> *At Pola.*] A city of Istria, situated near the gulf of Quarnaro, in the Adriatic sea.

<sup>3</sup> *They burn'd.*] Mr. Darley observes, that in the *Incantation of Hervor* (v. Northern Antiquities, vol. ii.) the spirit of Angantyr lies in a tomb "all on fire."

## CANTO X

## ARGUMENT

Dante, having obtained permission from his guide, holds discourse with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti, who lie in their fiery tombs that are yet open, and not to be closed up till after the last judgment. Farinata predicts the Poet's exile from Florence; and shows him that the condemned have knowledge of future things, but are ignorant of what is at present passing, unless it be revealed by some new comer from earth.

Now by a secret pathway we proceed,  
Between the walls, that hem the region round,  
And the tormented souls: my master first,  
I close behind his steps. "Virtue supreme!"  
I thus began: "who through these ample orbs  
In circuit lead'st me, even as thou will'st;  
Speak thou, and satisfy my wish. May those,  
Who lie within these sepulchres, be seen?  
Already all the lids are raised, and none  
O'er them keeps watch." He thus in answer  
spake:

"They shall be closed all, what-time they here  
From Josaphat<sup>1</sup> return'd shall come, and bring  
Their bodies, which above they now have left.  
The cemetery on this part obtain,  
With Epicurus, all his followers,  
Who with the body make the spirit die.  
Here therefore satisfaction shall be soon,

<sup>1</sup> *Josaphat.*] It seems to have been a common opinion among the Jews, as well as among many Christians, that the general judgment will be held in the valley of Josaphat, or Jehoshaphat: "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." Joel, iii. 2.



Both to the question ask'd, and to the wish<sup>1</sup>  
 Which thou conceal'st in silence." I replied:  
 "I keep not, guide beloved! from thee my heart  
 Secreted, but to shun vain length of words;  
 A lesson erewhile taught me by thyself."

"O Tuscan! thou, who through the city of fire  
 Alive art passing, so discreet of speech:  
 Here, please thee, stay awhile. Thy utterance  
 Declares the place of thy nativity  
 To be that noble land, with which perchance  
 I too severely dealt." Sudden that sound  
 Forth issued from a vault, whereat, in fear,  
 I somewhat closer to my leader's side  
 Approaching, he thus spake: "What dost thou?  
 Turn:

Lo! Farinata<sup>2</sup> there, who hath himself  
 Uplifted: from his girdle upwards, all  
 Exposed, behold him." On his face was mine  
 Already fix'd: his breast and forehead there  
 Erecting, seem'd as in high scorn he held  
 E'en hell. Between the sepulchres, to him  
 My guide thrust me, with fearless hands and  
 prompt;

This warning added: "See thy words be clear."

He, soon as there I stood at the tomb's foot,  
 Eyed me a space; then in disdainful mood  
 Address'd me: "Say what ancestors were thine."

<sup>1</sup> *The wish.*] The wish, that Dante had not expressed, was to see and converse with the followers of Epicurus; among whom, we shall see, were Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti.

<sup>2</sup> *Farinata.*] Farinata degli Uberti, a noble Florentine, was a leader of the Ghibelline faction, when they obtained a signal victory over the Guelphs at Montaperto, near the river Arbia. Macchiavelli calls him "a man of exalted soul, and great military talents." Hist. of Flor. b. ii. His grandson, Bonifacio, or, as he is commonly called, Fazio degli Uberti, wrote a poem, entitled the *Dittamondo*, in imitation of Dante. I shall have frequent occasion to refer to it throughout these notes. At the conclusion of cap. 27, l. ii. he makes mention of his ancestor Farinata.

I, willing to obey him, straight reveal'd  
The whole, nor kept back aught : whence he, his  
brow

Somewhat uplifting, cried : " Fiercely were they  
Adverse to me, my party, and the blood  
From whence I sprang : twice,<sup>1</sup> therefore, I abroad  
Scatter'd them." " Though driven out, yet they  
each time

From all parts," answer'd I, " return'd ; an art  
Which yours have shown they are not skill'd to  
learn."

Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,  
Rose from his side a shade,<sup>2</sup> high as the chin,  
Leaning, methought, upon its knees upraised.  
It look'd around, as eager to explore  
If there were other with me ; but perceiving  
That fond imagination quench'd, with tears  
Thus spake : " If thou through this blind prison  
go'st,

Led by thy lofty genius and profound,  
Where is my son ?<sup>3</sup> and wherefore not with thee ?"

I straight replied : " Not of myself I come ;

<sup>1</sup> *Twice.*] The first time in 1248, when they were driven out by Frederick the Second. See G. Villani, lib. vi. c. xxxiv. ; and the second time in 1260. See note to v. 83.

<sup>2</sup> *A shade.*] The spirit of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, a noble Florentine, of the Guelph party.

<sup>3</sup> *My son.*] Guido, the son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti ; " he whom I call the first of my friends," says Dante in his Vita Nuova, where the commencement of their friendship is related. From the character given of him by contemporary writers, his temper was well formed to assimilate with that of our Poet. " He was," according to G. Villani, lib. viii. c. xli., " of a philosophical and elegant mind, if he had not been too delicate and fastidious." And Dino Compagni terms him " a young and noble knight, brave and courteous, but of a lofty, scornful spirit, much addicted to solitude and study." Muratori, Rer. Ital. Script. t. 9. lib. i. p. 48r. [He died in Florence at the end of August 1300, soon after his return from exile at Sarzana, whither he had been sent partly through the instrumentality of his friend Dante, who at the time was one of the Priors.]

By him, who there expects me, through this clime  
 Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son  
 Had in contempt."<sup>1</sup> Already had his words  
 And mode of punishment read me his name,  
 Whence I so fully answer'd. He at once  
 Exclaim'd, upstarting, "How! said'st thou, he  
*had?*"<sup>2</sup>  
 No longer lives he? Strikes not on his eye

X <sup>1</sup> —*Guido thy son*  
*Had in contempt.*] Guido Cavalcanti, being more given to philosophy than poetry, was perhaps no great admirer of Virgil. Some poetical compositions by Guido are, however, still extant; and his reputation for skill in the art was such as to eclipse that of his predecessor and namesake Guido Guinicelli; as we shall see in the Purgatory, Canto xi., in the notes to which the reader will find specimens of the poems that have been left by each of these writers. His "Canzone sopra il Terreno Amore" was thought worthy of being illustrated by numerous and ample commentaries. Crescimbeni, Ist. della Volg. Poes. lib. v. Our author addressed him in a playful sonnet, of which the following spirited translation is found in the notes to Hayley's Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. iii.:

Henry! I wish that you, and Charles, and I,  
 By some sweet spell within a bark were placed,  
 A gallant bark with magic virtue graced,  
 Swift at our will with every wind to fly;  
 So that no changes of the shifting sky,  
 No stormy terrors of the watery waste,  
 Might bar our course, but heighten still our taste  
 Of sprightly joy, and of our social tie.  
 Then that my Lucy, Lucy fair and free,  
 With those soft nymphs, on whom your souls are bent,  
 The kind magician might to us convey,  
 To talk of love throughout the live-long day;  
 And that each fair might be as well content,  
 As I in truth believe our hearts would be.

The two friends, here called Henry and Charles, are, in the original, Guido and Lapo; and Lucy is Monna Bice. A more literal version of the sonnet may be found in the "Canzoniere of Dante, translated by Charles Lyell, Esq." 8vo. Lond. 1835, p. 407.

<sup>2</sup> *Said'st thou, he had?* In Æschylus, the shade of Darius is represented as inquiring with similar anxiety after the fate of his son Xerxes.

*Atossa.* Μωάδα δε Πέρσην ἱρημὸν Φαεινὸν οὐ πολλῶν μίτρα—

*Darius.* Πῶς δὲ δὴ καὶ ποῦ τελευτᾷ; ἴσται τις σαρπηρία;

ΠΕΡΣΑΙ. 741. *Blomfield's Edit.*

*Atossa.* Xerxes astonish'd, desolate, alone—

*Ghost of Dar.* How will this end? Nay, pause not. Is he safe?  
*The Persians.* *Potter's Translation.*

The blessed daylight?" Then, of some delay  
I made ere my reply, aware, down fell  
Supine, nor after forth appear'd he more.

Meanwhile the other, great of soul, near whom  
I yet was station'd, changed not countenance stern,  
Nor moved the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.  
"And if," continuing the first discourse,  
"They in this art," he cried, "small skill have  
shown,

That doth torment me more e'en than this bed.

But not yet fifty times<sup>1</sup> shall be relumed

Her aspect, who reigns here queen of this realm,<sup>2</sup>

Ere thou shalt know the full weight of that art.

So to the pleasant world mayst thou return,<sup>3</sup>

As thou shalt tell me why, in all their laws,

Against my kin this people is so fell."

"The slaughter<sup>4</sup> and great havoc," I replied,

<sup>1</sup> *Not yet fifty times.*] "Not fifty months shall be passed, before thou shalt learn, by woeful experience, the difficulty of returning from banishment to thy native city."

<sup>2</sup> *Queen of this realm.*] The moon, one of whose titles in heathen mythology, was Proserpine, queen of the shades below.

<sup>3</sup> *So to the pleasant world mayst thou return.*]

E se tu mai nel dolce mondo reggi.

Lombardi would construe this: "And if thou ever remain in the pleasant world." His chief reasons for thus departing from the common interpretation, are, first that "se" in the sense of "so" cannot be followed by "mai," any more than in Latin "sic" can be followed by "unquam"; and next, that "reggi" is too unlike "riedi" to be put for it. A more intimate acquaintance with the early Florentine writers would have taught him that "mai" is used in other senses than those which "unquam" appears to have had, particularly in that of "pur," "yet"; as may be seen in the notes to the Decameron, p. 43. Ed. Giunti, 1573; and that the old writers both of prose and verse changed "riedo" into "reggio," as of "fiedo" they made "feggio." Inf. c. xv. v. 39. and c. xvii. v. 75. See page 98 of the same notes to the Decameron, where a poet before Dante's time is said to have translated "Redeunt flores," "Reggiono i fiori."

<sup>4</sup> *The slaughter.*] "By means of Farinata degli Uberti, the Guelphs were conquered by the army of king Manfredi, near the river Arbia, with so great a slaughter, that those who escaped from that defeat took refuge, not in Florence, which city they considered as lost to them, but in Lucca." Macchiavelli, Hist. of Flor. b. ii. and G. Villani, lib. vi. c. lxxx. and lxxxi.

"That colour'd Arbia's flood with crimson stain—  
 To these impute, that in our hallow'd dome  
 Such orisons<sup>1</sup> ascend." Sighing he shook  
 The head, then thus resumed: "In that affray  
 I stood not singly, nor, without just cause,  
 Assuredly, should with the rest have stirr'd;  
 But singly there I stood,<sup>2</sup> when, by consent  
 Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,  
 The one who openly forbade the deed."

"So may thy lineage<sup>3</sup> find at last repose,"  
 I thus adjured him, "as thou solve this knot,  
 Which now involves my mind. If right I hear,  
 Ye seem to view beforehand that which time  
 Leads with him, of the present uninform'd."

<sup>1</sup> *Such orisons.*] This appears to allude to certain prayers which were offered up in the churches of Florence, for deliverance from the hostile attempts of the Uberti: or, it may be, that the public councils being held in churches, the speeches delivered in them against the Uberti are termed "orisons," or prayers.

<sup>2</sup> *Singly there I stood.*] Guido Novello assembled a council of the Ghibellini at Empoli; where it was agreed by all, that, in order to maintain the ascendancy of the Ghibelline party in Tuscany, it was necessary to destroy Florence, which could serve only (the people of that city being Guelfi) to enable the party attached to the church to recover its strength. This cruel sentence, passed upon so noble a city, met with no opposition from any of its citizens or friends, except Farinata degli Uberti, who openly and without reserve forbade the measure; affirming that he had endured so many hardships, and encountered so many dangers, with no other view than that of being able to pass his days in his own country. Macchiavelli, *Hist. of Flor.* b. ii.

<sup>3</sup> *So may thy lineage.*] Deh se riposi mai vostra semenza.

Here Lombardi is again mistaken, as at v. 80, above. Let me take this occasion to apprise the reader of Italian poetry, that one not well versed in it is very apt to misapprehend the word "se," as I think Cowper has done in translating Milton's Italian verses. A good instance of the different meanings in which it is used is afforded in the following lines by Barnardo Capello:

E tu, che dolcemente i fiori e l'erba  
 Con lieve corso mormorando bagni,  
 Tranquillo fiume di vaghezza pieno;  
 Se 'l cielo al mar sì chiaro t'accompagni;  
 Se punto di pietade in te si serba:  
 Le mie lagrime accogli entro al tuo seno.

Here the first "se" signifies "so," and the second "if."

"We view,<sup>1</sup> as one who hath an evil sight,"  
 He answer'd, "plainly, objects far remote ;  
 So much of his large splendour yet imparts  
 The Almighty Ruler : but when they approach,  
 Or actually exist, our intellect  
 Then wholly fails ; nor of your human state,  
 Except what others bring us, know we aught.  
 Hence therefore mayst thou understand, that all  
 Our knowledge in that instant shall expire,  
 When on futurity the portals close."

Then conscious of my fault,<sup>2</sup> and by remorse  
 Smitten, I added thus : "Now shalt thou say  
 To him there fallen, that his offspring still  
 Is to the living join'd ; and bid him know,  
 That if from answer, silent, I abstain'd,  
 'Twas that my thought was occupied, intent  
 Upon that error, which thy help hath solved."

But now my master summoning me back  
 I heard, and with more eager haste besought  
 The spirit to inform me, who with him  
 Partook his lot. He answer thus return'd :  
 "More than a thousand with me here are laid.  
 Within is Frederick,<sup>3</sup> second of that name,  
 And the Lord Cardinal ;<sup>4</sup> and of the rest

<sup>1</sup> *We view.*] "The departed spirits know things past and to come ; yet are ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretels what should happen unto Ulysses, yet ignorantly inquires what is become of his own son." *Brown on Urne Burial.* Ch. iv.

<sup>2</sup> *My fault.*] Dante felt remorse for not having returned an immediate answer to the inquiry of Cavalcante, from which delay he was led to believe that his son Guido was no longer living.

<sup>3</sup> *Frederick.*] The Emperor Frederick the Second, who died in 1250. See notes to Canto xiii.

<sup>4</sup> *The Lord Cardinal.*] Ottaviano Ubaldini, a Florentine, made cardinal in 1244, and deceased in 1273. On account of his great influence, he was generally known by the appellation of "the Cardinal." It is reported of him, that he declared, if there were any such thing as a human soul, he had lost his for the Ghibellini. "I know not," says Tiraboschi, "whether it is on sufficient grounds that Crescimbeni numbers among the poets of this age the Cardinal

I speak not." He, this said, from sight withdrew.

But I my steps toward the ancient bard  
Reverting, ruminated on the words  
Betokening me such ill. Onward he moved,  
And thus, in going, question'd: "Whence the  
amaze

That holds thy senses wrapt?" I satisfied  
The inquiry, and the sage enjoin'd me straight:  
"Let thy safe memory store what thou hast heard  
To thee importing harm; and note thou this,"  
With his raised finger bidding me take heed,  
"When thou shalt stand before her gracious  
beam,<sup>1</sup>

Whose bright eye all surveys, she of thy life  
The future tenour will to thee unfold."

Forthwith he to the left hand turn'd his feet:  
We left the wall, and towards the middle space  
Went by a path that to a valley strikes,  
Which e'en thus high exhaled its noisome steam.

Uttaviano, or Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, a Florentine, archdeacon and procurator of the church of Bologna, afterwards made Cardinal by Innocent IV. in 1245, and employed in the most important public affairs, wherein, however, he showed himself, more than became his character, a favourer of the Ghibellines. He died, not in the year 1272, as Ciaconio and other writers have reported, but at soonest after the July of 1273, at which time he was in Mugello with Pope Gregory X." *Tiraboschi Della Poes. It. Mr. Mathias's Edit. t. i. p. 140.*

<sup>1</sup> *Her gracious beam.*] Beatrice.

## CANTO XI

## ARGUMENT

Dante arrives at the verge of a rocky precipice which encloses the seventh circle, where he sees the sepulchre of Anastasius the Heretic; behind the lid of which pausing a little, to make himself capable by degrees of enduring the fetid smell that steamed upward from the abyss, he is instructed by Virgil concerning the manner in which the three following circles are disposed, and what description of sinners is punished in each. He then inquires the reason why the carnal, the gluttonous, the avaricious and prodigal, the wrathful and gloomy, suffer not their punishments within the city of Dis. He next asks how the crime of usury is an offence against God; and at length the two Poets go towards the place from whence a passage leads down to the seventh circle.

UPON the utmost verge of a high bank,  
By craggy rocks environ'd round, we came,  
Where woes beneath, more cruel yet, were stow'd:  
And here, to shun the horrible excess  
Of fetid exhalation upward cast  
From the profound abyss, behind the lid  
Of a great monument we stood retired,  
Whereon this scroll I mark'd: "I have in charge  
Pope Anastasius,<sup>1</sup> whom Photinus drew  
From the right path."—"Ere our descent, behoves  
We make delay, that somewhat first the sense,  
To the dire breath accustom'd, afterward

<sup>1</sup> *Pope Anastasius.*] The commentators are not agreed concerning the person who is here mentioned as a follower of the heretical Photinus. By some he is supposed to have been Anastasius the Second; by others, the Fourth of that name; while a third set, jealous of the integrity of the papal faith, contend that our Poet has confounded him with Anastasius I. Emperor of the East. Fazio degli Uberti, like our author, makes him a pope:

Anastasio papa in quel tempo era,  
Di Fotin vago a mal grado de sui.

Dittamondo, l. ii. cap. xiv.



Regard it not." My master thus ; to whom  
 Answering I spake : " Some compensation find,  
 That the time pass not wholly lost." He then :  
 " Lo ! how my thoughts e'en to thy wishes tend.  
 My son !<sup>1</sup> within these rocks," he thus began,  
 " Are three close circles in gradation placed,  
 As these which now thou leavest. Each one is full  
 Of spirits accurst ; but that the sight alone  
 Hereafter may suffice thee, listen how  
 And for what cause in durance they abide.

" Of all malicious act abhorr'd in heaven,  
 The end is injury ; and all such end  
 Either by force or fraud<sup>2</sup> works other's woe.  
 But fraud, because of man peculiar evil,  
 To God is more displeasing ; and beneath,  
 The fraudulent are therefore doom'd to endure  
 Severer pang. The violent occupy  
 All the first circle ; and because, to force,  
 Three persons are obnoxious, in three rounds,  
 Each within other separate, is it framed.  
 To God, his neighbour, and himself, by man  
 Force may be offer'd ; to himself I say,  
 And his possessions, as thou soon shalt hear  
 At full. Death, violent death, and painful wounds  
 Upon his neighbour he inflicts ; and wastes,  
 By devastation, pillage, and the flames,  
 His substance. Slayers, and each one that smites  
 In malice, plunderers, and all robbers, hence  
 The torment undergo of the first round,  
 In different herds. Man can do violence  
 To himself and his own blessings : and for this,

<sup>1</sup> *My son.*] The remainder of the present Canto may be considered as a syllabus of the whole of this part of the poem.

<sup>2</sup> *Either by force or fraud.*] " Cum autem duobus modis, id est, aut vi, aut fraude, fiat injuria . . . utrumque homini alienissimum ; sed fraus odio digna majore." *Cic. de Off.* lib. i. c. xiii.

He, in the second round must aye deplore  
With unavailing penitence his crime,  
Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light,  
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,  
And sorrows<sup>1</sup> there where he should dwell in joy  
To God may force be offer'd, in the heart  
Denying and blaspheming his high power,  
And Nature with her kindly law contemning.  
And thence the inmost round marks with its seal  
Sodom, and Cahors,<sup>2</sup> and all such as speak  
Contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.

"Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting,  
May be by man employ'd on one whose trust  
He wins, or on another who withholds  
Strict confidence. Seems as the latter way  
Broke but the bond of love which Nature makes.  
Whence in the second circle have their nest,  
Dissimulation, witchcraft, flatteries,  
Theft, falsehood, simony, all who seduce  
To lust, or set their honesty at pawn,  
With such vile scum as these. The other way  
Forgets both Nature's general love, and that  
Which thereto added afterward gives birth  
To special faith. Whence in the lesser circle,  
Point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,  
The traitor is eternally consumed."

I thus: "Instructor, clearly thy discourse  
Proceeds, distinguishing the hideous chasm  
And its inhabitants with skill exact.

<sup>1</sup> *And sorrows.*] This fine moral, that not to enjoy our being is to be ungrateful to the Author of it, is well expressed in Spenser, F. Q. b. iv. c. viii. st. 15.

For he whose daies in wilful woe are worne,  
The grace of his Creator doth despise,  
That will not use his gifts for thankless nigardise.

<sup>2</sup> *Cahors.*] A city of Guienne, much frequented by usurers.

But tell me this : they of the dull, fat pool,  
 Whom the rain beats, or whom the tempest drives,  
 Or who with tongues so fierce conflicting meet,  
 Wherefore within the city fire-illumed  
 Are not these punish'd, if God's wrath be on them ?  
 And if it be not, wherefore in such guise  
 Are they condemn'd ?" He answer thus return'd :  
 " Wherefore in dotage wanders thus thy mind,  
 Not so accusom'd ? or what other thoughts  
 Possess it ? Dwell not in thy memory  
 The words, wherein thy ethic page<sup>1</sup> describes  
 Three dispositions adverse to Heaven's will,  
 Incontinence, malice, and mad brutishness,  
 And how incontinence the least offends  
 God, and least guilt incurs ? If well thou note  
 This judgment, and remember who they are,  
 Without these walls to vain repentance doom'd,  
 Thou shalt discern why they apart are placed  
 From these fell spirits, and less wreakful pours  
 Justice divine on them its vengeance down."

" O sun ! who healest all imperfect sight,  
 Thou so content'st me, when thou solvest my doubt,  
 That ignorance not less than knowledge charms.  
 Yet somewhat turn thee back," I in these words  
 Continued, " where thou said'st, that usury  
 Offends celestial Goodness ; and this knot  
 Perplex'd unravel." He thus made reply :  
 " Philosophy, to an attentive ear,  
 Clearly points out, not in one part alone,  
 How imitative Nature takes her course

<sup>1</sup> *Thy ethic page.*] He refers to Aristotle's Ethics : "Μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα λεπτίον, ἄλλην ποιησαμένους ἀρχήν, ὅτι τῶν περὶ τὰ ἥθη φικπτῶν τρία ἴσθιν ἰδῆ, κακία, ἀκρασία, θηριότης." *Ethic. Nicomach.* lib. vii. c. 1. "In the next place, entering on another division of the subject, let it be defined, that respecting morals there are three sorts of things to be avoided, malice, incontinence, and brutishness."

From the celestial mind, and from its art :  
 And where her laws<sup>1</sup> the Stagirite unfolds,  
 Not many leaves scann'd o'er, observing well  
 Thou shalt discover, that your art on her  
 Obsequious follows, as the learner treads  
 In his instructor's step ; so that your art  
 Deserves the name of second in descent<sup>2</sup>  
 From God. These two, if thou recal to mind  
 Creation's holy book,<sup>3</sup> from the beginning  
 Were the right source of life and excellence  
 To human kind. But in another path  
 The usurer walks ; and Nature in herself  
 And in her follower thus he sets at nought,  
 Placing elsewhere his hope.<sup>4</sup> But follow now  
 My steps on forward journey bent ; for now  
 The Pisces play with undulating glance  
 Along the horizon, and the Wain<sup>5</sup> lies all  
 O'er the north-west ; and onward there a space  
 Is our steep passage down the rocky height."

<sup>1</sup> *Her laws.*] Aristotle's Physics.—"Ἡ τέχνη μιμῶται τὴν φύσιν." Arist. **¶**ΤΖ. AKP. lib. ii. c. 2. "Art imitates nature."—See the *Coltivazione* of Alamanni, lib. i.

—l'arte umana

Altro non è da dir ch' un dolce sprone,  
 Un corregger soave, un pio sostegno,  
 Uno esperto imitar, comporre accorto  
 Un sollecito attar con studio e' ngegno  
 La cagion natural, l' effetto, e l' opra.

<sup>2</sup> *Second in descent.*] Sì che vostr' arte a Dio quasi è nipote.  
 So Frezzi :—Giustizia fu da cielo, e di Dio è figlia,  
 E ogni bona legge a Dio è nipote.

*Il Quadriv.* lib. iv. cap. 2.

<sup>3</sup> *Creation's holy book.*] Genesis, c. ii. v. 15: "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it." And, Genesis, c. iii. v. 19: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

<sup>4</sup> *Placing elsewhere his hope.*] The usurer, trusting in the produce of his wealth lent out on usury, despises nature directly, because he does not avail himself of her means for maintaining or enriching himself ; and indirectly, because he does not avail himself of the means which art, the follower and imitator of nature, would afford him for the same purposes.

<sup>5</sup> *The Wain.*] The constellation Boötes, or Charles's Wain.

## CANTO XII

## ARGUMENT

Descending by a very rugged way into the seventh circle, where the violent are punished, Dante and his leader find it guarded by the Minotaur; whose fury being pacified by Virgil, they step downwards from crag to crag; till, drawing near the bottom, they descry a river of blood, wherein are tormented such as have committed violence against their neighbour. At these, when they strive to emerge from the blood, a troop of Centaurs, running along the side of the river, aim their arrows; and three of their band opposing our travellers at the foot of the steep, Virgil prevails so far, that one consents to carry them both across the stream; and on their passage, Dante is informed by him of the course of the river, and of those that are punished therein.

THE place, where to descend the precipice  
We came, was rough as Alp; and on its verge  
Such object lay, 'as every eye would shun.

As is that ruin, which Adice's stream<sup>1</sup>  
On this side Trento struck, shouldering the wave,  
Or loosed by earthquake or for lack of prop;  
For from the mountain's summit, whence it moved  
To the low level, so the headlong rock  
Is shiver'd, that some passage<sup>2</sup> it might give  
To him who from above would pass; e'en such  
Into the chasm was that descent: and there  
At point of the disparted ridge lay stretch'd  
The infamy of Crete,<sup>3</sup> detested brood

<sup>1</sup> *Adice's stream.*] After a great deal having been said on the subject, it still appears very uncertain at what part of the river this fall of the mountain happened.

<sup>2</sup> *Some passage.*] Lombardi erroneously, I think, understands by "*alcuna via*" "*no passage*"; in which sense "*alcuno*" is possibly sometimes used by some old writers. Monti, as usual, agrees with Lombardi. See note to c. iii. v. 40.

<sup>3</sup> *The infamy of Crete.*] The Minotaur.

Of the feign'd heifer :<sup>1</sup> and at sight of us  
It gnaw'd itself, as one with rage distract.  
To him my guide exclaim'd : "Perchance thou  
deem'st

The King of Athens<sup>2</sup> here, who, in the world  
Above, thy death contrived. Monster ! avaunt !  
He comes not tutor'd by thy sister's art,<sup>3</sup>  
But to behold your torments is he come."

Like to a bull,<sup>4</sup> that with impetuous spring  
Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow  
Hath struck him, but unable to proceed  
Plunges on either side ; so saw I plunge  
The Minotaur ; whereat the sage exclaim'd :  
"Run to the passage ! while he storms, 'tis well  
That thou descend." Thus down our road we  
took

Through those dilapidated crags, that oft

<sup>1</sup> *The feign'd heifer*.] Pasiphaë.

<sup>2</sup> *The king of Athens*.] Theseus, who was enabled by the instruction of Ariadne, the sister of the Minotaur, to destroy that monster. "Duca d' Atene." So Chaucer calls Theseus :

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,  
There was a duk, that highte Theseus. *The Knight's Tale*.

And Shakspeare : Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, a. i. s. 1.

"This is in reality," observes Mr. Douce, "no misapplication of a modern title, as Mr. Stevens conceived, but a legitimate use of the word in its primitive Latin sense of leader, and so it is often used in the Bible. Shakspeare might have found Duke Theseus in the Book of Troy, or in Turberville's Ovid's Epistles. See the argument to that of Phædra and Hippolytus." *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1807, vol. i. p. 179.

<sup>3</sup> *Thy sister's art*.] Ariadne.

<sup>4</sup> *Like to a bull*.]

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἔξῃν ἔχων πύλεων αἰχμῆς ἀνὴρ,  
Κόψας ἐξέπιθιν κρέων βοῶς ἀγραύλοιο,  
Ἴνα τάμῃ διὰ πάσαν, ὃ δὲ προβορῶν ἱρίκησιν.

*Homer, Il.* l. xvii. 522.

As when some vigorous youth with sharpen'd axe  
A pastured bullock smites behind the horns,  
And hews the muscle through ; he at the stroke  
Springs forth and falls. *Cowper's Translation*.

Moved underneath my feet, to weight<sup>1</sup> like theirs  
 Unused. I pondering went, and thus he spake :  
 "Perhaps thy thoughts are of this ruin'd steep,  
 Guarded by the brute violence, which I  
 Have vanquish'd now. Know then, that when  
 I erst

Hither descended to the nether hell,  
 This rock was not yet fallen. But past doubt,  
 (If well I mark) not long ere He arrived,<sup>2</sup>  
 Who carried off from Dis the mighty spoil  
 Of the highest circle, then through all its bounds  
 Such trembling seized the deep concave and foul,  
 I thought the universe was thrill'd with love,  
 Whereby, there are who deem, the world hath oft  
 Been into chaos turn'd :<sup>3</sup> and in that point,  
 Here, and elsewhere, that old rock toppled down.  
 But fix thine eyes beneath : the river of blood<sup>4</sup>  
 Approaches, in the which all those are steep'd,  
 Who have by violence injured." O blind lust !  
 O foolish wrath ! who so dost goad us on  
 In the brief life, and in the eternal then  
 Thus miserably o'erwhelm us. I beheld  
 An ample foss, that in a bow was bent,  
 As circling all the plain ; for so my guide  
 Had told. Between it and the rampart's base,  
 On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows arm'd,  
 As to the chase they on the earth were wont.

<sup>1</sup> *To weight.*] —Incumbent on the dusky air  
 That felt unusual weight. *Milton, P. L. b. i. 227.*

<sup>2</sup> *He arrived.*] Our Saviour, who, according to Dante, when he ascended from hell, carried with him the souls of the Patriarchs, and of other just men, out of the first circle. See Canto iv.

<sup>3</sup> *Been into chaos turn'd.*] This opinion is attributed to Empedocles.

<sup>4</sup> *The river of blood.*] Deinde vidi locum (Qu. lacum?) magnum totum, ut mihi videbatur, plenum sanguine. Sed dixit mihi Apostolus, sed non sanguis, sed ignis est ad concremandos homicidas, et odiosos deputatus. Hanc tamen similitudinem propter sanguinis effusionem retinet. *Alberici Visio, § 7.*

At seeing us descend they each one stood ;  
 And issuing from the troop, three sped with bows  
 And missile weapons chosen first ; of whom  
 One cried from far : " Say, to what pain ye come  
 Condemn'd, who down this steep have journey'd.

Speak

From whence ye stand, or else the bow I draw."

To whom my guide : " Our answer shall be  
 made

To Chiron, there, when nearer him we come.

Ill was thy mind, thus ever quick and rash."

Then me he touch'd, and spake : " Nessus is this,  
 Who for the fair Deïanira died,

And wrought himself revenge<sup>1</sup> for his own fate.

He in the midst, that on his breast looks down,

Is the great Chiron who Achilles nursed ;

That other, Pholus, prone to wrath." Around

The foss these go by thousands, aiming shafts

At whatsoever spirit dares emerge<sup>2</sup>

From out the blood, more than his guilt allows.

We to those beasts, that rapid strode along,

Drew near ; when Chiron took an arrow forth,

And with the notch push'd back his shaggy beard

To the cheek-bone, then, his great mouth to view

Exposing, to his fellows thus exclaim'd :

" Are ye aware, that he who comes behind

Moves what he touches ? The feet of the dead

<sup>1</sup> *And wrought himself revenge.*] Nessus, when dying by the hand of Hercules, charged Deïanira to preserve the gore from his wound ; for that if the affections of Hercules should at any time be estranged from her, it would act as a charm, and recal them. Deïanira had occasion to try the experiment ; and the venom acting, as Nessus had intended, caused Hercules to expire in torments. See the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles.

<sup>2</sup> *Emerge.*] Multos in eis vidi usque ad talos demergi, alios usque ad genua, vel femora, alios usque ad pectus juxta peccati vidi modum : alios vero qui majoris criminis noxa tenebantur in ipsis summitatibus supersedere conspexi. *Alberici Visio*, § 3.



Are not so wont." My trusty guide, who now  
 Stood near his breast, where the two natures join,  
 Thus made reply: "He is indeed alive,  
 And solitary so must needs by me  
 Be shown the gloomy vale, thereto induced  
 By strict necessity, not by delight.  
 She left her joyful harpings in the sky,  
 Who this new office to my care consign'd.  
 He is no robber, no dark spirit I.  
 But by that virtue, which empowers my step  
 To tread so wild a path, grant us, I pray,  
 One of thy band, whom we may trust secure,  
 Who to the ford may lead us, and convey  
 Across, him mounted on his back; for he  
 Is not a spirit that may walk the air."

Then on his right breast turning, Chiron thus  
 To Nessus<sup>1</sup> spake: "Return, and be their guide.  
 And if ye chance to cross another troop,  
 Command them keep aloof." Onward we moved,  
 The faithful escort by our side, along  
 The border of the crimson-seething flood,  
 Whence, from those steep'd within, loud shrieks  
 arose.

Some there I mark'd, as high as to their brow  
 Immersed, of whom the mighty Centaur thus:  
 "These are the souls of tyrants, who were given

<sup>1</sup> *Nessus*.] Our Poet was probably induced, by the following line in Ovid, to assign to Nessus the task of conducting them over the ford:

Nessus adit membrisque valens scitusque vadorum.

*Metam.* l. ix.

And Ovid's authority was Sophocles, who says of this Centaur—

"Ὅς τὸν βαθύρρεον ποταμὸν Εὐήνην βροταῖς  
 Μισθῷ κέρρει χερσὶν οὔτε πομπήμοις  
 Κόπαις ἱρίσαν, οὔτε λαίρσιον νιός.

*Trach.* 570

He in his arms, across Evenus' stream  
 Deep-flowing, bore the passenger for hire,  
 Without or sail or hallow-cleaving oar.

To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud  
 Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander dwells,  
 And Dionysius fell, who many a year  
 Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow,  
 Whereon the hair so jetty clustering hangs,  
 Is Azzolino;<sup>1</sup> that with flaxen locks  
 Obizzo<sup>2</sup> of Este, in the world destroy'd  
 By his foul step-son." To the bard revered  
 I turn'd me round, and thus he spake: "Let him  
 Be to thee now first leader, me but next  
 To him in rank." Then further on a space  
 The Centaur paused, near some, who at the throat  
 Were extant from the wave; and, showing us  
 A spirit by itself apart retired,  
 Exclaim'd: "He<sup>3</sup> in God's bosom smote the  
 heart,  
 Which yet is honour'd on the bank of Thames."

<sup>1</sup> *Azzolino.*] Azzolino, or Ezzolino di Romano, a most cruel tyrant in the Marca Trivigiana, Lord of Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and Brescia, who died in 1259. His atrocities form the subject of a Latin tragedy, called *Eccerinis*, by Albertino Mussato, of Padua, the contemporary of Dante, and the most elegant writer of Latin verse of that age. See also the *Paradise*, Canto ix. Berni, *Orl. Inn. lib. ii. c. xxv. st. 50.* Ariosto, *Orl. Fur. c. iii. st. 33.* and Tassoni, *Secchia, Rapita, c. viii. st. 11.*

<sup>2</sup> *Obizzo of Este.*] Marquis of Ferrara and of the Marca d'Ancona, was murdered by his own son (whom, for that most unnatural act, Dante calls his step-son) for the sake of the treasures which his rapacity had amassed. See Ariosto, *Orl. Fur. c. iii. st. 32.* He died in 1293, according to Gibbon, *Ant. of the House of Brunswick*, *Posth. Works, v. ii. 4to.*

<sup>3</sup> *He.*] "Henrie, the brother of this Edmund, and son to the foresaid king of Almaine (Richard, brother of Henry III. of England), as he returned from Affrike, where he had been with Prince Edward, was slain at Viterbo in Italy (whither he was come about business which he had to do with the Pope) by the hand of Guy de Montfort, the son of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in revenge of the same Simon's death. The murder was committed afore the high altar, as the same Henrie kneeled there to hear divine service." A.D. 1272. *Holinshed's Chron.* p. 275. See also Giov. Villani, *Hist. lib. vii. c. xl.*, where it is said "that the heart of Henry was put into a golden cup, and placed on a pillar at London bridge over the river Thames, for a memorial to the English of the said outrage." Lombardi suggests that "ancor si cola" in the text may mean, not that "the heart was still

A race I next espied who held the head,  
 And even all the bust, above the stream.  
 'Midst these I many a face remember'd well.  
 Thus shallow more and more the blood became,  
 So that at last it but imbrued the feet ;  
 And there our passage lay athwart the foss.

"As ever on this side the boiling wave  
 Thou seest diminishing," the Centaur said,  
 "So on the other, be thou well assured,  
 It lower still and lower sinks its bed,  
 Till in that part it re-uniting join,  
 Where 'tis the lot of tyranny to mourn.  
 There Heaven's stern justice lays chastising hand  
 On Attila, who was the scourge of earth,  
 On Sextus and on Pyrrhus,<sup>1</sup> and extracts  
 Tears ever by the seething flood unlock'd  
 From the Rinieri, of Corneto this,  
 Pazzo the other named,<sup>2</sup> who fill'd the ways  
 With violence and war." This said, he turn'd,  
 And quitting us, alone repass'd the ford.

honoured," but that it was put into a perforated cup in order that the blood dripping from it might excite the spectators to revenge. This is surely too improbable.

Un poco prima dove più si stava  
 Sicuro Enrico, il conte di Monforte  
 L'alma del corpo col coltel gli cava.

*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, l. ii. cap. xxix.*

<sup>1</sup> *On Sextus and on Pyrrhus.*] Sextus, either the son of Tarquin the Proud, or of Pompey the Great ; and Pyrrhus king of Epirus.

<sup>2</sup> — *The Rinieri, of Corneto this,  
 Pazzo the other named.*—]

Two noted marauders, by whose depredations the public ways in Italy were infested. The latter was of the noble family of Pazzi in Florence.

## CANTO XIII

## ARGUMENT

Still in the seventh circle, Dante enters its second compartment, which contains both those who have done violence on their own persons and those who have violently consumed their goods; the first changed into rough and knotted trees whereon the harpies build their nests, the latter chased and torn by black female mastiffs. Among the former, Piero delle Vigne is one who tells him the cause of his having committed suicide, and moreover in what manner the souls are transformed into those trunks. Of the latter crew, he recognises Lano, a Siennese, and Giacomo, a Paduan: and lastly, a Florentine, who had hung himself from his own roof, speaks to him of the calamities of his countrymen.

ERE Nessus yet had reach'd the other bank,  
We enter'd on a forest,<sup>1</sup> where no track  
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there  
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light  
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deform'd  
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but  
thorns

Instead, with venom fill'd. Less sharp than these,  
Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide  
Those animals, that hate the cultured fields,  
Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.<sup>2</sup>

Here the brute Harpies make their nest, the same  
Who from the Strophades<sup>3</sup> the Trojan band  
Drove with dire boding of their future woe.

<sup>1</sup> *A forest.*] Inde in aliam vallem nimis terribiliorem deveni plenam subtilissimis arboribus in modum hastarum sexaginta brachiorum longitudinem habentibus, quarum omnium capita, ac si sudes acutissima erant, et spinosa. *Alberici Visio*, § 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.*] A wild and woody tract of country, abounding in deer, goats, and wild boars. Cecina is a river not far to the south of Leghorn; Corneto, a small city on the same coast, in the patrimony of the church.

<sup>3</sup> *The Strophades.*] See Virg. *Æn.* lib. iii. 210.

Broad are their pennons,<sup>1</sup> of the human form  
 Their neck and countenance, arm'd with talons keen  
 The feet, and the huge belly fledge with wings.  
 These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.

The kind instructor in these words began :  
 " Ere further thou proceed, know thou art now  
 I' th' second round, and shalt be, till thou come  
 Upon the horrid sand : look therefore well  
 Around thee, and such things thou shalt behold,  
 As would my speech discredit." On all sides  
 I heard sad plainings breathe, and none could see  
 From whom they might have issued. In amaze  
 Fast bound I stood. He, as it seem'd, believed  
 That I had thought so many voices came  
 From some amid those thickets close conceal'd,  
 And thus his speech resumed : " If thou lop off  
 A single twig from one of those ill plants,  
 The thought thou hast conceived shall vanish quite."

Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,  
 From a great wilding gather'd I<sup>2</sup> a branch,  
 And straight the trunk exclaim'd : " Why pluck'st  
 thou me ? "

Then, as the dark blood trickled down its side,  
 These words it added : " Wherefore tear'st me thus ?  
 Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast ?  
 Men once were we, that now are rooted here.  
 Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been

<sup>1</sup> *Broad are their pennons.*]

Virginei volucrum vultus, foedissima ventris  
 Proluvies, uncæque manus et pallida semper  
 Ora fame.— *Virg. Æn.* lib. iii. 216.

<sup>2</sup> *Gather'd I.*] So Frezzi :

A quelle fresche stesi su la mano,  
 E d'una vetta un ramuscel ne colsi ;  
 Allora ella gridò : oimè, fa piano,  
 E sangue vivo uscì, ond' io lo tolsi.  
*Il Quadrir.* lib. i. cap. 4.

The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green,  
That burning at one end from the other sends  
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind  
That forces out its way, so burst at once  
Forth from the broken splinter words and blood.

I, letting fall the bough, remain'd as one  
Assail'd by terror; and the sage replied:  
"If he, O injured spirit! could have believed  
What he hath seen but in my verse described,<sup>1</sup>  
He never against thee had stretch'd his hand.  
But I, because the thing surpass'd belief,  
Prompted him to this deed, which even now  
Myself I rue. But tell me, who thou wast;  
That, for this wrong to do thee some amends,  
In the upper world (for thither to return  
Is granted him) thy fame he may revive."  
"That pleasant word of thine,"<sup>2</sup> the trunk replied,  
"Hath so inveigled me, that I from speech  
Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge  
A little longer, in the snare detain'd,  
Count it not grievous. I it was,<sup>3</sup> who held

<sup>1</sup> *In my verse described.*] The commentators explain this, "If he could have believed, in consequence of my assurances alone, that of which he hath now had ocular proof, he would not have stretched forth his hand against thee." But I am of opinion that Dante makes Virgil allude to his own story of Polydorus, in the third book of the *Æneid*.

<sup>2</sup> *That pleasant word of thine.*] "Since you have inveigled me to speak by holding forth so gratifying an expectation, let it not displease you if I am as it were detained in the snare you have spread for me, so as to be somewhat prolix in my answer.

<sup>3</sup> *I it was.*] Piero delle Vigne, a native of Capua, who from a low condition raised himself, by his eloquence and legal knowledge, to the office of Chancellor to the Emperor Frederick II.; whose confidence in him was such, that his influence in the empire became unbounded. The courtiers, envious of his exalted situation, contrived, by means of forged letters, to make Frederick believe that he held a secret and traitorous intercourse with the Pope, who was then at enmity with the Emperor. In consequence of this supposed crime, he was cruelly condemned, by his too credulous sovereign, to lose his eyes; and being driven to despair by his unmerited calamity and disgrace, he put an end to his life

Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the  
wards,

Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,  
That besides me, into his inmost breast  
Scarce any other could admittance find.

The faith I bore to my high charge was such,  
It cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.  
The harlot,<sup>1</sup> who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes  
From Cesar's household, common vice and pest  
Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all ;  
And to Augustus they so spread the flame,  
That my glad honours changed to bitter woes.  
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought  
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,  
Just as I was, unjust toward myself.

By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear,  
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,  
Who merited such honour ; and of you,  
If any to the world indeed return,  
Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies  
Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow."

First somewhat pausing, till the mournful words  
Were ended, then to me the bard began :

"Lose not the time ; but speak, and of him  
ask,

If more thou wish to learn." Whence I replied :

"Question thou him again of whatsoe'er

by dashing out his brains against the walls of a church, in the year 1249. Both Frederick and Piero delle Vigne composed verses in the Sicilian dialect, which are now extant. A canzone by each of them may be seen in the ninth book of the Sonetti and Canzoni di diversi Autori Toscani, published by the Giunti in 1527. See further the note on Purg. Canto iii. 110.

<sup>1</sup> The harlot.] Envy. Chaucer alludes to this, in the Prologue to the *Legende of Good Women* :

Envie is lavender to the court alway,  
For she ne parteth neither night ne day  
Out of the house of Cesar : thus saith Dant.

Will, as thou think'st, content me ; for no power  
Have I to ask, such pity is at my heart."

He thus resumed : " So may he do for thee  
Freely what thou entreatest, as thou yet  
Be pleased, imprison'd spirit ! to declare,  
How in these gnarled joints the soul is tied ;  
And whether any ever from such frame  
Be loosen'd, if thou canst, that also tell."

Thereat the trunk breathed hard, and the wind  
soon

Changed into sounds articulate like these :  
" Briefly ye shall be answer'd. When departs  
The fierce soul from the body, by itself  
Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf  
By Minos doom'd, into the wood it falls,  
No place assign'd, but wheresoever chance  
Hurls it ; there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,  
It rises to a sapling, growing thence  
A savage plant. The Harpies, on its leaves  
Then feeding, cause both pain, and for the pain  
A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come  
For our own spoils, yet not so that with them  
We may again be clad ; for what a man  
Takes from himself it is not just he have.  
Here we perforce shall drag them ; and through-  
out

The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,  
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."

Attentive yet to listen to the trunk  
We stood, expecting further speech, when us  
A noise surprised ; as when a man perceives  
The wild boar and the hunt approach his place  
Of station'd watch, who of the beasts and boughs  
Loud rustling round him hears. And lo ! there  
came



Two naked, torn with briers, in headlong flight,  
That they before them broke each fan o' th'  
wood.<sup>1</sup>

"Haste now," the foremost cried, "now haste  
thee, death!"

The other, as seem'd, impatient of delay,  
Exclaiming, "Lano!<sup>2</sup> not so bent for speed  
Thy sinews, in the lists of Toppo's field."

And then, for that perchance no longer breath  
Sufficed him, of himself and of a bush

One group he made. Behind them was the wood  
Full of black female mastiffs, gaunt and fleet,  
As greyhounds that have newly slipt the leash.

On him, who squatted down, they stuck their  
fangs,

And having rent him piecemeal bore away  
The tortured limbs. My guide then seized my  
hand,

And led me to the thicket, which in vain  
Mourn'd through its bleeding wounds: "O Gia-  
como

Of Sant' Andrea!<sup>3</sup> what avails it thee,"

It cried, "that of me thou hast made thy screen?  
For thy ill life, what blame on me recoils?"

When o'er it he had paused, my master spake:

<sup>1</sup> *Each fan o' th' wood.*] Hence perhaps Milton:

Leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan. *P. L.* b. v. 6.

Some have translated "rosta" "impediment," instead of "fan."

<sup>2</sup> *Lano.*] Lano, a Siennese, who, being reduced by prodigality to a state of extreme want, found his existence no longer supportable; and having been sent by his countrymen on a military expedition to assist the Florentines against the Aretini, took that opportunity of exposing himself to certain death, in the engagement which took place at Toppo near Arezzo. See G. Villani, *Hist. lib.* vii. c. cxix.

<sup>3</sup> —O Giacomo

*Of Sant' Andrea!*] Jacopo da Sant' Andrea, a Paduan, who, having wasted his property in the most wanton acts of profusion, killed himself in despair.

"Say who wast thou, that at so many points  
Breathest out with blood thy lamentable speech?"

He answer'd: "O ye spirits! arrived in time  
To spy the shameful havoc that from me  
My leaves hath sever'd thus, gather them up,  
And at the foot of their sad parent-tree  
Carefully lay them. In that city<sup>1</sup> I dwelt,  
Who for the Baptist her first patron changed,  
Whence he for this shall cease not with his art  
To work her woe: and if there still remain'd  
not

On Arno's passage some faint glimpse of him,  
Those citizens, who rear'd once more her walls  
Upon the ashes left by Attila,  
Had labour'd without profit of their toil.  
I slung the fatal noose<sup>2</sup> from my own roof."

<sup>1</sup> *In that city.*] "I was an inhabitant of Florence, that city which changed her first patron Mars for St. John the Baptist; for which reason the vengeance of the deity thus slighted will never be appeased; and if some remains of his statue were not still visible on the bridge over the Arno, she would have been already levelled to the ground; and thus the citizens, who raised her again from the ashes to which Attila had reduced her, would have laboured in vain." See *Paradise*, Canto xvi. 44. The relic of antiquity, to which the superstition of Florence attached so high an importance, was carried away by a flood, that destroyed the bridge on which it stood, in the year 1337, but without the ill effects that were apprehended from the loss of their fancied Palladium.

<sup>2</sup> *I slung the fatal noose.*] We are not informed who this suicide was; some calling him Rocco de' Mozzi, and others Lotto degli Agli.

## CANTO XIV

## ARGUMENT

They arrive at the beginning of the third of those compartments into which this seventh circle is divided. It is a plain of dry and hot sand, where three kinds of violence are punished; namely, against God, against Nature, and against Art; and those who have thus sinned are tormented by flakes of fire, which are eternally showering down upon them. Among the violent against God is found Capaneus, whose blasphemies they hear. Next, turning to the left along the forest of self-slayers, and having journeyed a little onwards, they meet with a streamlet of blood that issues from the forest and traverses the sandy plain. Here Virgil speaks to our Poet of a huge ancient statue that stands within Mount Ida in Crete, from a fissure in which statue there is a dripping of tears, from which the said streamlet, together with the three other infernal rivers, are formed.

Soon as the charity of native land  
 Wrought in my bosom, I the scatter'd leaves  
 Collected, and to him restored, who now  
 Was hoarse with utterance. To the limit thence  
 We came, which from the third the second  
     round  
 Divides, and where of justice is display'd  
 Contrivance horrible. Things then first seen  
 Clearlier to manifest, I tell how next  
 A plain we reach'd, that from its steril bed  
 Each plant repell'd. The mournful wood waves  
     round  
 Its garland on all sides, as round the wood  
 Spreads the sad foss. There, on the very edge,  
 Our steps we stay'd. It was an area wide  
 Of arid sand and thick, resembling most  
 The soil that erst by Cato's foot<sup>1</sup> was trod.

<sup>1</sup> *By Cato's foot.*] See Lucan, Phars. lib. ix.

Vengeance of heaven! Oh! how shouldst thou  
be fear'd

By all, who read what here mine eyes beheld.

Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,  
All weeping piteously, to different laws  
Subjected; for on the earth some lay supine,  
Some crouching close were seated, others paced  
Incessantly around; the latter tribe  
More numerous, those fewer who beneath  
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.

O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down  
Dilated flakes of fire,<sup>1</sup> as flakes of snow  
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.  
As, in the torrid Indian clime,<sup>2</sup> the son  
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band  
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground  
Came down; whence he bethought him with his  
troop

To trample on the soil; for easier thus  
The vapour was extinguish'd, while alone:  
So fell the eternal fiery flood, wherewith  
The marle glow'd underneath, as under stove<sup>3</sup>  
The viands, doubly to augment the pain.  
Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,  
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off  
The heat, still falling fresh. I thus began:  
"Instructor! thou who all things overcomest,  
Except the hardy demons that rush'd forth

<sup>1</sup> *Dilated flakes of fire.*] Compare Tasso, G. L. c. x. st. 61.

Al fin giungemmo al loco, ove già scese  
Fiamma del cielo in dilatate falde,  
E di natura vendicò l' offese  
Sovra la gente in mal oprar si salde.

<sup>2</sup> *As, in the torrid Indian clime.*] Landino refers to Albertus Magnus for the circumstance here alluded to.

<sup>3</sup> *As under stove.*] 'So Frezzi:

Si come l' esca al foco del focile. Lib. i. cap. 17.

To stop our entrance at the gate, say who  
Is yon huge spirit, that, as seems, heeds not  
The burning, but lies writhen in proud scorn,  
As by the sultry tempest immatured?"

Straight he himself, who was aware I ask'd  
My guide of him, exclaim'd: "Such as I was  
When living, dead such now I am. If Jove  
Weary his workman out, from whom in ire  
He snatch'd the lightnings, that at my last day  
Transfix'd me; if the rest he weary out,  
At their black smithy labouring by turns,  
In Mongibello,<sup>1</sup> while he cries aloud,  
'Help, help, good Mulciber!' as erst he cried  
In the Phlegræan warfare; and the bolts  
Launch he, full aim'd at me, with all his might;  
He never should enjoy a sweet revenge."

Then thus my guide, in accent higher raised  
Than I before had heard him: "Capaneus!  
Thou art more punish'd, in that this thy pride  
Lives yet unquench'd: no torment, save thy rage,  
Were to thy fury pain proportion'd full."

Next turning round to me, with milder lip  
He spake: "This of the seven kings was one,<sup>2</sup>  
Who girt the Theban walls with siege, and held,  
As still he seems to hold, God in disdain,  
And sets his high omnipotence at nought.  
But, as I told him, his despitful mood

<sup>1</sup> *In Mongibello.*] More hot than Ætn' or flaming Mongibell.  
*Spenser, F. Q. b. ii. c. ix. st. 29.*

Siccome alla fucina in Mongibello  
Fabrica tuono il demonio Vulcano,  
Batte folgori e foco col martello,  
E con esso i suoi fabri in ogni mano.

*Berni, Orl. Inn. lib. i. c. xvi. st. 21.*

See Virg. *Æn. lib. viii. 416.* It would be endless to refer parallel passages in the Greek writers.

<sup>2</sup> *This of the seven kings was one.*] Compare *Æsch. Seven Chiefs, 425.* Euripides, *Phoen. 1179.* and Statius, *Theb. lib. x. 821.*

Is ornament well suits the breast that wears it.  
 Follow me now ; and look thou set not yet .  
 Thy foot in the hot sand, but to the wood  
 Keep ever close." Silently on we pass'd  
 To where there gushes from the forest's bound  
 A little brook, whose crimson'd wave yet lifts  
 My hair with horror. As the rill, that runs  
 From Bulicame,<sup>1</sup> to be portion'd out  
 Among the sinful women ; so ran this  
 Down through the sand ; its bottom and each bank  
 Stone-built, and either margin at its side,  
 Whereon I straight perceived our passage lay.

"Of all that I have shown thee, since that gate  
 We enter'd first, whose threshold is to none  
 Denied, nought else so worthy of regard,  
 As is this river, has thine eye discern'd,  
 O'er which the flaming volley all is quench'd."

So spake my guide ; and I him thence besought,  
 That having given me appetite to know,  
 The food he too would give, that hunger craved.

"In midst of ocean," forthwith he began,  
 "A desolate country lies, which Crete is named ;  
 Under whose monarch,<sup>2</sup> in old times, the world  
 Lived pure and chaste. A mountain rises there,  
 Call'd Ida, joyous once with leaves and streams,  
 Deserted now like a forbidden thing.  
 It was the spot which Rhea, Saturn's spouse,

<sup>1</sup> *Bulicame.*] A warm medicinal spring near Viterbo ; the waters of which, as Landino and Vellutelli affirm, passed by a place of ill fame. Venturi, with less probability, conjectures that Dante would imply that it was the scene of much licentious merriment among those who frequented its baths.

<sup>2</sup> *Under whose monarch.*]

*Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam  
 In terris.*—

*Juv. Satir. vi.*

In Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,  
 There was a thing call'd chastity on earth. *Dryden.*

Chose for the secret cradle of her son ;  
 And, better to conceal him, drown'd in shouts  
 His infant cries. Within the mount, upright  
 An ancient form there stands, and huge, that turns  
 His shoulders towards Damiata ; and at Rome,  
 As in his mirror, looks. Of finest gold  
 His head<sup>1</sup> is shaped, pure silver are the breast  
 And arms, thence to the middle is of brass,  
 And downward all beneath well-temper'd steel,  
 Save the right foot of potter's clay, on which  
 Than on the other more erect he stands.  
 Each part, except the gold, is rent throughout ;  
 And from the fissure tears distil, which join'd  
 Penetrate to that cave. They in their course,  
 Thus far precipitated down the rock,  
 Form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon ;  
 Then by this straiten'd channel passing hence  
 Beneath, e'en to the lowest depth of all,  
 Form there Cocytus, of whose lake (thyself  
 Shalt see it) I here give thee no account."

Then I to him : " If from our world this sluice  
 Be thus derived ; wherefore to us but now  
 Appears it at this edge ? " He straight replied :  
 " The place, thou know'st, is round : and though  
     great part  
 Thou have already past, still to the left  
 Descending to the nethermost, not yet  
 Hast thou the circuit made of the whole orb.  
 Wherefore, if aught of new to us appear,  
 It needs not bring up wonder in thy looks."

<sup>1</sup> *His head.*] This is imitated by Frezzi, in the *Quadriregio*, lib. iv. cap. 14 :

*La statua grande vidi in un gran piano, etc.*

" This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass : His legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay." *Daniel*, ch. ii. 32, 33.

Then I again inquired: "Where flow the  
streams

Of Phlegethon and Lethe? for of one  
Thou tell'st not; and the other, of that shower,  
Thou say'st, is form'd." He answer thus return'd:  
"Doubtless thy questions all well pleased I hear.  
Yet the red seething wave<sup>1</sup> might have resolved  
One thou proposest. Lethe thou shalt see,  
But not within this hollow, in the place  
Whither,<sup>2</sup> to lave themselves, the spirits go,  
Whose blame hath been by penitence removed."  
He added: "Time is now we quit the wood.  
Look thou my steps pursue: the margins give  
Safe passage, unimpeded by the flames;  
For over them all vapour is extinct."

## CANTO XV

### ARGUMENT

Taking their way upon one of the mounds by which the streamlet, spoken of in the last Canto, was embanked, and having gone so far that they could no longer have discerned the forest if they had turned round to look for it, they meet a troop of spirits that come along the sand by the side of the pier. These are they who have done violence to Nature; and amongst them Dante distinguishes Brunetto Latini, who had been formerly his master; with whom, turning a little backward, he holds a discourse which occupies the remainder of this Canto.

ONE of the solid margins bears us now  
Envelop'd in the mist, that, from the stream  
Arising, hovers o'er, and saves from fire  
Both piers and water. As the Flemings rear

<sup>1</sup> *The red seething wave.*] This he might have known was Phlegethon.

<sup>2</sup> *Whither.*] On the other side of Purgatory.



Their mound, 'twixt Ghent and Bruges, to chase  
back

The ocean, fearing his tumultuous tide  
That drives toward them ; or the Paduans theirs  
Along the Brenta, to defend their towns  
And castles, ere the genial warmth be felt  
On Chiarentana's<sup>1</sup> top ; such were the mounds,  
So framed, though not in height or bulk to these  
Made equal, by the master, whosoe'er  
He was, that raised them here. We from the  
wood

Were now so far removed, that turning round  
I might not have discern'd it, when we met  
A troop of spirits, who came beside the pier.

They each one eyed us, as at eventide  
One eyes another under a new moon ;  
And toward us sharpen'd their sight, as keen  
As an old tailor at his needle's eye.<sup>2</sup>

Thus narrowly explored by all the tribe,  
I was agnized of one, who by the skirt  
Caught me, and cried, "What wonder have we  
here?"

And I, when he to me outstretch'd his arm,  
Intently fix'd my ken on his parch'd looks,  
That, although smirch'd with fire, they hinder'd not  
But I remember'd him ; and towards his face  
My hand inclining, answer'd : "Ser Brunetto !<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Chiarentana*.] [Carinthia, a mountainous province of Illyria.] The Brenta is much swoln as soon as the snow begins to dissolve on the mountains.

<sup>2</sup> *As an old tailor at his needle's eye*.] In Fazio degli Uberti's *Dittamondo*, l. iv. cap. 4. the tailor is introduced in a simile scarcely less picturesque :

Perchè tanto mi stringe a questo punto  
La lunga tema, ch'io fo come il sarto  
Che quando affretta spesso passa il punto.

<sup>3</sup> *Brunetto*.] "Ser Brunetto, a Florentine, the secretary or chancellor of the city, and Dante's preceptor, hath left us a work

And are ye here?" He thus to me: "My son!  
Oh let it not displease thee, if Brunetto

so little read, that both the subject of it and the language of it have been mistaken. It is in the French spoken in the reign of St. Louis, under the title of *Tresor*; and contains a species of philosophical course of lectures divided into theory and practice, or, as he expresses it, *un enchaussement des choses divines et humaines*," etc. Sir R. Clayton's Translation of Tenhove's Memoirs of the Medici, vol. i. ch. ii. p. 104. There is a fine manuscript of the *Tresor* in the British Museum, with an illuminated portrait of Brunetto in his study, prefixed. Mus. Brit. MSS. 17. E. 1. *Tesor*. It is divided into four books: the first, on Cosmogony and Theology; the second, a translation of Aristotle's Ethics; the third, on Virtues and Vices; the fourth, on Rhetoric. For an interesting memoir relating to this work, see Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, tom. vii. 296. His *Tesoretto*, one of the earliest productions of Italian poetry, is a curious work, not unlike the writings of Chaucer in style and numbers; though Bembo remarks, that his pupil, however largely he had stolen from it, could not have much enriched himself. As it is perhaps but little known, I will here add a slight sketch of it. Brunetto describes himself as returning from an embassy to the King of Spain, on which he had been sent by the Guelph party from Florence. On the plain of Roncesvalles he meets a scholar on a bay mule—

— un scolaio  
Sur un muletto baio.

There a scholar I espied  
On a bay mule that did ride.

—who tells him that the Guelfi are driven out of the city with great loss. Struck with grief at these mournful tidings, and musing with his head bent downwards, he loses his road, and wanders into a wood. Here Nature, whose figure is described with sublimity, appears, and discloses to him the secrets of her operations. After this, he wanders into a desert—

Deh che paese fiero  
Trovai in quella parte.  
Che s'io sapessi d'arte  
Quivi mi bisognava.  
Che quanto più mirava  
Più mi pareva selvaggio.  
Quivi non a viaggio,  
Quivi non a persone,  
Quivi non a magione.  
Non bestia non uccello,  
Non fiume non ruscello,  
Non formica non mosca,  
Non cosa ch'io conosca.  
Ed io pensando forte  
Dottai ben della morte,  
E non è maraviglia,  
Che ben trecento miglia,

Latini but a little space with thee  
Turn back, and leave his fellows to proceed."

Durava d'ogni lato  
Quel paese smagato.

Well-away ! what fearful ground  
In that savage part I found.  
If of art I aught could ken,  
Well behaved me use it then.  
More I look'd, the more I deem'd  
That it wild and desert seem'd.  
Not a road was there in sight,  
Not a house, and not a wight ;  
Not a bird, and not a brute,  
Not a rill, and not a root ;  
Not an emmet, not a fly,  
Not a thing I mote descry,  
Sore I doubted therewithal  
Whether death would me befall ;  
Nor was wonder, for around  
Full three hundred miles of ground  
Right across on every side  
Lay the desert bare and wide.

—and proceeds on his way, under the protection of a banner with which Nature had furnished him, till on the third day he finds himself in a pleasant champain, where are assembled many emperors, kings, and sages :

Un gran piano giacondo  
Lo più gajo del mondo  
E lo più degnitoso.

Wide and far the champain lay,  
None in all the earth so gay.

It is the habitation of Virtue and her daughters, the four Cardinal Virtues. Here Brunetto sees also Courtesy, Bounty, Loyalty, and Prowess, and hears the instructions they give to a knight, which occupy about a fourth part of the poem. Leaving this territory, he passes over valleys, mountains, woods, forests, and bridges, till he arrives in a beautiful valley covered with flowers on all sides, and the richest in the world ; but which was continually shifting its appearance from a round figure to a square, from obscurity to light, and from populousness to solitude. This is the region of Pleasure, or Cupid, who is accompanied by four ladies, Love, Hope, Fear, and Desire. In one part of it he meets with Ovid, and is instructed by him how to conquer the passion of love, and to escape from that place. After his escape, he makes his confession to a friar, and then returns to the forest of visions ; and, ascending a mountain, meets with Ptolemy, a venerable old man. Here the narrative breaks off. The poem ends, as it began, with an address to Rustico di Filippo, on whom he lavishes every sort of praise.

It has been observed, that Dante derived the idea of opening his poem by describing himself as lost in a wood, from the *Tesoretto* of his master. I know not whether it has been remarked, that the

I thus to him replied : " Much as I can,  
I thereto pray thee ; and if thou be willing  
That I here seat me with thee, I consent ;  
His leave, with whom I journey, first obtain'd."

" O son ! " said he, " whoever of this throng  
One instant stops, lies then a hundred years,  
No fan to ventilate him, when the fire  
Smites sorest. Pass thou therefore on. I close  
Will at thy garments walk, and then rejoin  
My troop, who go mourning their endless doom."

I dared not from the path descend to tread  
On equal ground with him, but held my head  
Bent down, as one who walks in reverent guise.

" What chance or destiny," thus he began,  
" Ere the last day, conducts thee here below ?  
And who is this that shows to thee the way ? "

" There up aloft," I answer'd, " in the life  
Serene, I wander'd in a valley lost,  
Before mine age<sup>1</sup> had to its fulness reach'd.

crime of usury is branded by both these poets as offensive to God and Nature :—

Un altro, che non cura  
Di Dio ne di Natura,  
Si diventa usuriere.

One, that holdeth not in mind  
Law of God or Nature's kind,  
Taketh him to usury.

—or that the sin for which Brunetto is condemned by his pupil is mentioned in his *Tesoretto* with great horror. But see what is said on this subject by Perticari, *Degli Scrittori del Trecento*, l. i. c. iv. Dante's twenty-fifth sonnet is a jocose one, addressed to Brunetto. He died in 1294. G. Villani sums up his account of him by saying, that he was himself a worldly man ; but that he was the first to refine the Florentines from their grossness, and to instruct them in speaking properly and in conducting the affairs of the republic on principles of policy.

<sup>1</sup> *Before mine age.*] On the whole, Vellutello's explanation of this is, I think, most satisfactory. He supposes it to mean, " before the appointed end of his life was arrived—before his days were accomplished." Lombardi, concluding that the fulness of age must be the same as " the midway of this our mortal life " (see Canto ii. v. 1.), understands that he had lost himself in the wood before that time, and that he then only discovered his having gone astray.

But yester-morn I left it : then once more  
 Into that vale returning, him I met ;  
 And by this path homeward he leads me back."

"If thou," he answer'd, "follow but thy star,  
 Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven ;  
 Unless in fairer days my judgment err'd.  
 And if my fate so early had not chanced,  
 Seeing the heavens thus bounteous to thee, I  
 Had gladly given thee comfort in thy work.  
 But that ungrateful and malignant race,  
 Who in old times came down from Fesole,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ay and still smack of their rough mountain-flint,  
 Will for thy good deeds show thee enmity.  
 Nor wonder ; for amongst ill-savour'd crabs  
 It suits not the sweet fig-tree lay her fruit.  
 Old fame reports them in the world for blind,<sup>2</sup>  
 Covetous, envious, proud. Look to it well :  
 Take heed thou cleanse thee of their ways. For  
 thee,

Thy fortune hath such honour in reserve,  
 That thou by either party shalt be craved  
 With hunger keen : but be the fresh herb far  
 From the goat's tooth. The herd of Fesole  
 May of themselves make litter, not touch the plant,  
 If any such yet spring on their rank bed,  
 In which the holy seed revives, transmitted  
 From those true Romans, who still there remain'd,  
 When it was made the nest of so much ill."

"Were all my wish fulfill'd," I straight replied,  
 "Thou from the confines of man's nature yet

<sup>1</sup> *Who in old times came down from Fesole.*] See G. Villani, Hist. lib. iv. cap. v. and Macchiav. Hist. of Flor. b. ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Blind.*] It is said that the Florentines were thus called, in consequence of their having been deceived by a shallow artifice practised on them by the Pisans, in the year 1117. See G. Villani, lib. iv. cap. xxx.

Hadst not been driven forth ; for in my mind  
Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart,  
The dear, benign, paternal image, such  
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me  
The way for man to win eternity :  
And how I prized the lesson, it behoves,  
That, long as life endures, my tongue should speak.  
What of my fate thou tell'st, that write I down ;  
And, with another text <sup>1</sup> to comment on,  
For her I keep it, the celestial dame,  
Who will know all, if I to her arrive.  
This only would I have thee clearly note :  
That, so my conscience have no plea against me,  
Do Fortune as she list, I stand prepared.  
Not new or strange such earnest to mine ear.  
Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her best ;  
The clown his mattock ; all things have their course."

Thereat my sapient guide upon his right  
Turn'd himself back, then looked at me, and spake :  
"He listens to good purpose who takes note."

I not the less still on my way proceed,  
Discoursing with Brunetto, and inquire  
Who are most known and chief among his tribe.

"To know of some is well ;" he thus replied,  
"But of the rest silence may best beseem.  
Time would not serve us for report so long.  
In brief I tell thee, that all these were clerks,  
Men of great learning and no less renown,  
By one same sin polluted in the world.  
With them is Priscian ; <sup>2</sup> and Accorso's son,

<sup>1</sup> *With another text.*] He refers to the prediction of Farinata, in Canto x.

<sup>2</sup> *Priscian.*] There is no reason to believe, as the commentators observe, that the grammarian of this name was stained with the vice imputed to him ; and we must therefore suppose that Dante puts the individual for the species, and implies the frequency of the

Francesco,<sup>1</sup> herds among that wretched throng :  
 And, if the wish of so impure a blotch  
 Possess'd thee, him <sup>2</sup> thou also mightst have seen,  
 Who by the servants' servant <sup>3</sup> was transferr'd  
 From Arno's seat to Bacchiglione, where  
 His ill-strain'd nerves he left. I more would add,  
 But must from further speech and onward way  
 Alike desist ; for yonder I behold  
 A mist new-risen on the sandy plain.  
 A company, with whom I may not sort,  
 Approaches. I commend my *Treasure* to thee,<sup>4</sup>  
 Wherein I yet survive ; my sole request."

This said, he turn'd, and seem'd as one of those  
 Who o'er Verona's champain try their speed  
 For the green mantle ; and of them he seem'd,  
 Not he who loses but who gains the prize.

crime among those who abused the opportunities which the education of youth afforded them, to so abominable a purpose.

<sup>1</sup> *Francesco*.] Accorso, a Florentine, interpreted the Roman law at Bologna, and died in 1260. His authority was so great as to exceed that of all the other interpreters, so that Cino da Pistoia termed him the Idol of Advocates. His sepulchre, and that of his son Francesco [d. 1293] here spoken of, is at Bologna, with this short epitaph : "Sepulcrum Accursii Glossatoris et Francisci ejus Filii." See Guidi Panziroli, *De Claris Legum Interpretibus*, lib. ii. cap. xxix. Lips. 4to. 1721.

<sup>2</sup> *Him*.] Andrea de' Mozzi, who, that his scandalous life might be less exposed to observation, was translated by Boniface VIII. from the see of Florence to that of Vicenza, through which passes the river Bacchiglione. At the latter of these places he died, Feb. 1296.

<sup>3</sup> *The servants' servant*.] *Servo de' servi*. So Ariosto, Sat. iii. :

Degli servi  
 Io sia il gran servo.

<sup>4</sup> *I commend my Treasure to thee*.] Brunetto's great work the *Tresor*.

Sieti raccomandato 'l mio Tesoro.

So Giusto de' Conti, in his *Bella Mano*, Son. "Occhi" :

Siavi raccomandato il mio Tesoro.

## CANTO XVI

## ARGUMENT

Journeying along the pier, which crosses the sand, they are now so near the end of it as to hear the noise of the stream falling into the eighth circle, when they meet the spirits of three military men; who judging Dante, from his dress, to be a countryman of theirs, entreat him to stop. He complies, and speaks with them. The two Poets then reach the place where the water descends, being the termination of this third compartment in the seventh circle; and here Virgil having thrown down into the hollow a cord, wherewith Dante was girt, they behold at that signal a monstrous and horrible figure come swimming up to them.

Now came I where the water's din was heard,  
As down it fell into the other round,  
Resounding like the hum of swarming bees :  
When forth together issued from a troop,  
That pass'd beneath the fierce tormenting storm,  
Three spirits, running swift. They towards us came,  
And each one cried aloud, "Oh ! do thou stay,  
Whom, by the fashion of thy garb, we deem  
To be some inmate of our evil land."

Ah me ! what wounds I mark'd upon their limbs,  
Recent and old, inflicted by the flames.  
E'en the remembrance of them grieves me yet.

Attentive to their cry, my teacher paused,  
And turn'd to me his visage, and then spake :  
"Wait now : our courtesy these merit well :  
And were 't not for the nature of the place,  
Whence glide the fiery darts, I should have said,  
That haste had better suited thee than them."

They, when we stopp'd, resumed their ancient  
wail,



And, soon as they had reach'd us, all the three  
 Whirl'd round together in one restless wheel.  
 As naked champions, smear'd with slippery oil  
 Are wont, intent, to watch their place of hold  
 And vantage, ere in closer strife they meet ;  
 Thus each one, as he wheel'd, his countenance  
 At me directed, so that opposite  
 The neck moved ever to the twinkling feet.

"If woe of this unsound and dreary waste,"  
 Thus one began, "added to our sad cheer  
 Thus peel'd with flame, do call forth scorn on us  
 And our entreaties, let our great renown  
 Incline thee to inform us who thou art,  
 That dost imprint, with living feet unharm'd,  
 The soil of Hell. He, in whose track thou seest  
 My steps pursuing, naked though he be  
 And reft of all, was of more high estate  
 Than thou believest ; grandchild of the chaste  
 Gualdrada,<sup>1</sup> him they Guidoguerra call'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Gualdrada*.] Gualdrada was the daughter of Bellincione Berti, of whom mention is made in the *Paradise*, Canto xv. and xvi. He was of the family of Ravignani, a branch of the Adimari. The Emperor Otho IV. being at a festival in Florence, where Gualdrada was present, was struck with her beauty ; and inquiring who she was, was answered by Bellincione, that she was the daughter of one who, if it was his Majesty's pleasure, would make her admit the honour of his salute. On overhearing this, she arose from her seat, and blushing, in an animated tone of voice, desired her father that he would not be so liberal in his offers, for that no man should ever be allowed that freedom except him who should be her lawful husband. The Emperor was not less delighted by her resolute modesty than he had before been by the loveliness of her person ; and calling to him Guido, one of his barons, gave her to him in marriage ; at the same time raising him to the rank of a count, and bestowing on her the whole of Casentino, and a part of the territory of Romagna, as her portion. Two sons were the offspring of this union, Guglielmo and Ruggieri ; the latter of whom was father of Guidoguerra, a man of great military skill and prowess ; who, at the head of four hundred Florentines of the Guelph party, was signally instrumental to the victory obtained at Benevento by Charles of Anjou, over Manfredi King of Naples, in 1265. One of the consequences of this victory was the expulsion of the Ghibellini, and the re-establishment of the Guelfi at Florence. Borghini,

Who in his lifetime many a noble act<sup>1</sup>  
 Achieved, both by his wisdom and his sword;  
 The other, next to me that beats the sand;  
 [Is Aldobrandi,<sup>2</sup> name deserving well,  
 In the upper world, of honour; and myself,  
 Who in this torment do partake with them,  
 Am Rusticucci,<sup>3</sup> whom, past doubt, my wife,  
 Of savage temper, more than ought beside  
 Hath to this evil brought." If from the fire  
 I had been shelter'd, down amidst them straight  
 I then had cast me; nor my guide, I deem,  
 Would have restrain'd my going: but that fear  
 Of the dire burning vanquish'd the desire,  
 Which made me eager of their wish'd embrace.  
 I then began: "Not scorn, but grief much more,

(Disc. dell' Orig. di Firenze, ediz. 1755. pag. 6) as cited by Lombardi, endeavours by a comparison of dates to throw discredit on the above relation of Gualdrada's answer to her father, which is found in G. Villani, lib. v. c. xxxvii.: and Lombardi adds, that if it had been true, Bellincione would have been worthy of a place in the eighteenth Canto of Hell, rather than of being mentioned with praise in the Paradise: to which it may be answered, that the proposal of the father, however irreconcilable it may be to our notions of modern refinement, might possibly in those times have been considered rather as a sportive sally than as a serious exposure of his daughter's innocence. The incident is related, in a manner very unfavourable to Berti, by Francesco Sansovino, in one of his Novelle, inserted by Mr. Thomas Roscoe in his entertaining selection from the Italian Novelists, v. iii. p. 137. [The above story is contradicted by documentary evidence, according to which Gualdrada was married to Guido Guerra about 1180, some twenty years before Otto IV. was chosen Emperor.]

<sup>1</sup> *Many a noble act.*

Molto egli oprò col senno e con la mano.

*Tasso, G. L. c. i. st. 1.*

<sup>2</sup> *Aldobrandi.* Tegghiaio Aldobrandi was of the noble family of Adimari, and much esteemed for his military talents. He endeavoured to dissuade the Florentines from the attack which they meditated against the Siennese; and the rejection of his counsel occasioned the memorable defeat which the former sustained at Montaperto, and the consequent banishment of the Guelfi from Florence.

<sup>3</sup> *Rusticucci.* Giacopo Rusticucci, a Florentine, remarkable for his opulence and the generosity of his spirit.

Such as long time alone can cure, your doom  
 Fix'd deep within me, soon as this my lord  
 Spoke words; whose tender taught me to expect  
 That such a race, as ye are, was at hand.  
 I am a countryman of yours, who still  
 Affectionate have utter'd, and have heard  
 Your deeds and names renown'd. Leaving the gall,  
 For the sweet fruit I go, that a sure guide  
 Hath promised to me. But behoves, that far  
 As to the centre first I downward tend."

"So may long space thy spirit guide thy limbs,"  
 He answer straight return'd; "and so thy fame  
 Shine bright when thou art gone, as thou shalt tell,  
 If courtesy and valour, as they wont,  
 Dwell in our city, or have vanish'd clean:  
 For one amidst us late condemn'd to wail,  
 Borsiere,<sup>1</sup> yonder walking with his peers,  
 Grieves us no little by the news he brings."

"An upstart multitude and sudden gains,  
 Pride and excess, O Florence! have in thee  
 Engender'd, so that now in tears thou mourn'st!"

Thus cried I, with my face upraised, and they  
 All three, who for an answer took my words,  
 Look'd at each other, as men look when truth  
 Comes to their ear. "If at so little cost,"<sup>2</sup>  
 They all at once rejoin'd, "thou satisfy  
 Others who question thee, O happy thou!  
 Gifted with words so apt to speak thy thought.  
 Wherefore, if thou escape this darksome clime,  
 Returning to behold the radiant stars,

<sup>1</sup> *Borsiere.*] Guglielmo Borsiere, another Florentine, whom Boccaccio, in a story which he relates of him, terms "a man of courteous and elegant manners, and of great readiness in conversation." *Dec. Giorn. i. Nov. 8.*

<sup>2</sup> *At so little cost.*] They intimate to our poet (as Lombardi well observes) the inconveniences to which his freedom of speech was about to expose him in the future course of his life.

When thou with pleasure shalt retrace the past,<sup>1</sup>  
See that of us thou speak among mankind."

This said, they broke the circle, and so swift  
Fled, that as pinions seem'd their nimble feet.

Not in so short a time might one have said  
"Amen," as they had vanish'd. Straight my  
guide

Pursued his track. I follow'd: and small space  
Had we passed onward, when the water's sound  
Was now so near at hand, that we had scarce  
Heard one another's speech for the loud din.

E'en as the river,<sup>2</sup> that first holds its course  
Unmingled, from the Mount of Vesulo,  
On the left side of Apennine, toward  
The east, which Acquacheta higher up  
They call, ere it descend into the vale,  
At Forli,<sup>3</sup> by that name no longer known,  
Rebellows o'er Saint Benedict, roll'd on  
From the Alpine summit down a precipice,  
Where space<sup>4</sup> enough to lodge a thousand spreads;

<sup>1</sup> *When thou with pleasure shalt retrace the past.*]

Quando ti gioverà dicere io fui.

So Tasso, G. L. c. xv. st. 38:

Quando mi gioverà narrar altrui.  
Le novità vedute, e dire; io fui.

<sup>2</sup> *E'en as the river.*] He compares the fall of Phlegethon to that of the Montone (a river in Romagna) from the Apennine above the Abbey of St. Benedict. All the other streams, that rise between the sources of the Po and the Montone, and fall from the left side of the Apennine, join the Po, and accompany it to the sea. [Dante's description is no longer true of the Montone. At the present day it applies to the Lamone, which falls into the Adriatic north of Ravenna.]

<sup>3</sup> *At Forli.*] Because there it loses the name of Acquacheta, and takes that of Montone.

<sup>4</sup> *Where space.*] Either because the abbey was capable of containing more than those who occupied it, or because (says Landino) the lords of that territory, as Boccaccio related on the authority of the abbot, had intended to build a castle near the water-fall, and to collect within its walls the population of the neighbouring villages.

Thus downward from a craggy steep we found  
That this dark wave resounded, roaring loud,  
So that the ear its clamour soon had stunn'd.

I had a cord<sup>1</sup> that braced my girdle round,  
Wherewith I erst had thought fast bound to take  
The painted leopard. This when I had all  
Unloosen'd from me (so my master bade)  
I gather'd up, and stretch'd it forth to him.  
Then to the right he turn'd, and from the brink  
Standing few paces distant, cast it down  
Into the deep abyss. "And somewhat strange,"  
Thus to myself I spake, "signal so strange  
Betokens, which my guide with earnest eye  
Thus follows." Ah! what caution must men use  
With those who look not at the deed alone,  
But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill.<sup>2</sup>

"Quickly shall come," he said, "what I expect;  
Thine eye discover quickly that, whereof  
Thy thought is dreaming." Ever to that truth,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A cord.*] This passage, as it is confessed by Landino, involves a fiction sufficiently obscure. His own attempt to unravel it does not much lessen the difficulty. That which Lombardi has made is something better. It is believed that our poet, in the earlier part of his life, had entered into the order of St. Francis. By observing the rules of that profession, he had designed to mortify his carnal appetites, or, as he expresses it, "to take the painted leopard" (that animal, which, as we have seen in a note to the first Canto, represented Pleasure) "with this cord." This part of the habit he is now desired by Virgil to take off; and it is thrown down the gulf, to allure Geryon to them with the expectation of carrying down one who had cloaked his iniquities under the garb of penitence and self-mortification; and thus (to apply to Dante on this occasion the words of Milton):

He, as Franciscan, thought to pass disguised.

<sup>2</sup> *But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill.*]

Sorrise Uranio, che per entro vede  
Gli altrui pensier col senno.

*Mensini, Sonetto. Mentre io dormia.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ever to that truth.*] This memorable apophthegm is repeated by Luigi Pulci and Trissino:

Sempre a quel ver, ch' ha faccia di menzogna,

Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,  
 A man, if possible, should bar his lip;  
 Since, although blameless, he incurs reproach.  
 But silence here were vain; and by these notes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which now I sing, reader, I swear to thee,  
 So may they favour find to latest times!  
 That through the gross and murky air I spied  
 A shape come swimming up, that might have  
 quell'd

The stoutest heart with wonder; in such guise  
 As one returns, who hath been down to loose  
 An anchor grappled fast against some rock,  
 Or to aught else that in the salt wave lies,  
 Who, upward springing, close draws in his feet.

E più senno tacer la lingue cheta,  
 Che spesso senza colpa fa vergogna.

*Morgante Magg. c. xxiv.*

La verità, che par mensogna,  
 Si dovrebbe tacer dall' uom ch'è saggio.

*Italia Lib. c. xvi.*

<sup>1</sup> *By these notes.]* So Frezzi:

Per queste rime mie, lettor, ti giuro.

*Il Quadriv. lib. iii. cap. 16.*

In like manner, Pindar confirms his veracity by an oath:

*Nai μὲν γὰρ Ὀρνον, ἱμᾶν, δέξαν.*

*Nem. xi. 30.*

which is imitated, as usual, by Chiabrera:

Ed io lungo il Permessio

Sacro alle Muse obligherò mia fede.

*Canz. Eroiche, xliii. 75.*

## CANTO XVII

## ARGUMENT

The monster Geryon is described; to whom while Virgil is speaking in order that he may carry them both down to the next circle, Dante, by permission, goes a little further along the edge of the void, to descry the third species of sinners contained in this compartment, namely, those who have done violence to Art; and then returning to his master, they both descend, seated on the back of Geryon.

“Lo! the fell monster<sup>1</sup> with the deadly sting,  
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls  
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth  
Taints all the world.” Thus me my guide address’d,  
And beckon’d him, that he should come to shore,  
Near to the stony causeway’s utmost edge.

Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear’d,  
His head and upper part exposed on land,  
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.  
His face the semblance of a just man’s wore,  
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;  
The rest was serpent all: two shaggy claws  
Reach’d to the arm-pits; and the back and breast,  
And either side, were painted o’er with nodes  
And orbits. Colours variegated more  
Nor Turks nor Tartars e’er on cloth of state  
With interchangeable embroidery wove,  
Nor spread Arachne o’er her curious loom.  
As oft-times a light skiff, moor’d to the shore,  
Stands part in water, part upon the land;  
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,  
The beaver settles, watching for his prey;

<sup>1</sup> *The fell monster.*] Fraud.

So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,  
Sat perch'd the fiend of evil. In the void  
Glancing, his tail upturn'd its venomous fork,  
With sting like scorpion's arm'd. Then thus my  
guide :

“Now need our way must turn few steps apart,  
Far as to that ill beast, who couches there.”

Thereat, toward the right our downward course  
We shaped, and, better to escape the flame  
And burning marle, ten paces on the verge  
Proceeded. Soon as we to him arrive,  
A little further on mine eye beholds  
A tribe of spirits, seated on the sand  
Near to the void. Forthwith my master spake :  
“That to the full thy knowledge may extend  
Of all this round contains, go now, and mark  
The mien these wear : but hold not long discourse.  
Till thou returnest, I with him meantime  
Will parley, that to us he may vouchsafe  
The aid of his strong shoulders.” Thus alone,  
Yet forward on the extremity I paced  
Of that seventh circle, where the mournful tribe  
Were seated. At the eyes forth gush'd their pangs,  
Against the vapours and the torrid soil  
Alternately their shifting hands they plied.  
Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply  
Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore  
By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.

Noting the visages of some, who lay  
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,  
One of them all I knew not ; but perceived,  
That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch<sup>1</sup> {

<sup>1</sup> *A pouch.*] A purse, whereon the armorial bearings of each were emblazoned. According to Landino, our Poet implies that the usurer can pretend to no other honour than such as he derives from his purse and his family. The description of persons by



With colours and with emblems various mark'd,  
On which it seem'd as if their eye did feed.

And when, amongst them, looking round I came,  
A yellow purse<sup>1</sup> I saw with azure wrought,  
That wore a lion's countenance and port:  
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,  
Another<sup>2</sup> I beheld, than blood more red,  
A goose display of whiter wing than curd.  
And one, who bore a fat and azure swine<sup>3</sup>  
Pictured on his white scrip, address'd me thus:  
"What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,  
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbour here  
Vitaliano<sup>4</sup> on my left shall sit.

A Paduan with these Florentines am I.  
Oft-times they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,  
'Oh! haste that noble knight,<sup>5</sup> he who the pouch  
'With the three goats<sup>6</sup> will bring.'"  
This said,  
he writhed

The mouth, and loll'd the tongue out, like an ox  
That licks his nostrils. I, lest longer stay  
He ill might brook, who bade me stay not long,  
Backward my steps from those sad spirits turn'd.

their heraldic insignia is remarkable both on the present and several other occasions in this poem.

<sup>1</sup> *A yellow purse.*] The arms of the Gianfigliuzzi of Florence.

<sup>2</sup> *Another.*] Those of the Ubbriachi, another Florentine family of high distinction.

<sup>3</sup> *A fat and azure swine.*] The arms of the Scrovigni, a noble family of Padua.

<sup>4</sup> *Vitaliano.*] Vitaliano del Dente, a Paduan.

<sup>5</sup> *That noble knight.*] Giovanni Bujamonti, a Florentine usurer, the most infamous of his time.

<sup>6</sup> *Goats.*] Monti, in his Proposta, had introduced a facetious dialogue, on the supposed mistake made in the interpretation of this word "Becchi" by the compilers of the Della Crusca Dictionary, who translated it "goats" instead of "beaks." He afterwards saw his own error, and had the ingenuousness to confess it in the Appendix, p. 274. Having in the former editions of this work been betrayed into the same misunderstanding of my author, I cannot do less than follow so good an example, by acknowledging and correcting it.

My guide already seated on the haunch  
Of the fierce animal I found ; and thus  
He me encouraged. " Be thou stout : be bold.  
Down such a steep flight must we now descend.  
Mount thou before : for, that no power the tail  
May have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."

As one,<sup>1</sup> who hath an ague fit so near,  
His nails already are turn'd blue, and he  
Quivers all o'er, if he but eye the shade ;  
Such was my cheer at hearing of his words.  
But shame<sup>2</sup> soon interposed her threat, who makes  
The servant bold in presence of his lord.

I settled me upon those shoulders huge,  
And would have said, but that the words to aid  
My purpose came not, " Look thou clasp me firm."

But he whose succour then not first I proved,  
Soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,  
Embracing, held me up ; and thus he spake :  
" Geryon ! now move thee : be thy wheeling gyres  
Of ample circuit, easy thy descent.  
Think on the unusual burden thou sustain'st."

As a small vessel, backening out from land,  
Her station quits ; so thence the monster loosed,  
And, when he felt himself at large, turn'd round  
There, where the breast had been, his forked tail.  
Thus, like an eel, outstretch'd at length he steer'd,  
Gathering the air up with retractile claws.

<sup>1</sup> *As one.*] Dante trembled with fear, like a man who, expecting the return of a quartan ague, shakes even at the sight of a place made cool by the shade.

<sup>2</sup> *But shame.*] I have followed the reading in Vellutello's edition,

Ma vergogna mi fe le sue minacce ;

which appears preferable to the common one,

Ma vergogna mi fer, etc.

It is necessary that I should observe this, because it has been imputed to me as a mistake.

Not greater was the dread, when Phaëton  
 The reins let drop at random, whence high heaven,  
 Whereof signs yet appear, was wrapt in flames ;  
 Nor when ill-fated Icarus perceived,  
 By liquefaction of the scalded wax,  
 The trusted pennons loosen'd from his loins,  
 His sire exclaiming loud, " Ill way thou keep'st,"  
 Than was my dread, when round me on each part  
 The air I view'd, and other object none  
 Save the fell beast. He, slowly sailing, wheels  
 His downward motion, unobserved of me,  
 But that the wind, arising to my face,  
 Breathes on me from below. Now on our right  
 I heard the cataract beneath us leap  
 With hideous crash ; whence bending down to  
 explore,

New terror I conceived at the steep plunge ;  
 For flames I saw, and wailings smote mine ear :  
 So that, all trembling, close I crouch'd my limbs,  
 And then distinguish'd, unperceived before,  
 By the dread torments that on every side  
 Drew nearer, how our downward course we wound.

As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,  
 But lure nor bird hath seen, while in despair  
 The falconer cries, " Ah me ! thou stoop'st to  
 earth,"

Wearied descends, whence nimbly he arose  
 In many an airy wheel, and lighting sits  
 At distance from his lord in angry mood ;  
 So Geryon lighting places us on foot  
 Low down at base of the deep-furrow'd rock,  
 And, of his burden there discharged, forthwith  
 Sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.

## CANTO XVIII

## ARGUMENT

The Poet describes the situation and form of the eighth circle, divided into ten gulfs, which contain as many different descriptions of fraudulent sinners; but in the present Canto he treats only of two sorts: the first is of those who, either for their own pleasure, or for that of another, have seduced any woman from her duty; and these are scourged of demons in the first gulf: the other sort is of flatterers, who in the second gulf are condemned to remain immersed in filth.

THERE is a place within the depths of hell  
 Call'd Malebolge, all of rock dark-stain'd  
 With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep  
 That round it circling winds. Right in the midst  
 Of that abominable region yawns  
 A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame  
 Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,  
 Throughout its round, between the gulf and base  
 Of the high craggy banks, successive forms  
 Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised.

As where, to guard the walls, full many a foss  
 Begirds some stately castle, sure defence<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sure defence.*] La parte dov' e' son rendon sicura.

This is the common reading; besides which there are two others:

La parte dove il sol rende figura;

and, La parte dov' ei son rende figura:

the former of which two, Lombardi says, is found in Daniello's edition, printed at Venice, 1568; in that printed in the same city with the commentaries of Landino and Vellutello, 1572; and also in some MSS. The latter, which has very much the appearance of being genuine, was adopted by Lombardi himself, on the authority of a text supposed to be in the hand-writing of Filippo Villani, but so defaced by the alterations made in it by some less skilful hand, that the traces of the old ink were with difficulty recovered; and it has, since the publication of Lombardi's edition, been met with also in the Monte Casino MS. Monti is decided in favour of Lombardi's reading, and Biagioli opposed to it.

Affording to the space within ; so here  
Were model'd these : and as like fortresses,  
E'en from their threshold to the brink without,  
Are flank'd with bridges ; from the rock's low base  
Thus flinty paths advanced, that 'cross the moles  
And dikes struck onward far as to the gulf,  
That in one bound collected cuts them off.  
Such was the place, wherein we found ourselves  
From Geryon's back dislodged. The bard to left  
Held on his way, and I behind him moved.

On our right hand new misery I saw,  
New pains, new executioners of wrath,  
That swarming peopled the first chasm. Below  
Were naked sinners. Hitherward they came,  
Meeting our faces, from the middle point ;  
With us beyond,<sup>1</sup> but with a larger stride.  
E'en thus the Romans,<sup>2</sup> when the year returns  
Of Jubilee, with better speed to rid  
The thronging multitudes, their means devise  
For such as pass the bridge ; that on one side  
All front toward the castle, and approach  
Saint Peter's fane, on the other towards the mount.

Each diverse way, along the grisly rock,  
Horn'd demons I beheld, with lashes huge,  
That on their back unmercifully smote.  
Ah ! how they made them bound at the first stripe !  
None for the second waited, nor the third.

<sup>1</sup> *With us beyond.*] Beyond the middle point they tended the same way with us, but their pace was quicker than ours.

<sup>2</sup> *E'en thus the Romans.*] In the year 1300, Pope Boniface VIII., to remedy the inconvenience occasioned by the press of people who were passing over the bridge of St. Angelo during the time of the Jubilee, caused it to be divided lengthwise by a partition ; and ordered, that all those who were going to St. Peter's should keep one side, and those returning the other. G. Villani, who was present, describes the order that was preserved, lib. viii. c. xxxvi. It was at this time, and on this occasion, as the honest historian tells us, that he first conceived the design of "compiling his book."

Meantime, as on I pass'd, one met my sight,  
Whom soon as view'd, "Of him," cried I, "not  
yet

Mine eye hath had his fill." I therefore stay'd<sup>1</sup>  
My feet to scan him, and the teacher kind  
Paused with me, and consented I should walk  
Backward a space; and the tormented spirit,  
Who thought to hide him, bent his visage down.  
But it avail'd him nought; for I exclaim'd:  
"Thou who dost cast thine eye upon the ground,  
Unless thy features do belie thee much,  
Venedico<sup>2</sup> art thou. But what brings thee  
Into this bitter seasoning?"<sup>3</sup> He replied:  
"Unwillingly I answer to thy words.  
But thy clear speech, that to my mind recalls  
The world I once inhabited, constrains me.  
Know then 't was I who led fair Ghisola  
To do the Marquis' will, however fame  
The shameful tale have bruited. Nor alone  
Bologna hither sendeth me to mourn.  
Rather with us the place is so o'erthrong'd,  
That not so many tongues this day are taught,  
Betwixt the Reno and Savena's stream,  
To answer *Sipa*<sup>4</sup> in their country's phrase.

<sup>1</sup> *I therefore stay'd.*] "I piedi affissi" is the reading of the Nidobeatina edition; but Lombardi is under an error, when he tells us that the other editions have "gli occhi affissi"; for Vellutello's at least, printed in 1544, agrees with the Nidobeatina.

<sup>2</sup> *Venedico.*] Venedico Caccianimico, a Bolognese, who prevailed on his sister Ghisola to prostitute herself to Obizzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, whom we have seen among the tyrants, Canto xii. [The rendering "fair Ghisola" is a mistake, the lady's name being "Ghisolabella," in one word.]

<sup>3</sup> *Seasoning.*] Salse. Monti, in his Proposta, following Benvenuto da Imola, takes this to be the name of a place. If so, a play must have been intended on the word, which cannot be preserved in English.

<sup>4</sup> *To answer Sipa.*] He denotes Bologna by its situation between the rivers Savena to the east, and Reno to the west of that city; and by a peculiarity of dialect, the use of the affirmative *sipa* instead either of *si* or, as Monti will have it, of *sia*.

And if of that securer proof thou need,  
Remember but our craving thirst for gold."

Him speaking thus, a demon with his thong  
Struck and exclaim'd, "Away, corrupter! here  
Women are none for sale." Forthwith I join'd  
My escort, and few paces thence we came  
To where a rock forth issued from the bank.  
That easily ascended, to the right  
Upon its splinter turning, we depart  
From those eternal barriers. When arrived  
Where, underneath, the gaping arch lets pass  
The scourged souls: "Pause here," the teacher  
said,

"And let these others miserable now  
Strike on thy ken; faces not yet beheld,  
For that together they with us have walk'd."

From the old bridge we eyed the pack, who  
came

From the other side toward us, like the rest,  
Excoriate from the lash. My gentle guide,  
By me unquestion'd, thus his speech resumed:  
"Behold that lofty shade, who this way tends,  
And seems too woe-begone to drop a tear.

How yet the regal aspect he retains!  
Jason is he, whose skill and prowess won  
The ram from Colchos. To the Lemnian isle  
His passage thither led him, when those bold  
And pitiless women had slain all their males.  
There he with tokens and fair witching words  
Hypsipyle<sup>1</sup> beguiled, a virgin young,  
Who first had all the rest herself beguiled.  
Impregnated, he left her there forlorn.

<sup>1</sup> *Hypsipyle*.] [See Statius, *Thebaid*, l. iv. and v.] Hypsipyle deceived the other women, by concealing her father Thoas, when they had agreed to put all their males to death.

Such is the guilt condemns him to this pain.  
Here too Medea's injuries are avenged.  
All bear him company, who like deceit  
To his have practised. And thus much to know  
Of the first vale suffice thee, and of those  
Whom its keen torments urge." Now had we  
come

Where, crossing the next pier, the straiten'd path  
Bestrides its shoulders to another arch.

Hence, in the second chasm we heard the ghosts,  
Who gibber in low melancholy sounds,  
With wide-stretch'd nostrils snort, and on themselves  
Smite with their palms. Upon the banks a scurf,  
From the foul steam condensed, encrusting hung,  
That held sharp combat with the sight and smell.

So hollow is the depth, that from no part,  
Save on the summit of the rocky span,  
Could I distinguish aught. Thus far we came;  
And thence I saw, within the foss below,  
A crowd immersed in ordure, that appear'd  
Druff of the human body. There beneath,  
Searching with eye inquisitive, I mark'd  
One with his head so grimed, 't were hard to deem  
If he were clerk or layman. Loud he cried:  
"Why greedily thus bendest more on me,  
Than on these other filthy ones, thy ken?"

"Because, if true my memory," I replied,  
"I heretofore have seen thee with dry locks;  
And thou Alessio<sup>1</sup> art, of Lucca sprung.  
Therefore than all the rest I scan thee more."

Then beating on his brain, these words he spake:  
"Me thus low down my flatteries have sunk,  
Wherewith I ne'er enough could glut my tongue."

<sup>1</sup> *Alessio*.] Alessio, of an ancient and considerable family in Lucca, called the Interminei.



My leader thus : " A little further stretch  
 Thy face, that thou the visage well mayst note  
 Of that besotted, sluttish courtezan,  
 Who there doth rend her with defiled nails,  
 Now crouching down, now risen on her feet.  
 Thaïs<sup>1</sup> is this, the harlot, whose false lip  
 Answer'd her doting paramour that ask'd,  
 'Thankest me much !' — 'Say rather, wondrously,'  
 And, seeing this, here satiate be our view."

## CANTO XIX

## ARGUMENT

They come to the third gulf, wherein are punished those who have been guilty of simony. These are fixed with the head downwards in certain apertures, so that no more of them than the legs appears without, and on the soles of their feet are seen burning flames. Dante is taken down by his guide into the bottom of the gulf; and there finds Pope Nicholas the Fifth, whose evil deeds, together with those of other pontiffs, are bitterly reprehended. Virgil then carries him up again to the arch, which affords them a passage over the following gulf.

Woe to thee, Simon Magus ! woe to you,  
 His wretched followers ! who the things of God,  
 Which should be wedded unto goodness, them,  
 Rapacious as ye are, do prostitute  
 For gold and silver in adultery.  
 Now must the trumpet sound for you, since yours  
 Is the third chasm. Upon the following vault

<sup>1</sup> *Thaïs*.] He alludes to that passage in the *Eunuchus* of Terence, where Thraso asks if Thaïs was obliged to him for the present he had sent her; and Gnatho replies, that she had expressed her obligation in the most forcible terms.

*T. Magnas vero agere gratias Thaïs mihi?*

*G. Ingentes.*

*Eun. a. iii. s. i.*

[Dante got his knowledge of this passage, not from Terence direct, but from the *De Amicitia* (§ 98) of Cicero, in which it is quoted.],

We now had mounted, where the rock impends  
Directly o'er the centre of the foss.

Wisdom Supreme ! how wonderful the art,  
Which thou dost manifest in heaven, in earth,  
And in the evil world, how just a meed  
Allotting by thy virtue unto all !

I saw the livid stone, throughout the sides  
And in its bottom full of apertures,  
All equal in their width, and circular each.  
Nor ample less nor larger they appear'd  
Than, in Saint John's fair dome<sup>1</sup> of me beloved,  
Those framed to hold the pure baptismal streams,  
One of the which I brake, some few years past,  
To save a whelming infant : and be this  
A seal to undeceive whoever doubts  
The motive of my deed. From out the mouth  
Of every one emerged a sinner's feet,  
And of the legs high upward as the calf.  
The rest beneath was hid. On either foot  
The soles were burning ; whence the flexile joints  
Glanced with such violent motion, as had snapt  
Asunder cords or twisted withs. As flame,  
Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along  
The surface, scarcely touching where it moves ;  
So here, from heel to point, glided the flames.

"Master ! say who is he, than all the rest  
Glancing in fiercer agony, on whom  
A ruddier flame doth prey ?" I thus inquired.

"If thou be willing," he replied, "that I  
Carry thee down, where least the slope bank falls,  
He of himself shall tell thee, and his wrongs."

<sup>1</sup> *Saint John's fair dome.*] The apertures in the rock were of the same dimensions as the fonts of St. John the Baptist at Florence, one of which, Dante says, he had broken, to rescue a child that was playing near and fell in. He intimates, that the motive of his breaking the font had been maliciously represented by his enemies.

I then : "As pleases thee, to me is best.  
Thou art my lord ; and know'st that ne'er I quit  
Thy will : what silence hides, that knowest thou."

Thereat on the fourth pier we came, we turn'd  
And on our left descended to the depth,  
A narrow strait, and perforated close.  
Nor from his side my leader set me down,  
Till to his orifice he brought, whose limb  
Quivering express'd his pang. "Whoe'er thou art,  
Sad spirit ! thus reversed, and as a stake  
Driven in the soil," I in these words began ;  
"If thou be able, utter forth thy voice."

There stood I like the friar, that doth shrive  
A wretch for murder doom'd, who, e'en when  
fix'd,<sup>1</sup>

Calleth him back, whence death awhile delays.

He shouted : "Ha ! already standest there ?  
Already standest there, O Boniface !<sup>2</sup>  
By many a year the writing play'd me false.  
So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,  
For which thou fearedst not in guile<sup>3</sup> to take  
The lovely lady, and then mangle her ?"

I felt as those who, piercing not the drift  
Of answer made them, stand as if exposed  
In mockery, nor know what to reply ;

<sup>1</sup> *When fix'd.*] The commentators on Boccaccio's Decameron, p. 72, ediz. Giunti, 1573, cite the words of the statute by which murderers were sentenced thus to suffer at Florence. "Assassinus trahatur ad caudam muli seu asini usque ad locum justitiæ ; et ibidem plantetur capite deorsum, ita quod moriatur." "Let the assassin be dragged at the tail of a mule or ass to the place of justice ; and there let him be set in the ground with his face downward, so that he die."

<sup>2</sup> *O Boniface !*] The spirit mistakes Dante for Boniface VIII., who was then alive ; and who he did not expect would have arrived so soon, in consequence, as it should seem, of a prophecy, which predicted the death of that pope at a later period. Boniface died in 1303.

<sup>3</sup> *In guile.*] "Thou didst presume to arrive by fraudulent means at the papal power, and afterwards to abuse it."

When Virgil thus admonish'd: "Tell him quick,  
'I am not he, not he whom thou believest.'"

And I, as was enjoin'd me, straight replied.

That heard, the spirit all did wrench his feet,  
And, sighing, next in woeful accent spake:

"What then of me requirest? If to know  
So much imports thee, who I am, that thou  
Hast therefore down the bank descended, learn  
That in the mighty mantle I was robed,<sup>1</sup>

And of a she-bear was indeed the son,  
So eager to advance my whelps, that there  
My having in my purse above I stow'd,  
And here myself. Under my head are dragg'd

The rest, my predecessors in the guilt  
Of simony. Stretch'd at their length, they lie  
Along an opening in the rock. 'Midst them

I also low shall fall, soon as he comes,  
For whom I took thee, when so hastily  
I question'd. But already longer time  
Hath past, since my soles kindled, and I thus  
Upturn'd have stood, than is his doom to stand  
Planted with fiery feet. For after him,

One yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive,  
From forth the west, a shepherd without law,<sup>2</sup>  
Fated to cover both his form and mine.

He a new Jason<sup>3</sup> shall be call'd, of whom

<sup>1</sup> *In the mighty mantle I was robed.*] Nicholas III. of the Orsini family, whom the Poet therefore calls "figliuol dell' orsa," "son of the she-bear." He died in 1280.

<sup>2</sup> *From forth the west, a shepherd without law.*] Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who succeeded to the pontificate in 1305, and assumed the title of Clement V. He transferred the holy see to Avignon in 1308 (where it remained till 1376), and died in 1314.

<sup>3</sup> *A new Jason.*] "But after the death of Seleucus, when Antiochus, called Epiphanes, took the kingdom, Jason, the brother of Onias, laboured underhand to be high-priest, promising unto the king, by intercession, three hundred and threescore talents of silver, and of another revenue eighty talents." *Maccab. b. ii. ch. iv. 7, 8.*

In Maccabees we read ; and favour such  
As to that priest his king indulgent show'd,  
Shall be of France's monarch<sup>1</sup> shown to him."

I know not if I here too far presumed,  
But in this strain I answer'd: "Tell me now  
What treasures from Saint Peter at the first  
Our Lord demanded, when he put the keys  
Into his charge? Surely he ask'd no more  
But 'Follow me!' Nor Peter,<sup>2</sup> nor the rest,  
Or gold or silver of Matthias took,  
When lots were cast upon the forfeit place  
Of the condemned soul.<sup>3</sup> Abide thou then ;  
Thy punishment of right is merited :  
And look thou well to that ill-gotten coin,  
Which against Charles<sup>4</sup> thy hardihood inspired.  
If reverence of the keys restrain'd me not,  
Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet  
Severer speech might use. Your avarice  
O'ercasts the world with mourning, under foot<sup>5</sup>  
Treading the good, and raising bad men up.  
Of shepherds like to you, the Evangelist<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Of France's monarch.*] Philip IV. of France. See G. Villani, lib. viii. c. lxxx.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor Peter.*] Acts of the Apostles, ch. i. 26.

<sup>3</sup> *The condemned soul.*] Judas.

<sup>4</sup> *Against Charles.*] Nicholas III. was enraged against Charles I. King of Sicily, because he rejected with scorn a proposition made by that pope for an alliance between their families. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. liv.

<sup>5</sup> *Under foot.*] — So shall the world go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign.

Milton, P. L. b. xii. 538.

<sup>6</sup> *The Evangelist.*] Rev. c. xvii. 1, 2, 3.—Petrarch, in one of his Epistles, had his eye on these lines: "*Gaude (inquam) et ad aliquid utilis inveniri gloriare bonorum hostis et malorum hospes, atque asylum pessima rerum Babylon feris, Rhodani ripis imposita, famosa dicam an infamis meretrix, fornicata cum regibus terræ. Illa equidem ipsa es quam in spiritu sacer vidit Evangelista. Illa eadem, inquam, es, non alia, sedens super aquas multas, sive ad littora tribus cincta fluminibus sive rerum atque divitiarum turba mortalium quibus lasciviens ac secura insides opum immemor æternarum sive ut idem qui vidit, exposuit.*"

Was 'ware, when her, who sits upon the waves,  
 With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld;  
 She who with seven heads tower'd at her birth,  
 And from ~~ten~~ horns her proof of glory drew,  
 Long as her spouse in virtue took delight.  
 Of gold and silver ye have made your god,  
 Differing wherein from the idolater,  
 But that he worships one, a hundred ye?  
 Ah, Constantine! <sup>1</sup> to how much ill gave birth,  
 Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,  
 Which the first wealthy Father gain'd from  
 thee."

Populi et gentes et linguæ aquæ sunt, super quas meretrix sedes, recognosce habitum," etc. *Petrarchæ Opera, ed fol. Basil. 1554. Epist. sine titulo Liber, ep. xvi. p. 729.*

<sup>1</sup> Ah, Constantine! He alludes to the pretended gift of the Lateran by Constantine to Sylvester, of which Dante himself seems to imply a doubt, in his treatise "De Monarchiâ."—"Ergo scindere Imperium, Imperatori non licet. Si ergo aliquæ dignitates per Constantinum essent alienatæ (ut dicunt) ab Imperio," etc. lib. iii. "Therefore to make a rent in the empire exceeds the lawful power of the emperor himself. If, then, some dignities were by Constantine alienated (as they report) from the empire, etc." In another part of the same treatise he speaks of the alienation with less doubt indeed, but not with less disapprobation: "O felicem populum! O Ausoniam te gloriosam! si vel numquam infirmator imperii tui extitisset; vel numquam sua pia intentio ipsum fefellisset."—"O happy people! O glorious Italy! if either he who thus weakened thine empire had never been born, or had never suffered his own pious intentions to mislead him." Lib. ii. *ad finem*. The gift is by Ariosto very humorously placed in the moon, among the things lost or abused on earth:

Di varj fiori ad un gran monte passa,  
 Ch' ebber già buono odore, or puzzan forte,  
 Questo era il dono (se però dir lece)  
 Che Costantino al buon Silvestro fece.

*Orl. Fur. c. xxxiv. st. 80.*

Milton has translated both this passage and that in the text. *Prose Works, vol. i. p. 11. ed. 1753.*

Ah, Constantine! of how much ill was cause  
 Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
 That the first wealthy pope received of thee.

Then pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;  
 This was that gift, if you the truth will have,  
 That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

Meanwhile, as thus I sung, he, whether wrath  
 Or conscience smote him, violent upsprang  
 Spinning on either sole. I do believe  
 My teacher well was pleased, with so composed  
 A lip he listen'd ever to the sound  
 Of the true words I utter'd. In both arms  
 He caught, and, to his bosom lifting me,  
 Upward retraced the way of his descent.

Nor weary of his weight, he press'd me close,  
 Till to the summit of the rock we came,  
 Our passage from the fourth to the fifth pier.  
 His cherish'd burden there gently he placed  
 Upon the rugged rock and steep, a path  
 Not easy for the clambering goat to mount.

Thence to my view another vale appear'd.

## CANTO XX

### ARGUMENT

The Poet relates the punishment of such as presumed, while living, to predict future events. It is to have their faces reversed and set the contrary way on their limbs, so that, being deprived of the power to see before them, they are constrained ever to walk backwards. Among these Virgil points out to him *Amphiaraus*, *Tiresias*, *Aruns*, and *Manto* (from the mention of whom he takes occasion to speak of the origin of Mantua), together with several others, who had practised the arts of divination and astrology.

AND now the verse proceeds to torments new,  
 Fit argument of this the twentieth strain  
 Of the first song, whose awful theme records  
 The spirits whelm'd in woe. Earnest I look'd  
 Into the depth, that open'd to my view,  
 Moisten'd with tears of anguish, and beheld  
 A tribe, that came along the hollow vale,

In silence weeping : such their step as walk  
Quires, chanting solemn litanies, on earth.

As on them more direct mine eye descends,  
Each wonderously seem'd to be reversed.<sup>1</sup>  
At the neck-bone, so that the countenance  
Was from the reins averted ; and because  
None might before him look, they were compell'd  
To advance with backward gait. Thus one  
perhaps

Hath been by force of palsy clean transposed,  
But I ne'er saw it nor believe it so.

Now, reader ! think within thyself, so God  
Fruit of thy reading give thee ! how I long  
Could keep my visage dry,<sup>2</sup> when I beheld  
Near me our form distorted in such guise,  
That on the hinder parts fallen from the face  
The tears down-streaming roll'd. Against a rock  
I leant and wept, so that my guide exclaim'd :  
“ What, and art thou, too, witless as the rest ?  
Here pity most doth show herself alive,  
When she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,  
Who with Heaven's judgment in his passion strives ?  
Raise up thy head, raise up, and see the man  
Before whose eyes<sup>3</sup> earth gaped in Thebes, when all

<sup>1</sup> *Reversed.*]

But very uncouth sight was to behold  
How he did fashion his untoward pace ;  
For as he forward moved his footing old,  
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face ;  
Unlike to men, who, ever as they trace,  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.

*Spenser, Faery Queen*, b. i. c. viii. st. 31.

<sup>2</sup> — *How I long*

*Could keep my visage dry.*]

Sight so deform what heart of man could long  
Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not, but wept.

*Milton, P. L.* b. xi. 495.

<sup>3</sup> *Before whose eyes.*] Amphiaraus, one of the seven kings who  
besieged Thebes. He is said to have been swallowed up by an



Cried out 'Amphiaraüs, whither rushest?  
 'Why leavest thou the war?' He not the less  
 Fell ruining<sup>1</sup> far as to Minos down,  
 Whose grapple none eludes. Lo! how he makes  
 The breast his shoulders; and who once too far  
 Before him wish'd to see, now backward looks,  
 And treads reverse his path. Tiresias<sup>2</sup> note,  
 Who semblance changed, when woman he became  
 Of male, through every limb transform'd; and then  
 Once more behoved him with his rod to strike  
 The two entwining serpents, ere the plumes,  
 That mark'd the better sex, might shoot again.  
 "Aruns,<sup>3</sup> with ere his belly facing, comes.

opening of the earth. See Lidgate's *Storie of Thebes*, part iii., where it is told how the "Bishop Amphiaraüs" fell down to hell:

And thus the devill, for his outrages,  
 Like his desert payed him his wages.

A different reason, for his being doomed thus to perish, is assigned by Pindar:

ὁ δ' Ἀμφιάραϊ, etc. *Nem.* ix.

For thee, Amphiaraüs, earth,  
 By Jove's all-riving thunder cleft,  
 Her mighty bosom open'd wide,  
 Thee and thy plunging steeds to hide,  
 Or ever on thy back the spear  
 Of Periclymenus impress'd  
 A wound to shame thy warlike breast:  
 For struck with panic fear  
 The gods' own children flee.

<sup>1</sup> *Ruining.*] "Ruinare." Hence, perhaps, Milton, *P. L.* b. vi. 868:  
 Heaven ruining from heaven.

<sup>2</sup> *Tiresias.*] —Duo magnorum viridi coëuntia sylvâ  
 Corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu,  
 Deque viro factus (mirabile) fœmina, septem  
 Egerat autumnos. Octavo rursus eosdem  
 Vidit. Et, est vestræ si tanta potentia plagæ,  
 Nunc quoque vos feriam. Percussis anguibus isdem  
 Forma prior rediit, genitivaque venit imago.  
*Ovid, Met.* lib. iii.

<sup>3</sup> *Aruns.*] Aruns is said to have dwelt in the mountains of Luni, (from whence that territory is still called Lunigiana) above Carrara, celebrated for its marble. Lucan, *Phars.* lib. i. 575. So Boccaccio, in the *Fiammetta*, lib. iii.: "Quale Arunte," etc. "Like Aruns,

On Luni's mountains 'midst the marbles white,  
Where delves Carrara's hind, who wons beneath,  
A cavern was his dwelling, whence the stars  
And main-sea wide in boundless view he held.

"The next, whose loosen'd tresses overspread  
Her bosom, which thou seest not (for each hair  
On that side grows) was Manto,<sup>1</sup> she who  
search'd

Through many regions, and at length her seat  
Fix'd in my native land: whence a short space  
My words detain thy audience. When her sire  
From life departed, and in servitude  
The city dedicate to Bacchus mourn'd,  
Long time she went a wanderer through the  
world.

Aloft in Italy's delightful land  
A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp  
That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,  
Its name Benacus, from whose ample breast  
A thousand springs, methinks, and more, between  
Camonica<sup>2</sup> and Garda, issuing forth,

who amidst the white marbles of Luni contemplated the celestial  
bodies and their motions." Compare Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo,  
l. iii. cap. vi.

<sup>1</sup> *Manto*.] The daughter of Tiresias of Thebes, a city dedicated  
to Bacchus. From Manto, Mantua, the country of Virgil, derives  
its name. The Poet proceeds to describe the situation of that place.  
But see the note to Purgatory, Canto xxii. v. 112.

<sup>2</sup> *Camonica*.] Lombardi, instead of

Fra Garda, e val Camonica e Apennino,

reads Fra Garda e val Camonica Pennino,

from the Nidobeatina edition (to which he might have added that  
of Vellutello in 1544) and two MSS., all of which omit the second  
conjunction, the only part of the alteration that affects the sense. I  
have re-translated the passage, which in the former editions stood  
thus:

—which a thousand rills  
Methinks, and more, water between the vale  
Camonica and Garda, and the height  
Of Apennine remote.

Water the Apennine. There is a spot<sup>1</sup>  
 At midway of that lake, where he who bears  
 Of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him  
 Of Brescia, and the Veronese, might each  
 Passing that way his benediction give:  
 A garrison of goodly site and strong<sup>2</sup>  
 Peschiera<sup>3</sup> stands, to awe with front opposed  
 The Bergamese and Brescian, whence the shore  
 More slope each way descends. There, what-  
 soe'er

Benacus' bosom holds not, tumbling o'er  
 Down falls, and winds a river flood beneath  
 Through the green pastures. Soon as in his course  
 The stream makes head, Benacus then no more  
 They call the name, but Mincius, till at last  
 Reaching Governo, into Po he falls.  
 Not far his course hath run, when a wide flat  
 It finds, which overstretching as a marsh  
 It covers, pestilent in summer oft.  
 Hence journeying, the savage maiden saw  
 Midst of the fen a territory waste  
 And naked of inhabitants. To shun  
 All human converse, here she with her slaves,  
 Plying her arts, remain'd, and lived, and left  
 Her body tenantless. Thenceforth the tribes,  
 Who round were scatter'd, gathering to that place,  
 Assembled; for its strength was great, enclosed  
 On all parts by the fen. On those dead bones

<sup>1</sup> *There is a spot.*] According to some Prato di Fame, where the dioceses of Trento, Verona, and Brescia meet.

<sup>2</sup> *A garrison of goodly site and strong.*]

Gaza, bello e forte arnese  
 Da fronteggiar i regni di Soria.

*Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. i. st. 67.*

<sup>3</sup> *Peschiera.*] A garrison situated to the south of the lake, where it empties itself and forms the Mincius.

They rear'd themselves a city, for her sake  
 Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,  
 Nor ask'd another omen for the name ;  
 Wherein more numerous the people dwelt,  
 Ere Casalodi's madness<sup>1</sup> by deceit  
 Was wrong'd of Pinamonte. If thou hear  
 Henceforth another origin<sup>2</sup> assign'd  
 Of that my country, I forewarn thee now,  
 That falsehood none beguile thee of the truth."

I answer'd, "Teacher, I conclude thy words  
 So certain, that all else shall be to me  
 As embers lacking life. But now of these,  
 Who here proceed, instruct me, if thou see  
 Any that merit more especial note.  
 For thereon is my mind alone intent."

He straight replied : "That spirit, from whose  
 cheek  
 The beard sweeps o'er his shoulders brown, what  
 time

Græcia was emptied of her males, that scarce  
 The cradles were supplied, the seer was he  
 In Aulis, who with Calchas gave the sign  
 When first to cut the cable. Him they named  
 Eurypilus : so sings my tragic strain,<sup>3</sup>  
 In which majestic measure well thou know'st

<sup>1</sup> *Casalodi's madness.*] Alberto da Casalodi, who had got possession of Mantua, was persuaded, by Pinamonte Buonacorsi, that he might ingratiate himself with the people, by banishing to their own castles the nobles, who were obnoxious to them. No sooner was this done, than Pinamonte put himself at the head of the populace, drove out Casalodi and his adherents, and obtained the sovereignty for himself.

<sup>2</sup> *Another origin.*] Lombardi refers to Servius on the Tenth Book of the *Æneid*. Alii a Tarchone Tyrrheni fratre conditam dicunt Mantuam autem ideo nominatam quia Etrusca lingua Mantum ditem patrem appellant.

<sup>3</sup> *So sings my tragic strain.*]

Suspensi Eurypilum scitatum oracula Phœbi

Mittimus. —

*Virg. Æneid. ii. 14.*

Who know'st it all. That other, round the loins  
 So slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,<sup>1</sup>  
 Practised in every slight of magic wile.

<sup>1</sup> *Michael Scot.*] "Egli non ha ancora guari, che in questa città fu un gran maestro in negromanzia, il quale ebbe nome Michele Scotto, perciò che di Scozia era." *Boccaccio, Dec. Giorn.* viii. nov. 9. "It is not long since there was in this city (Florence) a great master in necromancy, who was called Michele Scotto, because he was from Scotland." See also Giov. Villani, *Hist. lib. x. cap. cv. and cxli. and lib. xii. cap. xviii. and Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, l. ii. cap. xxvii.* I make no apology for adding the following curious particulars extracted from the notes to Mr. Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a poem in which a happy use is made of the superstitions relating to the subject of this note. "Sir Michael Scott, of Balwearie, flourished during the thirteenth century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496, and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the fiends who were thereby invoked. Dempster's *Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Leslie characterises Michael Scott as 'Singulari philosophiæ astronomiæ ac medicinæ laude præstans, dicebatur penitissimos magiæ recessus indagasse.' A personage thus spoken of by biographers and historians loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of Auld Michael, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial: some contend for Holme Coltrame in Cumberland, others for Melrose Abbey; but all agree that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died." *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Walter Scott, Esq. Lond. 4to. 1805, p. 234, notes. Mr. Warton, speaking of the new translations of Aristotle, from the original Greek into Latin, about the twelfth century, observes: "I believe the translators understood very little Greek. Our countryman, Michael Scotus, was one of the first of them; who was assisted by Andrew, a Jew. Michael was astrologer to Frederic II. Emperor of Germany, and appears to have executed his translations at Toledo in Spain, about the year 1220. These new versions were perhaps little more than corrections from those of the early Arabians, made under the inspection of the learned Spanish Saracens." *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. dissert. ii. and sect. ix. p. 292. Among the Canonici MSS. in the Bodleian, I have seen (No. 520) the astrological works of Michael Scot, on vellum, with an illuminated portrait of him at the beginning.

"Guido Bonatti<sup>1</sup> see : Asdente<sup>2</sup> mark  
Who now were willing he had tended still  
The thread and cordwain, and too late repents.

"See next the wretches, who the needle left,  
The shuttle and the spindle, and became  
Diviners : baneful witcheries they wrought  
With images and herbs. But onward now :  
For now doth Cain with fork of thorns<sup>3</sup> confine  
On either hemisphere, touching the wave  
Beneath the towers of Seville. Yesternight  
The moon was round. Thou mayst remember  
well :

For she good service did thee in the gloom  
Of the deep wood." This said, both onward  
moved.

<sup>1</sup> *Guido Bonatti.*] An astrologer of Forli, on whose skill Guido da Montefeltro, lord of that place, so much relied, that he is reported never to have gone into battle, except in the hour recommended to him as fortunate by Bonatti. Landino and Vellutello speak of a book which he composed on the subject of his art. Macchiavelli mentions him in the History of Florence, l. i. p. 24, ed. 1550. "He flourished about 1230 and 1260. Though a learned astronomer he was seduced by astrology, through which he was greatly in favour with many princes of that time. His many works are miserably spoiled by it." *Bettinelli Risorgimento d'Italia*, t. i. p. 118, 8vo. 1786. He is referred to in Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, b. 4. c. 12.

<sup>2</sup> *Asdente.*] A shoemaker at Parma, who deserted his business to practise the arts of divination. How much this man had attracted the public notice appears from a passage in our author's *Convito* (iv. 16), where it is said, in speaking of the derivation of the word "noble," that "if those who were best known were accounted the most noble, Asdente, the shoemaker of Parma, would be more noble than any one in that city."

<sup>3</sup> *Cain with fork of thorns.*] By Cain and the thorns, or what is still vulgarly called the Man in the Moon, the Poet denotes that luminary. The same superstition is alluded to in the *Paradise*, Canto ii. 52. The curious reader may consult Brand on *Popular Antiquities*, 4to. 1813, vol. ii. p. 476, and Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1807, v. i. p. 16.

## CANTO XXI

## ARGUMENT

Still in the eighth circle, which bears the name of Malebolge, they look down from the bridge that passes over its fifth gulf, upon the barterers or public peculators. These are plunged in a lake of boiling pitch, and guarded by Demons, to whom Virgil, leaving Dante apart, presents himself; and license being obtained to pass onward, both pursue their way.

THUS we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,  
The which my drama cares not to rehearse,  
Pass'd on; and to the summit reaching, stood  
To view another gap, within the round  
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.

Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.

In the Venetians' arsenal<sup>1</sup> as boils  
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear,  
Their unsound vessels; for the inclement time  
Sea-faring men restrains, and in that while  
His bark one builds anew, another stops  
The ribs of his that hath made many a voyage,  
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop,  
This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls,  
The mizen one repairs, and main-sail rent;  
So, not by force of fire but art divine,  
Boil'd<sup>2</sup> here a glutinous thick mass, that round

<sup>1</sup> *In the Venetians' arsenal.*]

Come dentr' ai Navai della gran terra,  
Tra le lacune del mar d'Adria posta,  
Serban la pece la togata gente,  
Ad uso di lor navi e di lor triremi;  
Per solcar poi sicuri il mare ondosso, etc.

*Ruccellai, Le Api, v. 165.*

Dryden seems to have had the passage in the text before him in his *Annus Mirabilis*, st. 146, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *Boil'd.*] *Vidi flumen magno de Inferno procedere ardens, atque piceum. Alberici Visio, § 17.*

Limed all the shore beneath. I that beheld,  
 But therein nought distinguish'd, save the bubbles  
 Raised by the boiling, and one mighty swell  
 Heave,<sup>1</sup> and by turns subsiding fall. While there  
 I fix'd my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my  
 guide

Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place  
 Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself, as one  
 Impatient to behold that which beheld  
 He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,  
 That he his flight delays not for the view.  
 Behind me I discern'd a devil black,  
 That running up advanced along the rock.  
 Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.  
 In act how bitter did he seem, with wings  
 Buoyant outstretch'd and feet of nimblest tread.  
 His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,  
 Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch  
 He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.

"Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen-talon'd  
 fiends!

Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders.<sup>2</sup> Him  
 Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.  
 That land hath store of such. All men are there, *non ne*  
 Except Bonturo, barterers:<sup>3</sup> of 'no'  
 For lucre there an 'ay' is quickly made."

Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he  
 turn'd;

<sup>1</sup> — *One mighty swell*

*Heave.*] Vidi etiam os putei magnum flammam emittentem, et nunc sursum nunc deorsum descendentem. *Alberici Visio*, § 11.

<sup>2</sup> *One of Santa Zita's elders.*] The elders or chief magistrates of Lucca, where Santa Zita was held in especial veneration. The name of this sinner is supposed to have been Martino Bottaio.

<sup>3</sup> *Except Bonturo, barterers.*] This is said ironically of Bonturo de' Dati. By *barterers* are meant speculators, of every description; all who traffic the interests of the public for their own private advantage.



Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed  
 Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,  
 And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.  
 But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,  
 Cried, "Here the hallow'd visage<sup>1</sup> saves not : here  
 Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,  
 Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch." This  
 said,

They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,  
 And shouted : "Cover'd thou must sport thee here ;  
 So, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch."  
 E'en thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,  
 To thrust the flesh<sup>3</sup> into the caldron down  
 With flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top.

Me then my guide bespake : "Lest they descry  
 That thou art here, behind a craggy rock  
 Bend low and skreen thee : and whate'er of force  
 Be offer'd me, or insult, fear thou not ;  
 For I am well advised, who have been erst  
 In the like fray." Beyond the bridge's head  
 Therewith he pass'd ; and reaching the sixth pier,  
 Behoved him then a forehead terror-proof.

With storm and fury, as when dogs rush forth  
 Upon the poor man's back, who suddenly  
 From whence he standeth makes his suit ; so rush'd  
 Those from beneath the arch, and against him

<sup>1</sup> *The hallow'd visage.*] A representation of the head of our Saviour worshipped at Lucca.

<sup>2</sup> *Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave.*]

Qui si nuota altrimenti che nel Serchio.

Serchio is the river that flows by Lucca. So Pulci, *Morg. Magg. c. xxiv* :

Qui si nuota nel sangue, e non nel Serchio.

<sup>3</sup> *The flesh.*] In eundem flumen corruunt : rursumque assurgentes, ac denuo recidentes, tamdiu ibidem cruciantur, donec in morem carnum excocci, etc. *Alberici Visio*, § 17.

Their weapons all they pointed. He, aloud :  
" Be none of you outrageous : ere your time  
Dare seize me, come forth from amongst you one,  
Who having heard my words, decide he then  
If he shall tear these limbs." They shouted loud,  
" Go, Malacoda ! " Whereat one advanced,  
The others standing firm, and as he came,  
" What may this turn avail him ? " he exclaim'd.

" Believest thou, Malacoda ! I had come  
Thus far from all your skirmishing secure,"  
My teacher answer'd, " without will divine  
And destiny propitious ? Pass we then ;  
For so Heaven's pleasure is, that I should lead  
Another through this savage wilderness."

Forthwith so fell his pride, that he let drop  
The instrument of torture at his feet,  
And to the rest exclaim'd : " We have no power  
To strike him." Then to me my guide : " O thou !  
Who on the bridge among the crags dost sit  
Low crouching, safely now to me return."

I rose, and towards him moved with speed ; the  
fiends  
Meantime all forward drew : me terror seized,  
Lest they should break the compact they had made.  
Thus issuing from Caprona,<sup>1</sup> once I saw  
The infantry, dreading lest his covenant  
The foe should break ; so close he hemm'd them  
round.

I to my leader's side adhered, mine eyes  
With fixt and motionless observance bent  
On their unkindly visage. They their hooks  
Protruding, one the other thus bespake :

<sup>1</sup> *From Caprona.*] The surrender of the castle of Caprona to the combined forces of Florence and Lucca, on condition that the garrison should march out in safety, to which event Dante was a witness, took place in 1289. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. cxxxvi.

"Wilt thou I touch him on the hip?" To whom  
Was answer'd: "Even so; nor miss thy aim."

But he, who was in conference with my guide,  
Turn'd rapid round; and thus the demon spake:  
"Stay, stay thee, Scarmiglione!" Then to us  
He added: "Further footing to your step  
This rock affords not, shiver'd to the base  
Of the sixth arch. But would ye still proceed,  
Up by this cavern go: not distant far,  
Another rock will yield you passage safe.  
Yesterday,<sup>1</sup> later by five hours than now,  
Twelve hundred threescore years and six had fill'd  
The circuit of their course, since here the way  
Was broken. Thitherward I straight dispatch  
Certain of these my scouts, who shall espy  
If any on the surface bask. With them  
Go ye: for ye shall find them nothing fell.  
Come, Alichino, forth," with that he cried,  
"And Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo<sup>2</sup> thou!

<sup>1</sup> *Yesterday.*] This passage fixes the era of Dante's descent at Good Friday, in the year 1300 (34 years from our Blessed Lord's incarnation being added to 1266), and at the thirty-fifth year of our Poet's age. See Canto i. v. 1. The awful event alluded to, the Evangelists inform us, happened "at the ninth hour," that is, our sixth, when "the rocks were rent," and the convulsion, according to Dante, was felt even in the depths of Hell. See Canto xii. v. 38.

<sup>2</sup> *Cagnazzo.*] Pulci introduces some of these demons in a very pleasant adventure, related near the beginning of the second Canto of his Morgante Maggiore:

Non senti tu, Orlando, in quella tomba  
Quelle parole, che colui rimbomba?

Io voglio andar a scoprir quello avello,  
Là dove e' par che quella voce s'oda,  
Ed escane Cagnazzo, e Farfarello,  
O Libicocco, col suo Malacoda;  
E finalmente s'accostava a quello,  
Però che Orlando questa impresa loda,  
E disse; scuopri, se vi fussi dentro  
Quanti ne piovon mai dal ciel nel centro. Stanze 30, 1.

"Perceivest the words, Orlando, which this fellow  
Doth in our ears out of that tomb rebellow?

The troop of ten let Barbariccia lead.  
 With Libicocco, Draghinazzo haste,  
 Fang'd Ciriatto, Graffiacane fierce,  
 And Farfarello, and mad Rubicant.  
 Search ye around the bubbling tar. For these,  
 In safety lead them, where the other crag  
 Uninterrupted traverses the dens."

I then: "O master! <sup>1</sup> what a sight is there!  
 Ah! without escort, journey we alone,  
 Which, if thou know the way, I covet not.  
 Unless thy prudence fail thee, dost not mark  
 How they do gnarl upon us, and their scowl  
 Threatens us present tortures?" He replied:  
 "I charge thee, fear not: let them, as they will,  
 Gnarl on: 'tis but in token of their spite  
 Against the souls who mourn in torment steep'd."  
 To leftward o'er the pier they turn'd; but each  
 Had first between his teeth prest close the tongue,  
 Toward their leader for a signal looking,  
 Which he with sound obscene <sup>2</sup> triumphant gave.

"I'll go, and straight the sepulchre uncase,  
 From whence, as seems to me, that voice was heard;  
 Be Farfarel and Cagnazzo to my face,  
 Or Libicoc with Malacoda, stirr'd:"  
 And finally he drew near to the place;  
 The emprise Orlando praising with this word:  
 "Uncase it, though within as many dwell,  
 As ever were from heaven rain'd down to hell."

<sup>1</sup> *O master!*] Lombardi tells us that every edition, except his favourite Nidobeatina has "O me" printed separately, instead of "Omè." This is not the case at least with Landino's of 1484. But there is no end of these inaccuracies.

<sup>2</sup> *With sound obscene.*] Compare the original with Aristophanes, Nubes. 165:

— σάλπιγξ ὁ πρωκτὸς ἰστίν.

## CANTO XXII

## ARGUMENT

Virgil and Dante proceed, accompanied by the Demons, and see other sinners of the same description in the same gulf. The device of Ciampolo, one of these, to escape from the Demons, who had laid hold on him.

It hath been heretofore my chance to see  
 Horsemen with martial order shifting camp,  
 To onset sallying, or in muster ranged,  
 Or in retreat sometimes outstretch'd for flight :  
 Light-armed squadrons and fleet foragers  
 Scouring thy plains, Arezzo ! have I seen,  
 And clashing tournaments, and tilting jousts,  
 Now with the sound of trumpets, now of bells,  
 Tabors,<sup>1</sup> or signals made from castled heights,  
 And with inventions multiform, our own,  
 Or introduced from foreign land ; but ne'er  
 To such a strange recorder I beheld,  
 In evolution moving, horse nor foot,  
 Nor ship, that tack'd by sign from land or  
 star.

With the ten demons on our way we went ;  
 Ah, fearful company ! but in the church<sup>2</sup>  
 With saints, with gluttons at the tavern's mess.  
 Still earnest on the pitch I gazed, to mark

<sup>1</sup> *Tabors.*] "Tabour, a drum, a common accompaniment of war, is mentioned as one of the instruments of martial music in this battle (in Richard Cœur-de-Lion) with characteristical propriety. It was imported into the European armies from the Saracens in the holy war. Joinville describes a superb bark or galley belonging to a Saracen chief which, he says, was filled with cymbals, tabours, and Saracen horns. *Hist. de S. Loys*, p. 30." *Warton's Hist. of English Poetry*, v. i. § 4, p. 167.

<sup>2</sup> *In the church.*] This proverb is repeated by Pulci, Morg. Magg. c. xvii.

All things whate'er the chasm contain'd,<sup>1</sup> and those  
 Who burn'd within. As dolphins<sup>2</sup> that, in sign  
 To mariners, heave high their arched backs,  
 That thence forewarn'd they may advise to save  
 Their threaten'd vessel; so, at intervals,  
 To ease the pain, his back some sinner show'd,  
 Then hid more nimbly than the lightning-glance.

E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat  
 Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,  
 Their feet and of the trunk all else conceal'd,  
 Thus on each part the sinners stood; but soon  
 As Barbariccia was at hand, so they  
 Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet  
 My heart doth stagger, one, that waited thus,  
 As it befalls that oft one frog remains,  
 While the next springs away: and Graffiacan,<sup>3</sup>  
 Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized  
 His clotted locks, and dragg'd him sprawling up,  
 That he appear'd to me an otter. Each  
 Already by their names I knew, so well  
 When they were chosen I observed, and mark'd  
 How one the other call'd. "O Rubicant!  
 See that his hide thou with thy talons flay,"  
 Shouted together all the cursed crew.

Then I: "Inform thee, master! if thou may,  
 What wretched soul is this, on whom their hands

<sup>1</sup> *Whate'er the chasm contain'd.*] Monti, in his *Proposta*, interprets "contegno" to mean, not "contents" but "state," "condition."

<sup>2</sup> *As dolphins.*] — li lieti delfini

Givan saltando sopra l'onde chiare,  
 Che soglion di fortuna esser divini.

*Frezzi, Il Quadriv. lib. i. cap. 15.*

<sup>3</sup> *Graffiacan.*] Fuseli, in a note to his third Lecture, observes, that "the Minos of Dante, in Messer Biagio da Cesena, and his Charon, have been recognised by all; but less the shivering wretch held over the barge by a hook, and evidently taken from this passage." He is speaking of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment.

His foes have laid." My leader to his side  
 Approach'd, and whence he came inquired; to  
 whom

Was answer'd thus: "Born in Navarre's domain,<sup>1</sup>  
 My mother placed me in a lord's retinue;  
 For she had borne me to a losel vile,  
 A spendthrift of his substance and himself.  
 The good king Thibault<sup>2</sup> after that I served:<sup>3</sup>  
 To peculating here my thoughts were turn'd,  
 Whereof I give account in this dire heat."

Straight Ciriatto, from whose mouth a tusk  
 Issued on either side, as from a boar,  
 Ripp'd him with one of these. 'Twixt evil claws  
 The mouse had fallen: but Barbariccia cried,

<sup>1</sup> *Born in Navarre's domain.*] The name of this peculator is said to have been Ciampolo.

<sup>2</sup> *The good king Thibault.*] "Thibault I. King of Navarre, died on the 8th of June 1253, as much to be commended for the desire he showed of aiding the war in the Holy Land, as reprehensible and faulty for his design of oppressing the rights and privileges of the church; on which account it is said that the whole kingdom was under an interdict for the space of three entire years.—Thibault undoubtedly merits praise, as for his other endowments, so especially for his cultivation of the liberal arts, his exercise and knowledge of music and poetry, in which he so much excelled, that he was accustomed to compose verses and sing them to the viol, and to exhibit his poetical compositions publicly in his palace, that they might be criticised by all." *Mariana, History of Spain*, b. xiii. c. 9. An account of Thibault, and two of his songs, with what were probably the original melodies, may be seen in Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, v. ii. c. iv. His poems, which are in the French language, were edited by M. l'Évêque de la Ravallière. Paris, 1742, 2 vols. 12mo. Dante twice quotes one of his verses in the *Treatise de Vulg. Eloq.* lib. i. c. ix. and lib. ii. c. v. and refers to him again, lib. ii. c. vi. From "the good king Thibault" are descended the good but more unfortunate monarch, Louis XVI. of France, and consequently the present legitimate sovereign of that realm. See Henault, *Abbrégé Chron.* 1252, 3, 4. [The King of Navarre here referred to by Dante was probably not Thibault I., but his son, Thibault II. (1253-1270).]

<sup>3</sup> *I served.*] Again Lombardi misrepresents the readings of other editions, as he does throughout this Canto in several instances, wherein he professes to follow that which he has selecte for his model; but, as these varieties regard certain delicacies of the original language, and do not affect the sense, I shall not trouble my readers by noticing them.

Seizing him with both arms: "Stand thou apart  
While I do fix him on my prong transpierced."  
Then added, turning to my guide his face,  
"Inquire of him, if more thou wish to learn,  
Ere he again be rent." My leader thus:  
"Then tell us of the partners in thy guilt;  
Knowest thou any sprung of Latian land  
Under the tar?"—"I parted," he replied,  
"But now from one, who sojourn'd not far thence;  
So were I under shelter now with him,  
Nor hook nor talon then should scare me more."

"Too long we suffer," Libicocco cried;  
Then, darting forth a prong, seized on his arm,  
And mangled bore away the sinewy part.  
Him Draghinazzo by his thighs beneath  
Would next have caught; whence angrily their  
chief,

Turning on all sides round, with threatening brow  
Restrain'd them. When their strife a little ceased,  
Of him, who yet was gazing on his wound,  
My teacher thus without delay inquired:  
"Who was the spirit, from whom by evil hap  
Parting, as thou hast told, thou camest to shore?"—

"It was the friar Gomita,"<sup>1</sup> he rejoin'd,  
"He of Gallura, vessel of all guile,  
Who had his master's enemies in hand,  
And used them so that they commend him well.  
Money he took, and them at large dismiss'd;  
So he reports; and in each other charge  
Committed to his keeping play'd the part

<sup>1</sup> *The friar Gomita.*] He was intrusted by Nino de' Visconti with the government of Gallura, one of the four jurisdictions into which Sardinia was divided. Having his master's enemies in his power he took a bribe from them, and allowed them to escape. Mention of Nino will recur in the notes to Canto xxxiii. and in the Purgatory, Canto viii.



Of barterer to the height. With him doth herd  
 The chief of Logodoro, Michel Zanche.<sup>1</sup>  
 Sardinia is a theme whereof their tongue  
 Is never weary. Out! alas! behold  
 That other, how he grins. More would I say,  
 But tremble lest he mean to maul me sore."

Their captain then to Farfarello turning,  
 Who roll'd his moony eyes in act to strike,  
 Rebuked him thus: "Off, cursed bird! avaunt!"

"If ye desire to see or hear," he thus  
 Quaking with dread resumed, "or Tuscan spirits  
 Or Lombard, I will cause them to appear.  
 Meantime let these ill talons bate their fury,  
 So that no vengeance they may fear from them,  
 And I, remaining in this self-same place,  
 Will, for myself but one, make seven appear,  
 When my shrill whistle shall be heard: for so  
 Our custom is to call each other up."

Cagnazzo at that word deriding grinn'd,  
 Then wagg'd the head and spake: "Hear his  
 device,

Mischievous as he is, to plunge him down."

Whereto he thus, who fail'd not in rich store  
 Of nice-wove toils: "Mischief, forsooth, extreme!  
 Meant only to procure myself more woe."

No longer Alichino then refrain'd,  
 But thus, the rest gainsaying, him bespake:  
 "If thou do cast thee down, I not on foot  
 Will chase thee, but above the pitch will beat  
 My plumes. Quit we the vantage ground, and let  
 The bank be as a shield; that we may see,  
 If singly thou prevail against us all."

Now, reader, of new sport expect to hear.

(<sup>1</sup> *Michel Zanche*.) The president of Logodoro, another of the four Sardinian jurisdictions. See Canto xxxiii. Note to v. 136.

They each one turn'd his eyes to the other shore,  
He first, who was the hardest to persuade.  
The spirit of Navarre chose well his time,  
Planted his feet on land, and at one leap  
Escaping, disappointed their resolve.

Them quick resentment stung, but him the most  
Who was the cause of failure : in pursuit  
He therefore sped, exclaiming, "Thou art caught."

But little it avail'd ; terror outstripp'd  
His following flight ; the other plunged beneath,  
And he with upward pinion raised his breast :  
E'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives  
The falcon near, dives instant down, while he  
Enraged and spent retires. That mockery  
In Calcabrina fury stirr'd, who flew  
After him, with desire of strife inflamed ;  
And, for the barterer had 'scaped, so turn'd  
His talons on his comrade. O'er the dike  
In grapple close they join'd ; but the other proved  
A goshawk able to rend well his foe ;  
And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat  
Was umpire<sup>1</sup> soon between them ; but in vain  
To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued  
Their pennons. Barbariccia, as the rest,  
That chance lamenting, four in flight dispatch'd  
From the other coast, with all their weapons arm'd.  
They, to their post on each side speedily  
Descending, stretch'd their hooks toward the fiends,  
Who flounder'd, inly burning from their scars :  
And we departing left them to that broil.

<sup>1</sup> *Umpire.*] Schermidor. The reader, if he thinks it worth while,  
may consult the Proposta of Monti on this word, which, with  
Lombardi, he would alter to *sghermitor*.

## CANTO XXIII

## ARGUMENT

The enraged Demons pursue Dante, but he is preserved from them by Virgil. On reaching the sixth gulf he beholds the punishment of the hypocrites; which is, to pace continually round the gulf under the pressure of caps and hoods, that are gilt on the outside, but leaden within. He is addressed by two of these, Catalano and Loderingo, knights of Saint Mary, otherwise called Joyous Friars of Bologna. Caiaphas is seen fixed to a cross on the ground, and lies so stretched along the way, that all tread on him in passing.

IN silence and in solitude we went,  
One first, the other following his steps,  
As minor friars journeying on their road.

The present fray had turn'd my thoughts to  
muse

Upon old Æsop's fable,<sup>1</sup> where he told  
What fate unto the mouse and frog befel;  
For language hath not sounds more like in sense,  
Than are these chances, if the origin  
And end of each be heedfully compared.  
And as one thought bursts from another forth,  
So afterward from that another sprang,  
Which added doubly to my former fear.  
For thus I reason'd: "These through us have been  
So foil'd, with loss and mockery so complete,  
As needs must sting them sore. If anger then  
Be to their evil will conjoin'd, more fell  
They shall pursue us, than the savage hound  
Snatches the leveret panting 'twixt his jaws."

<sup>1</sup> *Æsop's fable.*] The fable of the frog, who offered to carry the mouse across a ditch, with the intention of drowning him, when both were carried off by a kite. It is not among those Greek fables which go under the name of Æsop.

Already I perceived my hair stand all  
On end with terror, and look'd eager back.

"Teacher," I thus began, "if speedily  
Thyself and me thou hide not, much I dread  
Those evil talons. Even now behind  
They urge us: quick imagination works  
So forcibly, that I already feel them."

He answer'd: "Were I form'd of leaded glass,  
I should not sooner draw unto myself  
Thy outward image, than I now imprint  
That from within. This moment came thy  
thoughts

Presented before mine, with similar act  
And countenance similar, so that from both  
I one design have framed. If the right coast  
Incline so much, that we may thence descend  
Into the other chasm, we shall escape  
Secure from this imagined pursuit."

He had not spoke<sup>1</sup> his purpose to the end,  
When I from far beheld them with spread wings  
Approach to take us. Suddenly my guide  
Caught me, even as a mother that from sleep  
Is by the noise aroused, and near her sees  
The climbing ~~fire~~, who snatches up her babe  
And flies ne'er pausing, careful more of him  
Than of herself, that but a single vest  
Clings round her limbs. Down from the jutting  
beach

Supine he cast him to that pendent rock,  
Which closes on one part the other chasm.

<sup>1</sup> *He had not spoke.*] Cumque ego cum angelis relictus starem pavidus, unus ex illis tartareis ministris horridis (Qu. horridus?) hispidis (Qu. hispidus?) aspectuque procerus festinus adveniens me impellere, et quomodocumque nocere conabatur: cum ecce apostolus velocius accurrens, meque subito arripiens in quendam locum gloriose projecit visionis. *Alberici Visio*, § 15.

Never ran water with such hurrying pace  
Adown the tube to turn a land-mill's wheel,  
When nearest it approaches to the spokes,  
As then along that edge my master ran,  
Carrying me in his bosom, as a child,  
Not a companion. Scarcely had his feet  
Reach'd to the lowest of the bed beneath,  
When over us the steep they reach'd: but fear  
In him was none; for that high Providence,  
Which placed them ministers of the fifth foss,  
Power of departing thence took from them all.

There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,  
Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,  
Faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil.  
Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low down  
Before their eyes, in fashion like to those  
Worn by the monks in Cologne.<sup>1</sup> Their outside  
Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,  
But leaden all within, and of such weight,  
That Frederick's<sup>2</sup> compared to these were straw.  
Oh, everlasting wearisome attire!

We yet once more with them together turn'd  
To leftward, on their dismal moan intent.  
But by the weight opprest, so slowly came  
The fainting people, that our company  
Was changed, at every movement of the step.

Whence I my guide address'd: "See that thou  
find  
Some spirit, whose name may by his deeds be  
known;

And to that end look round thee as thou go'st."

Then one, who understood the Tuscan voice,

<sup>1</sup> *Monks in Cologne.*] They wore their cowls unusually large.

<sup>2</sup> *Frederick's.*] The Emperor Frederick II. is said to have punished those who were guilty of high treason by wrapping them up in lead and casting them into a furnace.

Cried after us aloud : " Hold in your feet,  
Ye who so swiftly speed through the dusk air.  
Perchance from me thou shalt obtain thy wish."

Whereat my leader, turning, me bespake :  
" Pause, and then onward at their pace proceed."

I staid, and saw two spirits in whose look  
Impatient eagerness of mind was mark'd  
To overtake me ; but the load they bare  
And narrow path retarded their approach.

Soon as arrived, they with an eye askance  
Perused me, but spake not : then turning, each  
To other thus conferring said : " This one  
Seems, by the action of his throat, alive ;  
And, be they dead, what privilege allows  
They walk unmantled by the cumbrous stole ?"

Then thus to me : " Tuscan, who visitest  
The college of the mourning hypocrites,  
Disdain not to instruct us who thou art."

" By Arno's pleasant stream," I thus replied,  
" In the great city I was bred and grew,  
And wear the body I have ever worn.  
But who are ye, from whom such mighty grief,  
As now I witness, courseth down your cheeks ?  
What torment breaks forth in this bitter woe ?"

" Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange  
hue,"<sup>1</sup>

One of them answer'd, " are so leaden gross,  
That with their weight they make the balances  
To crack beneath them. Joyous friars<sup>2</sup> we were,

<sup>1</sup> *Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue.*] It is observed by Venturi, that the word "rance" does not here signify "rancid or disgustful," as it is explained by the old commentators, but "orange-coloured," in which sense it occurs in the Purgatory, Canto ii. 9. By the erroneous interpretation Milton appears to have been misled ; "Ever since the day peepe, till now the sun was grown somewhat ranke." *Prose Works*, v. i. p. 160, ed. 1753.

<sup>2</sup> *Joyous friars.*] "Those who ruled the city of Florence on the part of the Ghibellines perceiving this discontent and murmuring,

Bologna's natives; Catalano I,  
 He Loderingo named; and by thy land  
 Together taken, as men use to take  
 A single and indifferent arbiter,  
 To reconcile their strifes. How there we sped,  
 Gardingo's vicinage<sup>1</sup> can best declare."

"O friars!" I began, "your miseries—"   
 But there break off, for one had caught mine eye,  
 Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground:  
 He, when he saw me, writhed himself, throughout  
 Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs his beard.  
 And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,  
 Thus spake: "That pierced spirit,<sup>2</sup> whom intent  
 Thou view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees  
 Counsel, that it were fitting for one man  
 To suffer for the people. He doth lie  
 Transverse; nor any passes, but him first

which they were fearful might produce a rebellion against themselves, in order to satisfy the people, made choice of two knights, Frati Godenti (joyous friars) of Bologna, on whom they conferred the chief power in Florence: one named M. Catalano de Malavolti, the other M. Loderingo degli Andalò; one an adherent of the Guelph, the other of the Ghibelline party. It is to be remarked, that the Joyous Friars were called Knights of St. Mary, and became knights on taking that habit: their robes were white, the mantle sable, and the arms a white field and red cross with two stars: their office was to defend widows and orphans; they were to act as mediators; they had internal regulations, like other religious bodies. The above-mentioned M. Loderingo was the founder of that order. But it was not long before they too well deserved the appellation given them, and were found to be more bent on enjoying themselves than on any other object. These two friars were called in by the Florentines, and had a residence assigned them in the palace belonging to the people, over against the Abbey. Such was the dependence placed on the character of their order, that it was expected they would be impartial, and would save the commonwealth any unnecessary expense; instead of which, though inclined to opposite parties, they secretly and hypocritically concurred in promoting their own advantage rather than the public good." *G. Villani*, b. vii. c. xiii. This happened in 1266.

<sup>1</sup> *Gardingo's vicinage.*] The name of that part of the city which was inhabited by the powerful Ghibelline family of the Uberti, and destroyed under the partial and iniquitous administration of Catalano and Loderingo.

<sup>2</sup> *That pierced spirit.*] Caiaphas.

Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.  
 In straits like this along the foss are placed  
 The father of his consort,<sup>1</sup> and the rest  
 Partakers in that council, seed of ill  
 And sorrow to the Jews." I noted then,  
 How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,  
 Thus abjectly extended on the cross  
 In banishment eternal. To the friar  
 He next his words address'd : "We pray ye tell,  
 If so be lawful, whether on our right  
 Lies any opening in the rock, whereby  
 We both may issue hence, without constraint  
 On the dark angels, that compell'd they come  
 To lead us from this depth." He thus replied :  
 "Nearer than thou dost hope, there is a rock  
 From the great<sup>2</sup> circle moving, which o'ersteps  
 Each vale of horror, save that here his cope  
 Is shatter'd. By the ruin ye may mount :  
 For on the side it slants, and most the height  
 Rises below." With head bent down awhile  
 My leader stood ; then spake : "He warn'd us  
 ill,<sup>3</sup>

Who yonder hangs the sinners on his hook."

To whom the friar : "At Bologna erst  
 I many vices of the devil heard ;  
 Among the rest was said, 'He is a liar,<sup>4</sup>  
 'And the father of lies !'" When he had spoke,  
 My leader with large strides proceeded on,  
 Somewhat disturb'd with anger in his look.

<sup>1</sup> *The father of his consort.*] Annas, father-in-law to Caiaphas.

<sup>2</sup> *Great.*] In the former editions it was printed "next." The error was observed by Mr. Carlyle.

<sup>3</sup> *He warn'd us ill.*] He refers to the falsehood told him by the demon. Canto xxi. 108.

<sup>4</sup> *He is a liar.*] "He is a liar and the father of it." *John*, c. viii. 44. Dante had perhaps heard this text from one of the pulpits in Bologna.



I therefore left the spirits heavy laden,  
And, following, his beloved footsteps mark'd.

## CANTO XXIV

## ARGUMENT

Under the escort of his faithful master, Dante not without difficulty makes his way out of the sixth gulf; and in the seventh, sees the robbers tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. The soul of Vanni Fucci, who had pillaged the sacristy of Saint James in Pistoia, predicts some calamities that impended over that city, and over the Florentines.

IN the year's early nonage,<sup>1</sup> when the sun  
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,  
And now towards equal day the nights recede;  
Whenas the rime upon the earth puts on  
Her dazzling sister's image,<sup>2</sup> but not long  
Her milder sway endures; then riseth up  
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,<sup>3</sup>  
And looking out beholds the plain around  
All whiten'd; whence impatiently he smites  
His thighs, and to his hut returning in,  
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,  
As a discomfited and helpless man;

<sup>1</sup> *In the year's early nonage.*] "At the latter part of January, when the sun enters into Aquarius, and the equinox is drawing near, when the hoar-frosts in the morning often wear the appearance of snow, but are melted by the rising sun."

<sup>2</sup> *Her dazzling sister's image.*]

λιγνὺν μέλαιναν, ἀιόλην πυρὸς κάσιν.

*Æschyl. Septem Contra Thebas*, v. 490. *Blomfield's edit.*

—— κάσιν

πηνελόπιδος, διψία κόμισ.

*Æschyl. Agamemnon*, v. 478. *Blomfield.*

<sup>3</sup> *Whom fails his wintry store.*] A cui la roba manca.  
So in the Purgatorio, c. xiii. 61:

Così gli ciechi a cui la roba manca.

Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope  
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon  
The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his  
crook,

And forth to pasture drives his little flock :  
So me my guide dishearten'd, when I saw  
His troubled forehead ; and so speedily  
That ill was cured ; for at the fallen bridge  
Arriving, towards me with a look as sweet,  
He turn'd him back, as that I first beheld  
At the steep mountain's foot. Regarding well  
The ruin, and some counsel first maintain'd  
With his own thought, he open'd wide his arm  
And took me up. As one, who, while he works,  
Computes his labour's issue, that he seems  
Still to foresee the effect ; so lifting me  
Up to the summit of one peak, he fix'd  
His eye upon another. "Grapple that,"  
Said he, "but first make proof, if it be such  
As will sustain thee." For one capt with lead  
This were no journey. Scarcely he, though light,  
And I, though onward push'd from crag to crag,  
Could mount. And if the precinct of this coast  
Were not less ample than the last, for him  
I know not, but my strength had surely fail'd.  
But Malebolge all toward the mouth  
Inclining of the nethermost abyss,  
The site of every valley hence requires,  
That one side upward slope, the other fall.

At length the point from whence <sup>1</sup> the utmost stone  
Juts down, we reach'd ; soon as to that arrived,  
So was the breath exhausted from my lungs  
I could no further, but did seat me there.

<sup>1</sup> *From whence.*] Mr. Carlyle notes the mistake in my former translation ; and I have corrected it accordingly.

"Now needs thy best of man;" so spake my guide:

"For not on downy plumes,<sup>1</sup> nor under shade  
Of canopy reposing, fame is won;  
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,  
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,  
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave.  
Thou therefore rise: vanquish thy weariness<sup>2</sup>  
By the mind's effort, in each struggle form'd  
To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight  
Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.  
A longer ladder yet remains to scale.  
From these to have escaped sufficeth not,  
If well thou note me, profit by my words."

I straightway rose, and show'd myself less spent  
Than I in truth did feel me. "On," I cried,  
"For I am stout and fearless." Up the rock  
Our way we held, more rugged than before,  
Narrower, and steeper far to climb. From talk  
I ceased not, as we journey'd, so to seem  
Least faint; whereat a voice from the other foss  
Did issue forth, for utterance suited ill.

<sup>1</sup> *Not on downy plumes.*]

Lettor, tu dei pensar che, senza ardire,  
Senza affanno soffrir, l'uomo non puote  
Fama acquistar, ne gran cose fornire.

*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, lib. iv. cap. iv.*

Nessun mai per fuggir, o per riposo,  
Venne in altezza fama ovver in gloria.

*Fressi, Il Quadrir. lib. ii. cap. ii.*

Signor, non sotto l'ombra in spiaggia molle  
Tra fonti e fior, tra Ninfe e tra Sirene,  
Ma in cima all' erto e faticoso colle  
Della virtù riposto è il nostro bene.

*Tasso, G. L. c. xvii. st. 61.*

<sup>2</sup> *Vanquish thy weariness.*]

—Quin corpus onustum  
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,  
Atque affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ.

*Hor. Sat. ii. lib. ii. 78.*

Though on the arch that crosses there I stood,  
 What were the words I knew not, but who spake  
 Seem'd moved in anger. Down I stoop'd to look;  
 But my quick eye might reach not to the depth  
 For shrouding darkness; wherefore thus I spake:  
 "To the next circle, teacher, bend thy steps,  
 And from the wall dismount we; for as hence  
 I hear and understand not, so I see  
 Beneath, and nought discern."—"I answer not,"  
 Said he, "but by the deed. To fair request  
 Silent performance maketh best return."

We from the bridge's head descended, where  
 To the eighth mound it joins; and then, the chasm  
 Opening to view, I saw a crowd within  
 Of serpents<sup>1</sup> terrible, so strange of shape  
 And hideous, that remembrance in my veins  
 Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands<sup>2</sup>  
 Let Libya vaunt no more: if Jaculus,  
 Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,  
 Cenchris and Amphibæna, plagues so dire  
 Or in such numbers swarming ne'er she show'd,  
 Not with all Ethiopia, and whate'er  
 Above the Erythræan sea is spawn'd.

Amid this dread exuberance of woe  
 Ran naked spirits wing'd with horrid fear,  
 Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,  
 Or heliotrope<sup>3</sup> to charm them out of view.

<sup>1</sup> *Serpents.*] Vidi locum horridum tenebrosum fœtoribus exhalantibus flammis crepitantibus serpentibus, draconibus — repletum. *Alberici Visio*, § 12.

<sup>2</sup> *Of her sands.*] Compare Lucan, *Phars.* lib. ix. 703.

<sup>3</sup> *Heliotrope.*] Viridi colore est (gemma heliotropion) non ita acuto sed nubilo magis et represso, stellis puniceis superspersa. Causa nominis de effectu lapidis est et potestate. Dejecta in labris æneis radios solis mutat sanguineo percussu, utraque aquâ splendorem aëris abjicit et avertit. Etiam illud posse dicitur, ut herbâ ejusdem nominis mixta et præcantationibus legitimis consecrata, eum, a quocunque gestabitur, subtrahat visibus

With serpents were their hands behind them bound,  
 Which through their reins infix'd the tail and head,  
 Twisted in folds before. And lo! on one  
 Near to our side, darted an adder up,  
 And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,  
 Transpierced him. Far more quickly than e'er pen  
 Wrote O or I, he kindled, burn'd, and changed  
 To ashes all, pour'd out upon the earth.  
 When there dissolved he lay, the dust again  
 Uproll'd spontaneous, and the self-same form  
 Instant resumed. So mighty sages tell,  
 The Arabian Phoenix,<sup>1</sup> when five hundred years  
 Have well nigh circled, dies, and springs forthwith  
 Renascent: blade nor herb throughout his life

obviorum. *Solinus*, c. xl. "A stone," says Boccaccio, in his humorous tale of Calandrino, "which we lapidaries call heliotrope, of such extraordinary virtue, that the bearer of it is effectually concealed from the sight of all present." *Decam.* G. viii. N. 3. In Chiabrera's Ruggiero, Scaltrimento begs of Sofia, who is sending him on a perilous errand, to lend him the heliotrope.

—In mia man fida  
 L'eliotropia, per cui possa involarmi  
 Secondo il mio talento agli occhi altrui. c. vi.

Trust to my hand the heliotrope, by which  
 I may at will from others' eyes conceal me.

Compare Ariosto, *Il Negromante*, a. 3. s. 3. Pulci, *Morg. Magg.* c. xxv. and Fortiguerra, *Ricciardetto*, c. x. st. 17. Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. vii., enumerates it among the jewels in the diadem of the sun:

Jaspis and helitropius.

<sup>1</sup> *The Arabian Phoenix.*] This is translated from Ovid, *Metam.* lib. xv. :—

Una est quæ reparat, seque ipsa reseminat ales;  
 Assyrii Phœnica vocant. Nec fruge neque herbis,  
 Sed thuris lacrymis, et succo vivit amomi.  
 Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit secula vitæ,  
 Illic in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,  
 Unguibus et pando nidum sibi construit ore.  
 Qua simul ut casias, et nardi lenis aristas,  
 Quassaque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ,  
 Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.

See also Petrarch, *Canzone* :—Qual piu, etc.

He tastes, but tears of frankincense<sup>1</sup> alone  
 And odorous amomum : swaths of nard  
 And myrrh his funeral shroud. As one that falls,  
 He knows not how, by force demoniac dragg'd.  
 To earth, or through obstruction fettering up  
 In chains invisible the powers of man,  
 Who, risen from his trance, gazeth around,<sup>2</sup>  
 Bewilder'd with the monstrous agony  
 He hath endured, and wildly staring sighs ;  
 So stood aghast the sinner when he rose.

Oh ! how severe God's judgment, that deals out  
 Such blows in stormy vengeance. Who he was,  
 My teacher next inquired ; and thus in few  
 He answer'd : " Vanni Fucci<sup>3</sup> am I call'd,  
 Not long since rained down from Tuscany  
 To this dire gullet. Me the bestial life  
 And not the human pleased, mule that I was,  
 Who in Pistoia found my worthy den."

I then to Virgil : " Bid him stir not hence ;  
 And ask what crime did thrust him hither : once  
 A man I knew him, choleric and bloody."

The sinner heard and feign'd not, but towards me  
 His mind directing and his face, wherein  
 Was dismal shame depicted, thus he spake :  
 " It grieves me more to have been caught by thee

<sup>1</sup> *Tears of frankincense.*] Incenso e mirra è quello onde si pasce.  
 Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, in a gorgeous description of the  
 Phoenix, lib. ii. cap. v.

<sup>2</sup> *Gazeth around.*]

Su mi levai senza far più parole,  
 Cogli occhi intorno stupido mirando,  
 Sì come l'Epiléntico far suole.

*Frezzi, Il Quadriv. lib. ii. cap. iii.*

<sup>3</sup> *Vanni Fucci.*] He is said to have been an illegitimate offspring  
 of the family of Lazzari in Pistoia, and, having robbed the sacristy  
 of the church of St. James in that city, to have charged Vanni della  
 Nona with the sacrilege ; in consequence of which accusation the  
 latter suffered death.

In this sad plight, which thou beholdest, than  
 When I was taken from the other life.  
 I have no power permitted to deny  
 What thou inquirest. I am doom'd thus low  
 To dwell, for that the sacristy by me  
 Was rifled of its goodly ornaments,  
 And with the guilt another falsely charged.  
 But that thou mayst not joy to see me thus,  
 So as thou e'er shalt 'scape this darksome realm,  
 Open thine ears and hear what I forebode.  
 Reft of the Neri first Pistoia<sup>1</sup> pines;  
 Then Florence<sup>2</sup> changeth citizens and laws;  
 From Valdimagra,<sup>3</sup> drawn by wrathful Mars,  
 A vapour rises, wrapt in turbid mists,  
 And sharp and eager driveth on the storm  
 With arrowy hurtling o'er Piceno's field,  
 Whence suddenly the cloud shall burst, and strike  
 Each helpless Bianco prostrate to the ground.  
 This have I told, that grief may rend thy heart."

<sup>1</sup> *Pistoia.*] "In May 1301, the Bianchi party of Pistoia, with the assistance and favour of the Bianchi, who ruled Florence, drove out the party of the Neri from the former place, destroying their houses, palaces, and farms." *Giov. Villani, Hist. lib. viii. c. xlv.*

<sup>2</sup> *Then Florence.*] "Soon after the Bianchi will be expelled from Florence, the Neri will prevail, and the laws and people will be changed."

<sup>3</sup> *From Valdimagra.*] The commentators explain this prophetic threat to allude to the victory obtained by the Marquis Moroello Malaspina of Valdimagra (a tract of country now called the Lunigiana), who put himself at the head of the Neri, and defeated their opponents, the Bianchi, in the Campo Piceno near Pistoia, soon after the occurrence related in the preceding note on v. 142. Of this engagement I find no mention in Villani. Balbo (*Vita di Dante*, v. ii. p. 143) refers to Gerini, *Memorie Storiche di Lunigiana*, tom. ii. p. 123, for the whole history of this Morello or Moroello. Currado Malaspina is introduced in the eighth Canto of the Purgatory; where it appears, that although on the present occasion they espoused contrary sides, most important favours were nevertheless conferred by that family on our Poet, at a subsequent period of his exile, in 1307.

## CANTO XXV

## ARGUMENT

The sacrilegious Fucci vents his fury in blasphemy, is seized by serpents, and flying is pursued by Cacus in the form of a Centaur, who is described with a swarm of serpents on his haunch, and a dragon on his shoulders breathing forth fire. Our Poet then meets with the spirits of three of his countrymen, two of whom undergo a marvellous transformation in his presence.

WHEN he had spoke, the sinner raised his hands<sup>1</sup>  
Pointed in mockery, and cried: "Take them, God!  
I level them at thee." From that day forth  
The serpents were my friends; for round his neck  
One of them rolling twisted, as it said,  
"Be silent, tongue!" Another, to his arms  
Upgliding, tied them, riveting itself  
So close, it took from them the power to move.

Pistoia! ah, Pistoia! why dost doubt  
To turn thee into ashes, cumbering earth  
No longer, since in evil act so far

<sup>1</sup> *His hands.*] Le mani alzò, con ambeduo le fiche.

So Frezzi: E fe le fiche a Dio 'l superbo vermo.

*Il Quadriv.* lib. ii. cap. xix.

Io vidi l'ira poi con crudel faccia;

E fe le fiche a Dio il mostro rio,

Stringendo i denti ed alzando le braccia.

*Ib.* lib. iii. c. x.

And Trissino: Poi facea con le man le fiche al cielo

Dicendo: Togli, Iddio; che puoi più farmi?

*L'Ital. Liberata*, c. xii.

"The practice of thrusting out the thumb between the first and second fingers, to express the feelings of insult and contempt, has prevailed very generally among the nations of Europe, and for many ages had been denominated 'making the fig,' or described at least by some equivalent expression." *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 492, ed. 1807. The passage in the original text has not escaped this diligent commentator.



Thou hast outdone thy seed?<sup>1</sup> I did not mark,  
 Through all the gloomy circles of the abyss,  
 Spirit, that swell'd so proudly 'gainst his God;  
 Not him,<sup>2</sup> who headlong fell from Thebes. He  
 fled,

Nor utter'd more; and after him there came  
 A centaur full of fury, shouting, "Where,  
 Where is the caitiff?" On Maremma's marsh<sup>3</sup>  
 Swarm not the serpent tribe, as on his haunch  
 They swarm'd, to where the human face begins.  
 Behind his head, upon the shoulders, lay  
 With open wings a dragon, breathing fire  
 On whomso'er he met. To me my guide:  
 "Cacus<sup>4</sup> is this, who underneath the rock  
 Of Aventine spread oft a lake of blood.  
 He, from his brethren parted, here must tread  
 A different journey, for his fraudulent theft  
 Of the great herd that near him stall'd; whence  
 found

His felon deeds their end, beneath the mace  
 Of stout Alcides, that perchance laid on  
 A hundred blows,<sup>5</sup> and not the tenth was felt."

While yet he spake, the centaur sped away:  
 And under us three spirits came, of whom  
 Nor I nor he was 'ware, till they exclaim'd,  
 "Say who are ye?" We then brake off dis-  
 course,

Intent on these alone. I knew them not:  
 But, as it chanceth oft, befel, that one  
 Had need to name another. "Where," said he,

<sup>1</sup> *Thy seed.*] Thy ancestry.

<sup>2</sup> *Not him.*] Capaneus, Canto xiv.

<sup>3</sup> *On Maremma's marsh.*] An extensive tract near the seashore of Tuscany.

<sup>4</sup> *Cacus.*] Virgil, *Æn.* lib. viii. 193.

<sup>5</sup> *A hundred blows.*] Less than ten blows, out of the hundred Hercules gave him, had deprived him of feeling.

"Doth Cianfa<sup>1</sup> lurk?" I, for a sign my guide  
 Should stand attentive, placed against my lips  
 The finger lifted. If, O reader! now  
 Thou be not apt to credit what I tell,  
 No marvel; for myself do scarce allow  
 The witness of mine eyes. But as I look'd  
 Toward them, lo! a serpent with six feet  
 Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon him:  
 His midmost grasp'd the belly, a forefoot  
 Seized on each arm (while deep in either cheek<sup>2</sup>  
 He flesh'd his fangs); the hinder on the thighs  
 Were spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted  
 curl'd  
 Upon the reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasp'd<sup>3</sup>  
 A dodder'd oak, as round the other's limbs  
 The hideous monster intertwined his own.  
 Then, as they both had been of burning wax,  
 Each melted into other, mingling hues,  
 That which was either now was seen no more.  
 Thus up the shrinking paper,<sup>4</sup> ere it burns,

<sup>1</sup> *Cianfa*.] He is said to have been of the family of Donati at Florence.

<sup>2</sup> *In either cheek*.] Ostendit mihi post hoc apostolus lacum magnum tetrum, et aquæ sulphuræ plenum, in quo animarum multitudo demersa est, plenum serpentibus ac scorpionibus; stabant vero ibi et dæmones serpentes tementes et ora vultus et capita hominum cum eisdem serpentibus percutientes. *Alberici Visio*, § 23.

<sup>3</sup> *Ivy ne'er clasp'd*.]

Ὀρεῖα κιστὸς ἐπὺς ὅρας τῆσδ' ἵσταται.

*Euripides, Hecuba*, v. 102.

Like ivy to an oak, how will I cling to her!

<sup>4</sup> *Thus up the shrinking paper*.] Many of the commentators suppose that by "papiro" is here meant the wick of a lamp or candle, and Lombardi adduces an extract from Pier Crescenzo (*Agricolt. lib. vi. cap. ix.*) to show that this use was then made of the plant. But Tiraboschi has proved that paper made of linen came into use towards the latter half of the fourteenth century, and that the inventor of it was Pier da Fabiano, who carried on his manufactory in the city of Trevigi; whereas paper of cotton, with,

A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,  
And the clean white expires. The other two  
Look'd on, exclaiming, "Ah! how dost thou  
change,

Agnello!<sup>1</sup> See! Thou art nor double now,  
Nor only one." The two heads now became  
One, and two figures blended in one form  
Appear'd, where both were lost. Of the four  
lengths

Two arms were made: the belly and the chest,  
The thighs and legs, into such members changed  
As never eye hath seen. Of former shape  
All trace was vanish'd. Two, yet neither, seem'd  
That image miscreate, and so pass'd on  
With tardy steps. As underneath the scourge  
Of the fierce dog-star that lays bare the fields,  
Shifting from brake to brake, the lizard seems  
A flash of lightning, if he thwart the road;  
So toward the entrails of the other two  
Approaching seem'd an adder all on fire,  
As the dark pepper-grain livid and swart.  
In that part,<sup>2</sup> whence our life is nourish'd first,  
One he transpierced; then down before him fell  
Stretch'd out. The pierced spirit look'd on him,  
But spake not; yea, stood motionless and yawn'd,  
As if by sleep or feverous fit assail'd.<sup>3</sup>

perhaps, some linen mixed, was used during the twelfth century.  
*Stor. della Lett. Ital.* tom. v. lib. i. cap. iv. sect. 4.

— All my bowels crumble up to dust

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

*Shakspeare, K. John*, act v. sc. 7.

<sup>1</sup> *Agnello.*] Agnello Brunelleschi.

<sup>2</sup> *In that part.*] The navel.

<sup>3</sup> *As if by sleep or feverous fit assail'd.*]

— O Rome! thy head

Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fev'ry.

*Ben Jonson's Catiline.*

He eyed the serpent, and the serpent him.  
 One from the wound, the other from the mouth  
 Breathed a thick smoke, whose vapoury columns  
 join'd.

Lucan<sup>1</sup> in mute attention now may hear,  
 Nor thy disastrous fate, Sabellus, tell,  
 Nor thine, Nasidius. Ovid<sup>2</sup> now be mute.  
 What if in warbling fiction he record  
 Cadmus and Arethusa, to a snake  
 Him changed, and her into a fountain clear,  
 I envy not; for never face to face  
 Two natures thus transmuted did he sing,  
 Wherein both shapes were ready to assume  
 The other's substance. They in mutual guise  
 So answer'd, that the serpent split his train  
 Divided to a fork, and the pierced spirit  
 Drew close his steps together, legs and thighs  
 Compacted, that no sign of juncture soon  
 Was visible: the tail, disparted, took  
 The figure which the spirit lost; its skin  
 Softening, his indurated to a rind.  
 The shoulders next I mark'd, that entering  
 join'd  
 The monster's arm-pits, whose two shorter feet  
 So lengthen'd, as the others dwindling shrunk.  
 The feet behind then twisting up became  
 That part that man conceals, which in the wretch  
 Was cleft in twain. While both the shadowy  
 smoke

With a new colour veils, and generates

<sup>1</sup> *Lucan.*] Phars. lib. ix. 766 and 793.

Lucan di alcun di questi poetando

Conta sì come Sabello e Nasidio

Fù punti e trasformati ivi passando.

*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo*, l. v. cap. xvii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ovid.*] Metam. lib. iv. and v.

The excrescent pile on one, peeling it off  
 From the other body, lo! upon his feet  
 One upright rose, and prone the other fell.  
 Nor yet their glaring and malignant lamps  
 Were shifted, though each feature changed beneath.  
 Of him who stood erect, the mounting face  
 Retreated towards the temples, and what there  
 Superfluous matter came, shot out in ears  
 From the smooth cheeks; the rest, not backward  
 dragg'd,

Of its excess did shape the nose; and swell'd  
 Into due size protuberant the lips.  
 He, on the earth who lay, meanwhile extends  
 His sharpen'd visage,<sup>1</sup> and draws down the ears  
 Into the head, as doth the slug his horns.  
 His tongue, continuous before and apt  
 For utterance, severs; and the other's fork  
 Closing unites. That done, the smoke was laid.  
 The soul, transform'd into the brute, glides off,  
 Hissing along the vale, and after him  
 The other talking sputters; but soon turn'd  
 His new-grown shoulders on him, and in few  
 Thus to another spake: "Along this path  
 Crawling, as I have done, speed Buoso<sup>2</sup> now!"

So saw I fluctuate in successive change  
 The unsteady ballast of the seventh hold:  
 And here if aught my pen<sup>3</sup> have swerved, events  
 So strange may be its warrant. O'er mine eyes  
 Confusion hung, and on my thoughts amaze.

<sup>1</sup> *His sharpen'd visage.*] Compare Milton, P. L. b. x. 511, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *Buoso.*] He is also said by some to have been of the Donati family; but by others of the Abbati.

<sup>3</sup> *My pen.*] Lombardi justly prefers "la penna" to "la lingua"; but when he tells us that the former is in the Nidobeatina, and the latter in the other editions, he ought to have excepted at least Landino's of 1484, and Vellutello's of 1544, and, perhaps, many besides these.

Yet scaped they not so covertly, but well  
 I mark'd Sciancato :<sup>1</sup> he alone it was  
 Of the three first that came, who changed not : tho'  
 The other's fate, Gaville !<sup>2</sup> still dost rue.

## CANTO XXVI

## ARGUMENT

Remounting by the steps, down which they had descended to the seventh gulf, they go forward to the arch that stretches over the eighth, and from thence behold numberless flames wherein are punished the evil counsellors, each flame containing a sinner, save one, in which were Diomedes and Ulysses, the latter of whom relates the manner of his death.

FLORENCE, exult ! for thou so mightily  
 Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea<sup>3</sup> thy wings  
 Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell.  
 Among the plunderers, such the three I found  
 Thy citizens ; whence shame to me thy son,  
 And no proud honour to thyself redounds.

But if our minds,<sup>4</sup> when dreaming near the dawn,  
 Are of the truth presageful, thou ere long

<sup>1</sup> *Sciancato*.] Puccio Sciancato, a noted robber, whose family, Venturi says, he has not been able to discover. The Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. informs us that he was one of the Galigai of Florence, the decline of which house is mentioned in the *Paradise*, Canto xvi. 96.

<sup>2</sup> *Gaville*.] Francesco Guercio Cavalcante was killed at Gaville, near Florence ; and in revenge of his death several inhabitants of that district were put to death.

<sup>3</sup> *O'er land and sea*.]

For he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas.

*Milton, Son. viii.*

<sup>4</sup> *But if our minds*.]

Namque sub Auroram, jam dormitante lucernâ,  
 Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.

*Ovid, Epist. xix.*

The same poetical superstition is alluded to in the *Purgatory*, Canto ix. and xxvii.

Shalt feel what Prato<sup>1</sup> (not to say the rest)  
Would fain might come upon thee; and that  
chance

Were in good time, if it befall thee now.  
Would so it were, since it must needs befall!  
For as time<sup>2</sup> wears me, I shall grieve the more.

We from the depth departed; and my guide  
Remounting scaled the flinty steps,<sup>3</sup> which late  
We downward traced, and drew me up the steep.  
Pursuing thus our solitary way  
Among the crags and splinters of the rock,  
Sped not our feet without the help of hands.

Then sorrow seized me, which e'en now re-  
vives,

As my thought turns again to what I saw,  
And, more than I am wont,<sup>4</sup> I rein and curb  
The powers of nature in me, lest they run  
Where Virtue guides not; that, if aught of good

<sup>1</sup> *Shalt feel what Prato.*] The poet prognosticates the calamities which were soon to befall his native city, and which, he says, even her nearest neighbour, Prato, would wish her. The calamities more particularly pointed at are said to be the fall of a wooden bridge over the Arno, in May 1304, where a large multitude were assembled to witness a representation of hell and the infernal torments, in consequence of which accident many lives were lost; and a conflagration, that in the following month destroyed more than seventeen hundred houses, many of them sumptuous buildings. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. viii. c. lxx. and lxxi.

<sup>2</sup> *As time.*] "I shall feel all calamities more sensibly as I am further advanced in life."

<sup>3</sup> *The flinty steps.*] Venturi, after Daniello and Volpi, explains the word in the original, "borni," to mean the stones that project from a wall, for other buildings to be joined to, which the workmen call "toothings."

<sup>4</sup> *More than I am wont.*] "When I reflect on the punishment allotted to those who do not give sincere and upright advice to others, I am more anxious than ever not to abuse to so bad a purpose those talents, whatever they may be, which Nature, or rather Providence, has conferred on me." It is probable that this declaration was the result of real feeling in the mind of Dante, whose political character would have given great weight to any opinion or party he had espoused, and to whom indigence and exile might have offered strong temptations to deviate from that line of conduct, which a strict sense of duty prescribed.

My gentle star or something better gave me,  
I envy not myself the precious boon.

As in that season, when the sun least veils  
His face that lightens all, what time the fly  
Gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant then,  
Upon some cliff reclined, beneath him sees  
Fire-flies innumerable spangling o'er the vale,  
Vineyard or tilth, where his day-labour lies;  
With flames so numberless throughout its space  
Shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the depth  
Was to my view exposed. As he, whose wrongs<sup>1</sup>  
The bears avenged, at its departure saw  
Elijah's chariot, when the steeds erect  
Raised their steep flight for heaven; his eyes,  
meanwhile,

Straining pursued them, till the flame alone,  
Upsoaring like a misty speck, he kenn'd:  
E'en thus along the gulf moves every flame,  
A sinner so enfolded close in each,  
That none exhibits token of the theft.

Upon the bridge I forward bent to look,  
And grasp'd a flinty mass, or else had fallen,  
Though push'd not from the height. The guide,  
who mark'd

How I did gaze attentive, thus began:  
"Within these ardours are the spirits, each  
Swathed in confining fire."—"Master! thy word,"  
I answer'd, "hath assured me; yet I deem'd  
Already of the truth, already wish'd  
To ask thee who is in yon fire, that comes  
So parted at the summit, as it seem'd  
Ascending from that funeral pile<sup>2</sup> where lay

<sup>1</sup> *As he, whose wrongs.*] Kings, b. ii. c. ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ascending from that funeral pile.*] The flame is said to have divided on the funeral pile which consumed the bodies of Eteocles



The Theban brothers." He replied: "Within,  
 Ulysses there and Diomedes endure  
 Their penal tortures, thus to vengeance now  
 Together hasting, as erewhile to wrath.  
 These in the flame with ceaseless groans deplore  
 The ambush of the horse,<sup>1</sup> that open'd wide  
 A portal for that goodly seed to pass,  
 Which sow'd imperial Rome; nor less the guile  
 Lament they, whence, of her Achilles' reft,  
 Deïdamia yet in death complains.  
 And there is rued the stratagem that Troy  
 Of her Palladium spoil'd."—"If they have power  
 Of utterance from within these sparks," said I,  
 "O master! think my prayer a thousand-fold  
 In repetition urged, that thou vouchsafe  
 To pause till here the horned flame arrive.  
 See, how toward it with desire I bend."

He thus: "Thy prayer is worthy of much  
 praise,  
 And I accept it therefore; but do thou  
 Thy tongue refrain: to question them be mine;  
 For I divine thy wish; and they perchance,  
 For they were Greeks,<sup>2</sup> might shun discourse with  
 thee."

and Polynices, as if conscious of the enmity that actuated them while living.

Ecce iterum fratris primos ut contigit artus  
 Ignis edax, tremuere rogi, et novus advena busto  
 Pellitur, exundant diviso vertice flammæ,  
 Alternosque apices abruptâ luce coruscant.

*Statius, Theb. lib. xii.*

Compare Lucan, *Pharsal. lib. i. 145.*

<sup>1</sup> *The ambush of the horse.*] "The ambush of the wooden horse, that caused Æneas to quit the city of Troy and seek his fortune in Italy, where his descendants founded the Roman empire."

<sup>2</sup> *For they were Greeks.*] By this it is, perhaps, implied that they were haughty and arrogant. So, in our Poet's twenty-fourth Sonnet, he says,

Ed ella mi rispose, come un Greco.

When there the flame had come, where time  
and place

Seem'd fitting to my guide, he thus began :

“ O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire !

If, living, I of you did merit aught,

Whate'er the measure were of that desert,

When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd,

Move ye not on, till one of you unfold

In what clime death o'ertook him self-destroy'd.”

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn

Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire

That labours with the wind, then to and fro

Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,

Threw out its voice, and spake : “ When I escaped

From Circe, who beyond a circling year

Had held me near Caieta<sup>1</sup> by her charms,

Ere thus Æneas yet had named the shore ;

Nor fondness for my son,<sup>2</sup> nor reverence

Of my old father, nor return of love,

That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,

Could overcome in me the zeal I had

To explore the world, and search the ways of life,

Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd

Into the deep illimitable main,

With but one bark, and the small faithful band .

That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,

<sup>1</sup> *Caieta.*] Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. vii. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor fondness for my son.*] Imitated by Tasso, *G. L. c. viii.*  
st. 7.

Ne timor di fatica ò di periglio,  
Ne vaghezza del regno, ne pietade  
Del vecchio genitor, si degno affetto  
Intiepedir nel generoso petto.

This imagined voyage of Ulysses into the Atlantic is alluded to by  
Pulci :

E soprattutto commendava Ulisse,  
Che per veder nell' altro mondo gisse.

*Morg. Magg. c. xxv.*

And by Tasso, *G. L. c. xv. 25.*

Far as Marocco, either shore I saw,  
 And the Sardinian and each isle beside  
 Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age  
 Were I and my companions, when we came  
 To the strait pass,<sup>1</sup> where Hercules ordain'd  
 The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.  
 The walls of Seville to my right I left,  
 On the other hand already Ceuta past.  
 'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the west  
 'Through perils without number now have reach'd ;  
 'To this the short remaining watch, that yet  
 'Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof  
 'Of the unpeopled world, following the track  
 'Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye  
     sprang :  
 'Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,  
 'But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'  
 With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage  
 The mind of my associates, that I then  
 Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn  
 Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight  
 Made our oars wings,<sup>2</sup> still gaining on the left.  
 Each star of the other pole night now beheld,<sup>3</sup>  
 And ours so low, that from the ocean floor  
 It rose not. Five times re-illumed, as oft

<sup>1</sup> *The strait pass.*] The straits of Gibraltar.

<sup>2</sup> *Made our oars wings.*]

Οὐδ' ὥρμη' ἔρεμνὰ, τὰ τε πτερὰ νηυσὶ πύλονται.

*Hom. Od. xi. 124.*

So Chiabrera, *Canz. Eroiche. xiii.*

Farò de' remi un volo.

And Tasso, *Ibid. 26.*

<sup>3</sup> *Night now beheld.*] Petrarch is here cited by Lombardi :

Ne là su sopra il cerchio della luna  
 Vide mai tante stelle alcuna notte.

*Canz. xxxvii. 1.*

Nor there above the circle of the moon  
 Did ever night behold so many stars.

Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon,  
 Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far  
 Appear'd a mountain dim,<sup>1</sup> loftiest methought  
 Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight;  
 But soon to mourning changed. From the new land  
 A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side  
 Did strike the vessel. Thrice<sup>2</sup> it whirl'd her round  
 With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up  
 The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:  
 And over us the booming billow closed."<sup>3</sup>

## CANTO XXVII

## ARGUMENT

The Poet, treating of the same punishment as in the last Canto, relates that he turned towards a flame in which was the Count Guido da Montefeltro, whose inquiries respecting the state of Romagna he answers; and Guido is thereby induced to declare who he is, and why condemned to that torment.

Now upward rose the flame, and still'd its light  
 To speak no more, and now pass'd on with leave

<sup>1</sup> *A mountain dim.*] The mountain of Purgatory.—Amongst the various opinions of theologians respecting the situation of the terrestrial paradise, Pietro Lombardo relates, that "it was separated by a long space, either of sea or land, from the regions inhabited by men, and placed in the ocean, reaching as far as to the lunar circle, so that the waters of the deluge did not reach it." *Sent.* lib. ii. dist. 17. Thus Lombardi.

<sup>2</sup> *Thrice.*]

— Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem

Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat æquore vortex.

*Virg. Æn.* lib. i. 116.

<sup>3</sup> *Closed.*] Venturi refers to Pliny and Solinus for the opinion that Ulysses was the founder of Lisbon, from whence he thinks it was easy for the fancy of a poet to send him on yet further enterprises. Perhaps the story (which it is not unlikely that our author will be found to have borrowed from some legend of the middle ages) may have taken its rise partly from the obscure oracle returned by the ghost of Tiresias to Ulysses (see the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*), and partly from the fate which there was reason to suppose had befallen some adventurous explorers of the Atlantic ocean.

From the mild poet gain'd ; when following came  
 Another, from whose top a sound confused,  
 Forth issuing, drew our eyes that way to look.

As the Sicilian bull,<sup>1</sup> that rightfully  
 His cries first echoed who had shaped its mould,  
 Did so rebellow, with the voice of him  
 Tormented, that the brazen monster seem'd  
 Pierced through with pain ; thus, while no way  
 they found,

Nor avenue immediate through the flame,  
 Into its language turn'd the dismal words :  
 But soon as they had won their passage forth,  
 Up from the point, which vibrating obey'd  
 Their motion at the tongue, these sounds were heard :

"O thou ! to whom I now direct my voice,  
 That lately didst exclaim in Lombard phrase,  
 'Depart thou ; I solicit thee no more ;'  
 Though somewhat tardy I perchance arrive,  
 Let it not irk thee here to pause awhile,  
 And with me parley : lo ! it irks not me,  
 And yet I burn. If but e'en now thou fall  
 Into this blind world, from that pleasant land  
 Of Latium, whence I draw my sum of guilt,  
 Tell me if those who in Romagna dwell  
 Have peace or war. For of the mountains there<sup>2</sup>  
 Was I, betwixt Urbino and the height  
 Whence Tiber first unlocks his mighty flood."

Leaning I listen'd yet with heedful ear,  
 When, as he touch'd my side, the leader thus :  
 "Speak thou : he is a Latian." My reply  
 Was ready, and I spake without delay :  
 "O spirit ! who art hidden here below,

<sup>1</sup> *The Sicilian bull*. The engine of torture invented by Perillus, for the tyrant Phalaris.

<sup>2</sup> *Of the mountains there.*] Montefeltro.

Never was thy Romagna without war  
 In her proud tyrants' bosoms, nor is now :  
 But open war there left I none. The state,  
 Ravenna hath maintain'd this many a year,  
 Is stedfast. There Polenta's eagle<sup>1</sup> broods ;  
 And in his broad circumference of plume  
 O'ershadows Cervia. The green talons grasp  
 The land,<sup>2</sup> that stood erewhile the proof so long,  
 And piled in bloody heap the host of France.

<sup>1</sup> *Polenta's eagle.*] Guido Novello da Polenta, who bore an eagle for his coat of arms. The name of Polenta was derived from a castle so called, in the neighbourhood of Brittonoro. Cervia is a small maritime city, about fifteen miles to the south of Ravenna. Guido was the son of Ostasio da Polenta, and made himself master of Ravenna in 1265. In 1322 he was deprived of his sovereignty, and died at Bologna in the year following. This last and most munificent patron of Dante is himself enumerated, by the historian of Italian literature, among the poets of his time. Tiraboschi, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* tom. v. lib. iii. c. ii. sect. 13. The passage in the text might have removed the uncertainty which Tiraboschi expressed, respecting the duration of Guido's absence from Ravenna, when he was driven from that city in 1295, by the arms of Pietro, archbishop of Monreale. It must evidently have been very short, since his government is here represented (in 1300) as not having suffered any material disturbance for many years. In the *Proemium* to the Annotations on the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, written by those who were deputed to that work, Ediz. Giunti, 1573, it is said of Guido Novello, "del quale si leggono ancora alcune composizioni, per poche che elle sieno, secondo quella età, belle e leggiadre:" and in the collection edited by Allacci at Naples, 1661, p. 382, is a sonnet of his, which breathes a high and pure spirit of Platonism. Among the MSS. of the *Iliad* in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, described by Mai, there is one that was in the possession of Guido. *Iliadis Fragmenta, etc.* fol. *Mediol.* 1819. *Proemium*, p. xlviii. It was, perhaps, seen by Dante. To this account I must now subjoin that which has since been given, but without any reference to authorities, by Troya: "In the course of eight years, from 1310 to 1318, Guido III. of Polenta, father of Francesca, together with his sons Bernardino and Ostasio, had died. A third son, named Bannino, was father of Guido IV. Of these two it is not known whether they held the lordship of Ravenna. But it came to the sons of Ostasio, Guido V. called Novello, and Rinaldo the archbishop: on the sons of Bernardino devolved the sovereignty of the neighbouring city of Cervia." *Veltro Allegorico di Dante*, ed. 1826, p. 176.

<sup>2</sup> *The land.*] The territory of Forlì, the inhabitants of which, in 1282, were enabled, by the stratagem of Guido da Montefeltro, who then governed it, to defeat with great slaughter the French army by which it had been besieged. See G. Villani, lib. vii. c. lxxxii.

"The old mastiff of Verruchio and the young,<sup>1</sup>  
That tore Montagna<sup>2</sup> in their wrath, still make,  
Where they are wont, an augre of their fangs.

"Lamone's city, and Santerno's,<sup>3</sup> range  
Under the lion of the snowy lair,<sup>4</sup>  
Inconstant partisan, that changeth sides,  
Or ever summer yields to winter's frost.  
And she, whose flank is wash'd of Savio's wave,<sup>5</sup>  
As 'twixt the level and the steep she lies,  
Lives so 'twixt tyrant power and liberty.

"Now tell us, I entreat thee, who art thou:  
Be not more hard than others. In the world,  
So may thy name still rear its forehead high."

Then roar'd awhile the fire, its sharpen'd point  
On either side waved, and thus breathed at last:

"If I did think my answer were to one  
Who ever could return unto the world,  
This flame should rest unshaken. But since  
ne'er,

If true be told me, any from this depth  
Has found his upward way, I answer thee,  
Nor fear lest infamy record the words.

The Poet informs Guido, its former ruler, that it is now in the possession of Sinibaldo Ordolaffi, or Ardelaffi, whom he designates by his coat of arms, a lion vert.

<sup>1</sup> *The old mastiff of Verruchio and the young.*] Malatesta, and Malatestino his son, lords of Rimini, called, from their ferocity, the mastiffs of Verruchio, which was the name of their castle. Malatestino was half-brother of the husband of Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta. See notes to Canto v. 113.

<sup>2</sup> *Montagna.*] Montagna de' Parcitati, a noble knight, and leader of the Ghibelline party at Rimini, murdered by Malatestino.

<sup>3</sup> *Lamone's city, and Santerno's.*] Lamone is the river at Faenza, and Santerno at Imola.

<sup>4</sup> *The lion of the snowy lair.*] Machinarado Pagano, whose arms were a lion azure on a field argent; mentioned again in the Purgatory, Canto xiv. 122. See G. Villani passim, where he is called Machinarado da Susinana.

<sup>5</sup> *Whose flank is wash'd of Savio's wave.*] Cesena, situated at the foot of a mountain, and washed by the river Savio, that often descends with a swollen and rapid stream from the Apennine.

"A man of arms<sup>1</sup> at first, I clothed me then  
 In good Saint Francis' girdle, hoping so  
 To have made amends. And certainly my hope  
 Had fail'd not, but that he, whom curses light on,  
 The high priest,<sup>2</sup> again seduced me into sin.  
 And how, and wherefore, listen while I tell.  
 Long as this spirit moved the bones and pulp  
 My mother gave me, less my deeds bespake  
 The nature of the lion than the fox.<sup>3</sup>  
 All ways of winding subtlety I knew,  
 And with such art conducted, that the sound  
 Reach'd the world's limit. Soon as to that part  
 Of life I found me come, when each behoves  
 To lower sails<sup>4</sup> and gather in the lines;  
 That, which before had pleased me, then I rued

<sup>1</sup> *A man of arms.*] Guido da Montefeltro.

<sup>2</sup> *The high priest.*] Boniface VIII.

<sup>3</sup> *The nature of the lion than the fox.*]

Non furon leonine ma di volpe.

So Pulci, Morg. Magg. c. xix. :

E furon le sue opre e le sue colpe

Non creder leonine ma di volpe.

Fraus quasi vulpeculæ, vis leonis videtur.

*Cicero, de Officiis*, lib. i. c. 13.

<sup>4</sup> *To lower sails.*] Our Poet had the same train of thought as when he wrote that most beautiful passage in his *Convito* (iv. 28), beginning "E qui è da sapere, che siccome dice Tullio in quello di Senettute, la naturale morte, etc." "As it hath been said by Cicero, in his treatise on old age, natural death is like a port and haven to us after a long voyage; and even as the good mariner, when he draws near the port, lowers his sails, and enters it softly with a weak and inoffensive motion, so ought we to lower the sails of our worldly operations, and to return to God with all our understanding and heart, to the end that we may reach this haven with all quietness and with all peace. And herein we are mightily instructed by nature in a lesson of mildness; for in such a death itself there is neither pain nor bitterness; but, as ripe fruit is lightly and without violence loosened from its branch, so our soul without grieving departs from the body in which it hath been."

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop

Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease

Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.

*Milton, P. L.* b. xi. 537.



And to repentance and confession turn'd,  
 Wretch that I was ; and well it had bested me.  
 The chief of the new Pharisees<sup>1</sup> meantime,  
 Waging his warfare near the Lateran,  
 Not with the Saracens or Jews (his foes  
 All Christians were, nor against Acre one  
 Had fought,<sup>2</sup> nor traffick'd in the Soldan's land),  
 He, his great charge nor sacred ministry,  
 In himself revered, nor in me that cord

<sup>1</sup> *The chief of the new Pharisees.*] Boniface VIII., whose enmity to the family of Colonna prompted him to destroy their houses near the Lateran. Wishing to obtain possession of their other seat, Penestrino, he consulted with Guido da Montefeltro how he might accomplish his purpose, offering him at the same time absolution for his past sins, as well as for that which he was then tempting him to commit. Guido's advice was, that kind words and fair promises would put his enemies into his power ; and they accordingly soon afterwards fell into the snare laid for them, A.D. 1298. See G. Villani, lib. viii. c. xxiii. There is a relation similar to this in the history of Ferreto Vincentino, lib. ii. anno 1294 ; and the writer adds, that our Poet had justly condemned Guido to the torments he has allotted him. See Muratori, Script. Ital. tom. ix. p. 970, where the Editor observes : " Probosi hujus facinoris narrationi fidem adjungere nemo probus velit, quod facile confixerint Bonifacii æmuli, etc." And indeed it would seem as if Dante himself had either not heard, or had not believed, the report of Guido's having sold himself thus foolishly to the Pope, when he wrote the passage in the Convito cited in the note to v. 76 ; for he soon after speaks of him as one of those noble spirits " who, when they approached the last haven, lowered the sails of their worldly operations, and gave themselves up to religion in their old age, laying aside every worldly delight and wish."

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Nor against Acre one*

*Had fought.*] He alludes to the renegade Christians, by whom the Saracens, in April 1291, were assisted to recover St. John d'Acre, the last possession of the Christians in the Holy Land. The regret expressed by the Florentine annalist, G. Villani, for the loss of this valuable fortress, is well worthy of observation, lib. vii. c. cxliv. " From this event Christendom suffered the greatest detriment : for by the loss of Acre there no longer remained in the Holy Land any footing for the Christians ; and all our good maritime places of trade never afterwards derived half the advantage from their merchandise and manufactures ; so favourable was the situation of the city of Acre, in the very front of our sea, in the middle of Syria, and as it were in the middle of the inhabited world, seventy miles from Jerusalem, both source and receptacle of every kind of merchandise, as well from the east as from the west ; the resort of all people from all countries, and of the eastern nations of every different tongue ; so that it might be considered as the aliment of the world."

Which used to mark with leanness whom it girded.  
As in Soracte, Constantine besought,<sup>1</sup>  
To cure his leprosy, Sylvester's aid ;  
So me, to cure the fever of his pride,  
This man besought : my counsel to that end  
He ask'd ; and I was silent ; for his words  
Seem'd drunken : but forthwith he thus resumed :  
' From thy heart banish fear : of all offence  
' I hitherto absolve thee. In return,  
' Teach me my purpose so to execute,  
' That Penestrino cumber earth no more.  
' Heaven, as thou knowest, I have power to shut  
' And open : and the keys are therefore twain,  
' The which my predecessor<sup>2</sup> meanly prized.'

" Then, yielding to the forceful arguments,  
Of silence as more perilous I deem'd,  
And answer'd : ' Father ! since thou wast me  
' Clear of that guilt wherein I now must fall,  
' Large promise with performance scant, be sure,  
' Shall make thee triumph in thy lofty seat.'

" When I was number'd with the dead, then  
came

Saint Francis for me ; but a cherub dark  
He met, who cried, ' Wrong me not ; he is mine,  
' And must below to join the wretched crew,  
' For the deceitful counsel which he gave.  
' E'er since I watch'd him, hovering at his hair.  
' No power can the impenitent absolve ;  
' Nor to repent, and will, at once consist,  
' By contradiction absolute forbid.'

<sup>1</sup> *As in Soracte, Constantine besought.*] So in Dante's treatise *De Monarchiâ* : "Dicunt quidam adhuc, quod Constantinus Imperator mundatus a leprâ intercessione Sylvestri, tunc summi pontificis, imperii sedem, scilicet Romam, donavit ecclesiæ, cum multis aliis imperii dignitatibus." Lib. iii. Compare *Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo*, lib. ii. cap. xii.

<sup>2</sup> *My predecessor.*] Celestine V. See notes to Canto iii.

Oh misery ! how I shook myself, when he  
Seized me, and cried, 'Thou haply thought'st me  
not

'A disputant in logic so exact !'

To Minos down he bore me ; and the judge  
Twined eight times round his callous back the tail,  
Which biting with excess of rage, he spake :

'This is a guilty soul, that in the fire

'Must vanish.' Hence, perdition-doom'd, I rove  
A prey to rankling sorrow, in this garb."

When he had thus fulfill'd his words, the flame  
In dolour parted, beating to and fro,  
And writhing its sharp horn. We onward went,  
I and my leader, up along the rock,  
Far as another arch, that overhangs  
The foss, wherein the penalty is paid  
Of those who load them with committed sin.

## CANTO XXVIII

### ARGUMENT

They arrive in the ninth gulf, where the sowers of scandal, schismatics, and heretics, are seen with their limbs miserably maimed or divided in different ways. Among these the Poet finds Mahomet, Piero da Medicina, Curio, Mosca, and Bertrand de Born.

Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full  
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,  
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue  
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought  
Both impotent alike. If in one band  
Collected, stood the people all, who e'er  
Pour'd on Apulia's happy soil<sup>1</sup> their blood,

<sup>1</sup> *Happy soil.*] There is a strange discordance here among the

Slain by the Trojans,<sup>1</sup> and in that long war,<sup>2</sup>  
 When of the rings<sup>3</sup> the measured booty made  
 A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes  
 Who errs not; with the multitude, that felt  
 The griding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,<sup>4</sup>  
 And those the rest,<sup>5</sup> whose bones are gather'd yet  
 At Ceperano, there where treachery  
 Branded the Apulian name, or where beyond  
 Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo,<sup>6</sup> without arms  
 The old Alardo conquer'd; and his limbs

expounders. "Fortunata terra." Because of the vicissitudes of fortune which it experienced: Landino. Fortunate, with respect to those who conquered in it: Vellutello. Or on account of its natural fertility: Venturi. The context requires that we should understand, by "fortunata," "calamitous," "disgraziata," to which sense the word is extended in the Vocabulary of La Crusca: Lombardi. Volpi is silent. On this note the late Archdeacon Fisher favoured me with the following remark: "Volpi is, indeed, silent at the passage; but in the article 'Puglia,' in his second Index, he writes, Dante la chiama fortunata, cioè pingue e seconda. This is your own translation; and is the same word in meaning with *ὑδαίνω* and *felix*, in Xenophon's Anabasis and Horace *passim*." [The word probably here means "fortune-tossed," from *fortuna* in the sense of tempest.]

<sup>1</sup> *The Trojans.*] Some MSS. have "Romani"; and Lombardi has admitted it into the text. Venturi had, indeed, before met with the same reading in some edition, but he has not told us in which.

<sup>2</sup> *In that long war.*] The war of Hannibal in Italy. "When Mago brought news of his victories to Carthage, in order to make his successes more easily credited, he commanded the golden rings to be poured out in the senate-house, which made so large a heap, that, as some relate, they filled three *modii* and a half. A more probable account represents them not to have exceeded one *modius*." *Livy*, *Hist. lib. xxiii. 12.*

<sup>3</sup> *The rings.*] So Frezzi:

Non quella, che riempì i moggi d'anella.

*Il. Quadrir. lib. ii. cap. 9.*

<sup>4</sup> *Guiscard's Norman steel.*] Robert Guiscard, who conquered the kingdom of Naples, and died in 1085. G. Villani, *lib. iv. cap. xviii.* He is introduced in the Paradise, Canto xviii.

<sup>5</sup> *And those the rest.*] The army of Manfredi, which, through the treachery of the Apulian troops, was overcome by Charles of Anjou in 1265, and fell in such numbers that the bones of the slain were still gathered near Ceperano. G. Villani, *lib. vii. cap. ix.* See the Purgatory, Canto iii.

<sup>6</sup> *O Tagliacozzo.*] He alludes to the victory which Charles gained over Conradino, by the sage advice of the Sieur de Valeri, in 1268. G. Villani, *lib. vii. c. xxvii.*

One were to show transpierced, another his  
 Clean lopt away ; a spectacle like this  
 Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight  
 Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that hath lost  
 Its middle or side stave, gapes not so wide  
 As one I mark'd, torn from the chin throughout  
 Down to the hinder passage : 'twixt the legs  
 Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay  
 Open to view, and wretched ventricle,  
 That turns the englutted aliment to dross.

Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,  
 He eyed me, with his hands laid his breast bare,  
 And cried, "Now mark how I do rip me : lo !  
 How is Mohammed mangled : before me  
 Walks Ali<sup>1</sup> weeping, from the chin his face  
 Cleft to the forelock ; and the others all,  
 Whom here thou seest, while they lived, did sow  
 Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.  
 A fiend is here behind, who with his sword  
 Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again  
 Each of this ream, when we have compass round  
 The dismal way ; for first our gashes close  
 Ere we repass before him. But, say who  
 Art thou, that standest musing on the rock,  
 Haply so lingering to delay the pain  
 Sentenced upon thy crimes."—"Him death not  
 yet,"

My guide rejoin'd, "hath overta'en, nor sin  
 Conducts to torment ; but, that he may make  
 Full trial of your state, I who am dead  
 Must through the depths of hell, from orb to orb,  
 Conduct him. Trust my words ; for they are true."  
 More than a hundred spirits, when that they  
 heard,

<sup>1</sup> Ali.] The disciple of Mohammed.

Stood in the foss to mark me, through amaze  
 Forgetful of their pangs. "Thou, who perchance  
 Shalt shortly view the sun, this warning thou  
 Bear to Dolcino :<sup>1</sup> bid him, if he wish not  
 Here soon to follow me, that with good store  
 Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snows  
 Yield him a victim to Novara's power ;  
 No easy conquest else : " with foot upraised  
 For stepping, spake Mohammed, on the ground  
 Then fix'd it to depart. Another shade,  
 Pierced in the throat, his nostrils mutilate  
 E'en from beneath the eyebrows, and one ear  
 Lopt off, who, with the rest, through wonder stood  
 Gazing, before the rest advanced, and bared  
 His wind-pipe, that without was all o'ersmear'd  
 With crimson stain. "O thou!" said he, "whom  
 sin

Condemns not, and whom erst (unless too near  
 Resemblance do deceive me) I aloft  
 Have seen on Latian ground, call thou to mind

<sup>1</sup> *Dolcino*.] In 1305, a friar, called Dolcino, who belonged to no regular order, contrived to raise in Novara, in Lombardy, a large company of the meaner sort of people, declaring himself to be a true apostle of Christ, and promulgating a community of property and of wives, with many other such heretical doctrines. He blamed the pope, cardinals, and other prelates of the holy church, for not observing their duty, nor leading the angelic life, and affirmed that he ought to be pope. He was followed by more than three thousand men and women, who lived promiscuously on the mountains together, like beasts, and, when they wanted provisions, supplied themselves by depredation and rapine. This lasted for two years, till many, being struck with compunction at the dissolute life they led, his sect was much diminished ; and, through failure of food and the severity of the snows, he was taken by the people of Novara, and burnt, with Margarita, his companion, and many other men and women whom his errors had seduced. *G. Villani*, lib. viii. c. lxxiv. Landino observes, that he was possessed of singular eloquence, and that both he and Margarita endured their fate with a firmness worthy of a better cause. For a further account of him, see Muratori, *Rer. Ital. Script.* tom. ix. p. 427. Fazio degli Uberti, speaking of the polygamy allowed by Mahomet, adds :

E qui con fra Dolcin par che s' intenda.

*Dittamondo*, lib. v. cap. xii.

Piero of Medicina,<sup>1</sup> if again  
 Returning, thou behold'st the pleasant land <sup>2</sup>  
 That from Vercelli slopes to Mercabò;  
 And there instruct the twain,<sup>3</sup> whom Fano boasts  
 Her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,  
 That if 'tis given us here to scan aright  
 The future, they out of life's tenement <sup>4</sup>  
 Shall be cast forth, and whelm'd under the waves  
 Near to Cattolica, through perfidy  
 Of a fell tyrant. 'Twixt the Cyprian isle  
 And Balearic, ne'er hath Neptune seen  
 An injury so foul, by pirates done,  
 Or Argive crew of old. That one-eyed traitor  
 (Whose realm, there is a spirit here were fain  
 His eye had still lack'd sight of) them shall bring  
 To conference with him, then so shape his end,  
 That they shall need not 'gainst Focara's wind <sup>5</sup>  
 Offer up vow nor prayer." I answering thus:  
 "Declare, as thou dost wish that I above  
 May carry tidings of thee, who is he,  
 In whom that sight doth wake such sad remembrance."

Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek-bone

<sup>1</sup> *Medicina.*] A place in the territory of Bologna. Piero fomented dissensions among the inhabitants of that city, and among the leaders of the neighbouring states.

<sup>2</sup> *The pleasant land.*] Lombardy.

<sup>3</sup> *The twain.*] Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Cagnano, two of the worthiest and most distinguished citizens of Fano, were invited by Malatestino da Rimini to an entertainment, on pretence that he had some important business to transact with them; and, according to instructions given by him, they were drowned in their passage near Cattolica, between Rimini and Fano.

<sup>4</sup> *Out of life's tenement.*] "Fuor di lor vasello" is construed by the old Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. and by Lombardi, "out of the ship." Volpi understands "vasello" to mean "their city or country." Others take the word in the sense according to which, though not without some doubt, it is rendered in this translation. [Lombardi's rendering is undoubtedly right.]

<sup>5</sup> *Focara's wind.*] Focara is a mountain, from which a wind blows that is peculiarly dangerous to the navigators of that coast.

Of one, his fellow-spirit, and his jaws  
 Expanding, cried : " Lo ! this is he I wot of :  
 He speaks not for himself : the outcast this,  
 Who overwhelm'd the doubt in Cæsar's mind,<sup>1</sup>  
 Affirming that delay to men prepared  
 Was ever harmful." Oh ! how terrified  
 Methought was Curio, from whose throat was cut  
 The tongue, which spake that hardy word. Then

one,

Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom  
 The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots  
 Sullied his face, and cried : " Remember thee  
 Of Mosca<sup>2</sup> too ; I who, alas ! exclaim'd,  
 ' The deed once done, there is an end,' that proved  
 A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."

I added : " Ay, and death to thine own tribe."

Whence, heaping woe on woe, he hurried off,  
 As one grief-stung to madness. But I there  
 Still linger'd to behold the troop, and saw  
 Thing, such as I may fear without more proof  
 To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,

<sup>1</sup> *The doubt in Cæsar's mind.*] Curio, whose speech (according to Lucan) determined Julius Cæsar to proceed when he had arrived at Rimini (the ancient Ariminum), and doubted whether he should prosecute the civil war.

Tolle moras : semper nocuit differre paratis.

*Pharsal.* l. i. 281.

Haste then thy towering eagles on their way ;

When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay. *Rowe.*

<sup>2</sup> *Mosca.*] Buondelmonte was engaged to marry a lady of the Amidei family, but broke his promise, and united himself to one of the Donati. This was so much resented by the former, that a meeting of themselves and their kinsmen was held, to consider of the best means of revenging the insult. Mosca de' Lamberti persuaded them to resolve on the assassination of Buondelmonte, exclaiming to them, " the thing once done, there is an end." The counsel and its effects were the source of many terrible calamities to the state of Florence. " This murder," says G. Villani, lib. v. cap. xxxviii., " was the cause and beginning of the accursed Guelph and Ghibelline parties in Florence." It happened in 1215. See the *Paradise*, Canto xvi. 139.



The boon companion,<sup>1</sup> who her strong breastplate  
 Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within,  
 And bids him on and fear not. Without doubt  
 I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,  
 A headless trunk, that even as the rest  
 Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair  
 It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise  
 Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,  
 "Woe's me!" The spirit lighted thus himself;  
 And two there were in one, and one in two.  
 How that may be, he knows who ordereth so.

When at the bridge's foot direct he stood,  
 His arm aloft he rear'd, thrusting the head  
 Full in our view, that nearer we might hear  
 The words, which thus it utter'd: "Now behold  
 This grievous torment, thou, who breathing go'st  
 To spy the dead: behold, if any else  
 Be terrible as this. And, that on earth  
 Thou mayst bear tidings of me, know that I  
 Am Bertrand,<sup>2</sup> he of Born, who gave king John

<sup>1</sup> *The boon companion.*]

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

*Shakspeare, 2 Hen. VI. act iii. sc. 2.*

<sup>2</sup> *Bertrand.*] Bertrand de Born, Vicomte de Hautefort, near Perigueux in Guienne, who incited John to rebel against his father, Henry II. of England. [The son of Henry II. whom Bertrand de Born incited to rebel was not King John ("re Giovanni"), but Prince Henry, the Young King ("re giovane").] Bertrand holds a distinguished place among the Provençal poets. He is quoted in Dante, *de Vulg. Eloq. lib. ii. cap. 2*, where it is said, "that he treated of war, which no Italian poet had yet done." "*Arma vero nullum Italum adhuc poetasse invenio.*" The triple division of subjects for poetry, made in this chapter of the *de Vulg. Eloq.*, is very remarkable. It will be found in a note on Purgatory, Canto xxvi. 113. For the translation of some extracts from Bertrand de Born's poems, see Millot, *Hist. Littéraire des Troubadours*, tom. i. p. 210; but the historical parts of that work are, I believe, not to be relied on. Bertrand had a son of the same name, who wrote a poem against John, king of England. It is that species of composition called the *serventese*, and is in the Vatican, a MS. in Cod. 3204. See Bastero. *La Crusca Provenzale*, Roma. 1724, p. 80. For many particulars respecting both Bertrands, consult Raynouard's *Poésies*

The counsel mischievous. Father and son  
 I set at mutual war. For Absalom  
 And David more did not Ahitophel,  
 Spurring them on maliciously to strife.  
 For parting those so closely knit, my brain  
 Parted, alas! I carry from its source,  
 That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law  
 Of retribution fiercely works in me."

## CANTO XXIX

### ARGUMENT

Dante, at the desire of Virgil, proceeds onward to the bridge that crosses the tenth gulf, from whence he hears the cries of the alchemists and forgers, who are tormented therein; but not being able to discern anything on account of the darkness, they descend the rock, that bounds this the last of the compartments in which the eighth circle is divided, and then behold the spirits who are afflicted by divers plagues and diseases. Two of them, namely, Grifolino of Arezzo and Capocchio of Sienna, are introduced speaking.

So were mine eyes inebriate with the view  
 Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds  
 Disfigured, that they long'd to stay and weep.

But Virgil roused me: "What yet gazest on?  
 Wherefore doth fasten yet thy sight below  
 Among the maim'd and miserable shades?  
 Thou hast not shown in any chasm beside  
 This weakness. Know, if thou wouldst number  
 them,

That two and twenty miles the valley winds  
 Its circuit, and already is the moon

des Troubadours; in which excellent work, and in his *Lexique Roman*, Paris, 1838, several of their poems, in the Provençal language, may be seen.

Beneath our feet : the time permitted now  
Is short ; and more, not seen, remains to see."

"If thou," I straight replied, "hadst weigh'd  
the cause,  
For which I look'd, thou hadst perchance excused  
The tarrying still." My leader part pursued  
His way, the while I follow'd, answering him,  
And adding thus : "Within that cave I deem,  
Whereon so fixedly I held my ken,  
There is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,  
Wailing the crime that costs him now so dear."

Then spake my master : "Let thy soul no  
more  
Afflict itself for him. Direct elsewhere  
Its thought, and leave him. At the bridge's foot  
I mark'd how he did point with menacing look  
At thee, and heard him by the others named  
Geri of Bello.<sup>1</sup> Thou so wholly then  
Wert busied with his spirit, who once ruled  
The towers of Hautefort, that thou lookedst not  
That way, ere he was gone."—"O guide beloved !  
His violent death yet unavenged," said I,  
"By any, who are partners in his shame,  
Made him contemptuous ; therefore, as I think,  
He pass'd me speechless by ; and, doing so,  
Hath made me more compassionate his fate."

So we discoursed to where the rock first show'd  
The other valley, had more light been there,  
E'en to the lowest depth. Soon as we came  
O'er the last cloister in the dismal rounds

<sup>1</sup> *Geri of Bello.*] A kinsman of the Poet's, who was murdered by one of the Sacchetti family. His being placed here, may be considered as a proof that Dante was more impartial in the allotment of his punishments than has generally been supposed. He was the son of Bello, who was brother to Bellincione, our Poet's grandfather. Pelli, *Mem. per la Vita di Dante*. Opere di Dante, Zatta ediz. tom. iv. part. ii. p. 23.

Of Malebolge, and the brotherhood  
 Were to our view exposed, then many a dart  
 Of sore lament assail'd me, headed all  
 With points of thrilling pity, that I closed  
 Both ears against the volley with mine hands.

As were the torment,<sup>1</sup> if each lazar-house  
 Of Valdichiana,<sup>2</sup> in the sultry time  
 'Twixt July and September, with the isle  
 Sardinia and Maremma's pestilent fen,<sup>3</sup>  
 Had heap'd their maladies all in one foss  
 Together; such was here the torment: dire  
 The stench, as issuing steams from fester'd limbs.

We on the utmost shore of the long rock  
 Descended still to leftward. Then my sight  
 Was livelier to explore the depth, wherein  
 The minister of the most mighty Lord,  
 All-searching Justice, dooms to punishment  
 The forgers noted on her dread record.

<sup>1</sup> *As were the torment.*] It is very probable that these lines gave Milton the idea of his celebrated description:

Immediately a place  
 Before their eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark.  
 A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased, all maladies, etc. *P. L.* b. xi. 477.

Yet the enumeration of diseases, which follows, appears to have been taken by Milton from the *Quadrregio*:

Quivi eran zoppi, monchi, sordi, e orbi,  
 Quivi era il mal podagrico e di fianco,  
 Quivi la frenesia cogli occhi torbi.  
 Quivi il dolor gridante, e non mai stanco,  
 Quivi il catarro con la gran cianfarda,  
 L'asma, la polmonia quivi eran' anco.  
 L'idropisia quivi era grave e tarda,  
 Di tutte febbri quel piano era pieno,  
 Quivi quel mal, che par che la carne arda.

Lib. ii. cap. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *Of Valdichiana.*] The valley through which passes the river Chiana, bounded by Arezzo, Cortona, Montepulciano, and Chiusi. In the heat of autumn it was formerly rendered unwholesome by the stagnation of the water, but has since been drained by the Emperor Leopold II. The Chiana is mentioned as a remarkably sluggish stream, in the *Paradise*, Canto xiii. 21.

<sup>3</sup> *Maremma's pestilent fen.*] See note to Canto xxv. v. 18.

More rueful was it not methinks to see  
The nation in Ægina<sup>1</sup> droop, what time  
Each living thing, e'en to the little worm,  
All fell, so full of malice was the air,  
(And afterward, as bards of yore have told,  
The ancient people were restored anew  
From seed of emmets), than was here to see  
The spirits, that languish'd through the murky  
vale,

Up-piled on many a stack. Confused they lay,  
One o'er the belly, o'er the shoulders one  
Roll'd of another ; sideling crawl'd a third  
Along the dismal pathway. Step by step  
We journey'd on, in silence looking round,  
And listening those diseased, who strove in vain  
To lift their forms. Then two I mark'd, that sat  
Propt 'gainst each other, as two brazen pans  
Set to retain the heat. From head to foot,  
A tetter bark'd them round. Nor saw I e'er  
Groom currying so fast, for whom his lord  
Impatient waited, or himself perchance  
Tired with long watching, as of these each one  
Plied quickly his keen nails, through furiousness  
Of ne'er abated pruriency. The crust  
Came drawn from underneath in flakes, like scales  
Scraped from the bream, or fish of broader mail.

"O thou ! who with thy fingers rendest off  
Thy coat of proof," thus spake my guide to one,  
"And sometimes makest tearing pincers of them,  
Tell me if any born of Latian land  
Be among these within : so may thy nails  
Serve thee for everlasting to this toil."

"Both are of Latium," weeping he replied,

<sup>1</sup> *In Ægina.*] He alludes to the fable of the ants changed into Myrmidons. *Ovid, Met. lib. vii.*

“Whom tortured thus thou seest: but who art thou

That hast inquired of us?” To whom my guide:  
“One that descend with this man, who yet lives,  
From rock to rock, and show him hell’s abyss.”

Then started they asunder, and each turn’d  
Trembling toward us, with the rest, whose ear  
Those words redounding struck. To me my  
liege  
Address’d him: “Speak to them whate’er thou  
list.”

And I therewith began: “So may no time  
Filch your remembrance from the thoughts of men  
In the upper world, but after many suns  
Survive it, as ye tell me, who ye are,  
And of what race ye come. Your punishment,  
Unseemly and disgustful in its kind,  
Deter you not from opening thus much to me.”

“Arezzo was my dwelling,”<sup>1</sup> answer’d one,  
“And me Albero of Sienna brought  
To die by fire: but that, for which I died,  
Leads me not here. True is, in sport I told him,  
That I had learn’d to wing my flight in air;  
And he, admiring much, as he was void  
Of wisdom, will’d me to declare to him  
The secret of mine art: and only hence,  
Because I made him not a Dædalus,  
Prevail’d on one supposed his sire to burn me.  
But Minos to this chasm, last of the ten,  
For that I practised alchemy on earth,  
Has doom’d me. Him no subterfuge eludes.”

Then to the bard I spake: “Was ever race

<sup>1</sup> *Arezzo was my dwelling.*] Grifolino of Arezzo, who promised Albero, son of the Bishop of Sienna, that he would teach him the art of flying; and, because he did not keep his promise, Albero prevailed on his father to have him burnt for a necromancer.

Light as Sienna's? <sup>1</sup> Sure not France herself  
Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."

The other leprous spirit heard my words,  
And thus return'd: "Be Stricca <sup>2</sup> from this charge  
Exempted, he who knew so temperately  
To lay out fortune's gifts; and Niccolo,  
Who first the spice's costly luxury  
Discover'd in that garden, <sup>3</sup> where such seed  
Roots deepest in the soil: and be that troop  
Exempted, with whom Caccia of Asciano  
Lavish'd his vineyards and wide-spreading woods,  
And his rare wisdom Abbagliato <sup>4</sup> show'd

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Was ever race*

*Light as Sienna's?*] The same imputation is again cast on the Siennese, *Purg.* Canto xiii. 141.

<sup>2</sup> *Stricca.*] This is said ironically. Stricca, Niccolo Salimbeni, Caccia of Asciano, and Abbagliato or Meo de' Folcacchieri, belonged to a company of prodigal and luxurious young men in Sienna, called the "*brigata godereccia*." Niccolo was the inventor of a new manner of using cloves in cookery, not very well understood by the commentators, and which was termed the "*costuma ricca*." Pagliarini, in his *Historical Observations on the Quadriregio*, lib. iii. cap. 13, adduces a passage from a MS. History of Sienna, in which it is told that these spendthrifts, out of the sum raised from the sale of their estates, built a palace, which they inhabited in common, and made the receptacle of their apparatus for luxurious enjoyment; and that, amongst their other extravagances, they had their horses shod with silver, and forbade their servants to pick up the precious shoes if they dropped off. The end was, as might be expected, extreme poverty and wretchedness. Landino says, they spent two hundred thousand florins in twenty months. Horses shod with silver are mentioned by Fazio degli Uberti.

Ancora in questo tempo si fù visto  
Quel Roberto Guiscardo, che d'argento  
I cavagli ferrò per far l'acquisto.

*Dittamondo*, l. ii. c. 24, as corrected by Porticari.

<sup>3</sup> *In that garden.*] Sienna.

<sup>4</sup> *Abbagliato.*] Lombardi understands "Abbagliato" not to be the name of a man, but to be the epithet to "senno," and construes "E l'abbagliato suo senno proferse," "and manifested to the world the blindness of their understanding." So little doubt, however, is made of there being such a person, that Allacci speaks of his grandfather Folcacchiero de' Folcacchieri of Sienna, as one who may dispute with the Sicilians the praise of being the first inventor of Italian poetry. Tiraboschi, indeed, observes, that this genealogy is not authenticated by Allacci; yet it is difficult to suppose that he should have mentioned it at all, if Meo de' Folcacchieri, or

A spectacle for all. That thou mayst know  
 Who seconds thee against the Siennese  
 Thus gladly, bend this way thy sharpen'd sight,  
 That well my face may answer to thy ken;  
 So shalt thou see I am Capocchio's ghost,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who forged transmuted metals by the power  
 Of alchemy; and if I scan thee right,  
 Thou needs must well remember how I aped  
 Creative nature by my subtle art."

## CANTO XXX

### ARGUMENT

In the same gulf, other kinds of impostors, as those who have counterfeited the persons of others, or debased the current coin, or deceived by speech under false pretences, are described as suffering various diseases. Sinon of Troy and Adamo of Brescia mutually reproach each other with their several impostures.

WHAT time resentment burn'd in Juno's breast  
 For Semele against the Theban blood,  
 As more than once in dire mischance was rued;  
 Such fatal frenzy seized on Athamas,<sup>2</sup>  
 That he his spouse beholding with a babe  
 Laden on either arm, "Spread out," he cried,  
 "The meshes, that I take the lioness  
 And the young lions at the pass:" then forth  
 Stretch'd he his merciless talons, grasping one,  
 One helpless innocent, Learchus named,  
 Whom swinging down he dash'd upon a rock;

Abbagliato, as he was called, had never existed. Vol. i. p. 95.  
 Mr. Mathias's edit.

<sup>1</sup> *Capocchio's ghost.*] Capocchio of Sienna, who is said to have  
 been a fellow-student of Dante's, in natural philosophy.

<sup>2</sup> *Athamas.*] From Ovid, *Metam. lib. iv.*  
 Protinus Æolides, etc.



And with her other burden,<sup>1</sup> self-destroy'd,  
 The hapless mother plunged. And when the pride  
 Of all presuming Troy fell from its height,  
 By fortune overwhelm'd; and the old king  
 With his realm perish'd; then did Hecuba,<sup>2</sup>  
 A wretch forlorn and captive, when she saw  
 Polyxena first slaughter'd, and her son,  
 Her Polydorus,<sup>3</sup> on the wild sea-beach  
 Next met the mourner's view, then reft of sense  
 Did she run barking even as a dog;  
 Such mighty power had grief to wrench her soul.  
 But ne'er the Furies, or of Thebes, or Troy,  
 With such fell cruelty were seen, their goads  
 Infixing in the limbs of man or beast,  
 As now two pale and naked ghosts I saw,  
 That gnarling wildly scamper'd, like the swine  
 Excluded from his sty. One reach'd Capocchio,  
 And in the neck-joint sticking deep his fangs,  
 Dragg'd him, that, o'er the solid pavement rubb'd  
 His belly stretch'd out prone. The other shape,  
 He of Arezzo, there left trembling, spake:  
 "That sprite of air is Schicchi;<sup>4</sup> in like mood  
 Of random mischief vents he still his spite."

To whom I answering: "Oh! as thou dost  
 hope  
 The other may not flesh its jaws on thee,

<sup>1</sup> *With her other burden.*]

Seque super pontum nullo tardata timore  
 Mittit, onusque suum. *Ovid, Metam. lib. iv.*

<sup>2</sup> *Hecuba.*] See Euripides, Hecuba; and Ovid, Metam. lib. xiii.

<sup>3</sup> *Her Polydorus.*]

Aspicit ejectum Polidori in littore corpus. *Ovid, Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Schicchi.*] Gianni Schicchi, who was of the family of Cavalcanti, possessed such a faculty of moulding his features to the resemblance of others, that he was employed by Simon Donati to personate Buoso Donati, then recently deceased, and to make a will, leaving Simon his heir; for which service he was remunerated with a mare of extraordinary value, here called "the lady of the herd."

Be patient to inform us, who it is,  
Ere it speed hence.—“That is the ancient soul  
Of wretched Myrrha,”<sup>1</sup> he replied, “who burn’d  
With most unholy flame for her own sire,  
And a false shape assuming, so perform’d  
The deed of sin; e’en as the other there,  
That onward passes, dared to counterfeit  
Donati’s features, to feign’d testament  
The seal affixing, that himself might gain,  
For his own share, the lady of the herd.”

When vanish’d the two furious shades, on whom  
Mine eye was held, I turn’d it back to view  
The other cursed spirits. One I saw  
In fashion like a lute, had but the groin  
Been sever’d where it meets the forked part.  
Swoln dropsy, disproportioning the limbs  
With ill-converted moisture, that the paunch  
Suits not the visage, open’d wide his lips,  
Gasping as in the hectic man for drought,  
One towards the chin, the other upward curl’d.

“O ye! who in this world of misery,  
Wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,”  
Thus he began, “attentively regard  
Adamo’s woe.<sup>2</sup> When living, full supply  
Ne’er lack’d me of what most I coveted;  
One drop of water now, alas! I crave.  
The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes  
Of Casentino,<sup>3</sup> making fresh and soft  
The banks whereby they glide to Arno’s stream,

<sup>1</sup> *Myrrha*.] See Ovid, *Metam.* lib. x.

<sup>2</sup> *Adamo’s woe*.] Adamo of Brescia, at the instigation of Guido, Alessandro, and their brother Aghinulfo, lords of Romena, counterfeited the coin of Florence; for which crime he was burnt. Landino says, that in his time the peasants still pointed out a pile of stones near Romena, as the place of his execution. See Troya, *Veltro Allegorico*, p. 25.

<sup>3</sup> *Casentino*.] Romena is a part of Casentino.

Stand ever in my view ; and not in vain ;  
 For more the pictured semblance dries me up,  
 Much more than the disease, which makes the  
 flesh

Desert these shrivel'd cheeks. So from the place,  
 Where I transgress'd, stern justice urging me,  
 Takes means to quicken more my labouring sighs.  
 There is Romena, where I falsified  
 The metal with the Baptist's form imprest,  
 For which on earth I left my body burnt.  
 But if I here might see the sorrowing soul  
 Of Guido, Alessandro, or their brother,  
 For Branda's limpid spring<sup>1</sup> I would not change  
 The welcome sight. One is e'en now within,  
 If truly the mad spirits tell, that round  
 Are wandering. But wherein besteads me that ?  
 My limbs are fetter'd. Were I but so light,  
 That I each hundred years might move one inch,  
 I had set forth already on this path,  
 Seeking him out amidst the shapeless crew,  
 Although eleven miles it wind, not less<sup>2</sup>  
 Than half of one across. They brought me down  
 Among this tribe ; induced by them, I stamp'd  
 The florens with three carats of alloy."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Branda's limpid spring.*] A fountain in Sienna.

<sup>2</sup> *Less.*] Lombardi justly concludes that as Adamo wishes to exaggerate the difficulty of finding the spirit whom he wished to see, "men," and not "più" ("less," and not "more" than the half of a mile), is probably the true reading ; for there are authorities for both.

<sup>3</sup> *The florens with three carats of alloy.*] The floren was a coin that ought to have had twenty-four carats of pure gold. Villani relates, that it was first used at Florence in 1252, an era of great prosperity in the annals of the republic ; before which time their most valuable coinage was of silver. Hist. lib. vi. c. liv. Fazio degli Uberti uses the word to denote the purest gold.

Pura era come l'oro del fiorino,

*Dittamondo*, L. ii. cap. xiv.

"Among the ruins of Chaucer's house at Woodstock they found

"Who are that abject pair," I next inquired,  
 "That closely bounding thee upon thy right  
 Lie smoking, like a hand in winter steep'd  
 In the chill stream?"—"When to this gulf I  
 dropp'd,"

He answer'd, "here I found them; since that  
 hour

They have not turn'd, nor ever shall, I ween,  
 Till time hath run his course. One is that dame,  
 The false accuser<sup>1</sup> of the Hebrew youth;  
 Sinon the other, that false Greek from Troy.  
 Sharp fever drains the reeky moistness out,  
 In such a cloud upsteam'd." When that he heard,  
 One, gall'd perchance to be so darkly named,  
 With clench'd hand smote him on the braced  
 paunch,

That like a drum resounded: but forthwith  
 Adamo smote him on the face, the blow  
 Returning with his arm, that seem'd as hard.

"Though my o'erweighty limbs have ta'en  
 from me

The power to move," said he, "I have an arm  
 At liberty for such employ." To whom  
 Was answer'd: "When thou wentest to the  
 fire,

Thou hadst it not so ready at command,  
 Then readier when it coin'd the impostor gold."

And thus the dropsied: "Ay, now speak'st  
 thou true:

an ancient coin of Florence; I think, a Florein, anciently common  
 in England. Chaucer, *Pardon. Tale* v. 2290.

For that the Floraines been so fair and bright.

Edward the Third, in 1344, altered it from a lower value to 6s. 8d.  
 The particular piece I have mentioned seems about that value."  
*Warton, Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, v. ii. sect. ii. p. 44.

<sup>1</sup> *The false accuser.*] Potiphar's wife.

But there thou gavest not such true testimony,  
When thou wast question'd of the truth, at Troy."

"If I spake false, thou falsely stamp'dst the  
coin,"

Said Sinon; "I am here for but one fault,  
And thou for more than any imp beside."

"Remember," he replied, "O perjured one!  
The horse remember, that did teem with death;  
And all the world be witness to thy guilt."

"To thine," return'd the Greek, "witness the  
thirst

Whence thy tongue cracks, witness the fluid mound  
Rear'd by thy belly up before thine eyes,  
A mass corrupt." To whom the coiner thus:

"Thy mouth gapes wide as ever to let pass  
Its evil saying. Me if thirst assails,  
Yet I am stuff with moisture. Thou art parch'd:  
Pains rack thy head: no urging wouldst thou need  
To make thee lap Narcissus' mirror up."

I was all fix'd to listen, when my guide  
Admonish'd: "Now beware. A little more,  
And I do quarrel with thee." I perceived  
How angrily he spake, and towards him turn'd  
With shame so poignant, as remember'd yet  
Confounds me. As a man that dreams of harm  
Befallen him, dreaming wishes it a dream,  
And that which is, desires as if it were not;  
Such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,  
Wish'd to excuse myself, and all the while  
Excused me, though unweeting that I did.

"More grievous fault than thine has been, less  
shame,"

My master cried, "might expiate. Therefore cast  
All sorrow from thy soul; and if again  
Chance bring thee where like conference is held,

Think I am ever at thy side. To hear  
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

## CANTO XXXI

## ARGUMENT

The poets, following the sound of a loud horn, are led by it to the ninth circle, in which there are four rounds, one enclosed within the other, and containing as many sorts of Traitors; but the present Canto shows only that the circle is encompassed with Giants, one of whom, Antæus, takes them both in his arms and places them at the bottom of the circle.

THE very tongue,<sup>1</sup> whose keen reproof before  
Had wounded me, that either cheek was stain'd,  
Now minister'd my cure. So have I heard,  
Achilles' and his father's javelin caused  
Pain first, and then the boon of health restored.

Turning our back upon the vale of woe,  
We cross'd the encircled mound in silence. There  
Was less than day and less than night, that far  
Mine eye advanced not: but I heard a horn

<sup>1</sup> *The very tongue.*]

Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam fecerat hoste  
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit.

*Ovid, Rem. Amor. 47.*

The same allusion was made by Bernard de Ventadour, a Provençal poet in the middle of the twelfth century; and Millot observes, that "it was a singular instance of erudition in a Troubadour." But it is not impossible, as Warton remarks (*Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. ii. sect. x. p. 215), but that he might have been indebted for it to some of the early romances. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, a sword of similar quality is introduced.

And other folk have wondred on the sweard,  
That could so piercen through every thing;  
And fell in speech of Telephus the king,  
And of Achilles for his queint spere,  
For he couth with it both heale and dere.

So Shakspeare, *Henry VI. P. II. act v. sc. 1.*

Whose smile and frown like to Achilles' spear  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Sounded so loud, the peal it rang had made  
 The thunder feeble. Following its course  
 The adverse way, my strained eyes were bent  
 On that one spot. So terrible a blast  
 Orlando<sup>1</sup> blew not, when that dismal rout  
 O'erthrew the host of Charlemain, and quench'd  
 His saintly warfare. Thitherward not long  
 My head was raised, when many a lofty tower  
 Methought I spied. "Master," said I, "what land  
 Is this?" He answer'd straight: "Too long a  
 space

Of intervening darkness has thine eye  
 To traverse: thou hast therefore widely err'd  
 In thy imagining. Thither arrived  
 Thou well shalt see, how distance can delude  
 The sense. A little therefore urge thee on."

Then tenderly he caught me by the hand:  
 "Yet know," said he, "ere further we advance,  
 That it less strange may seem, these are not towers,  
 But giants. In the pit they stand immersed,  
 Each from his navel downward, round the bank."

As when a fog disperseth gradually,  
 Our vision traces what the mist involves  
 Condensed in air; so piercing through the gross  
 And gloomy atmosphere, as more and more  
 We near'd toward the brink, mine error fled  
 And fear came o'er me. As with circling round  
 Of turrets, Montereccion<sup>2</sup> crowns his walls;

<sup>1</sup> *Orlando.*] When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
 At Fontarabia. *Milton, P. L. b. i. 586.*

See Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. i. sect. iii. p. 132. "This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jatmund, and which, as Turpin and the Islandic bards report, was endued with magical power, and might be heard at the distance of twenty miles." Charlemain and Orlando are introduced in the *Paradise*, Canto xviii.

<sup>2</sup> *Montereccion.*] A castle near Sienna.

E'en thus the shore, encompassing the abyss,  
Was turreted with giants,<sup>1</sup> half their length  
Uprearing, horrible, whom Jove from heaven  
Yet threatens, when his muttering thunder rolls.

Of one already I descried the face,  
Shoulders, and breast, and of the belly huge  
Great part, and both arms down along his ribs.

All-teeming Nature, when her plastic hand  
Left framing of these monsters, did display  
Past doubt her wisdom, taking from mad War  
Such slaves to do his bidding ; and if she  
Repent her not of the elephant and whale,  
Who ponders well confesses her therein  
Wiser and more discreet ; for when brute force  
And evil will are back'd with subtlety,  
Resistance none avails. His visage seem'd  
In length and bulk, as doth the pine<sup>2</sup> that tops  
Saint Peter's Roman fane ; and the other bones  
Of like proportion, so that from above  
The bank, which girdled him below, such height  
Arose his stature, that three Friezelanders  
Had striven in vain to reach but to his hair.  
Full thirty ample palms was he exposed  
Downward from whence a man his garment loops.  
" Raphael<sup>3</sup> baì ameth, sabì almì : "

<sup>1</sup> *Giants.*] The giants round the pit, it is remarked by Warton, are in the Arabian vein of fabling. See D'Herbelot, *Bibl. Orientale*. V. Rocail. p. 717. a.

<sup>2</sup> *The pine.*] "The large pine of bronze, which once ornamented the top of the mole of Adrian, was afterwards employed to decorate the top of the belfry of St. Peter ; and having (according to Buti) been thrown down by lightning, it was, after lying some time on the steps of this palace, transferred to the place where it now is, in the Pope's garden, by the side of the great corridore of Belvedere. In the time of our poet, the pine was then either on the belfry or on the steps of St. Peter." *Lombardi*.

<sup>3</sup> *Raphael, etc.*] These unmeaning sounds, it is supposed, are meant to express the confusion of languages at the building of the tower of Babel.



So shouted his fierce lips, which sweeter hymns  
 Became not ; and my guide address'd him thus :  
 " O senseless spirit ! let thy horn for thee  
 Interpret : therewith vent thy rage, if rage  
 Or other passion wring thee. Search thy neck,  
 There shalt thou find the belt that binds it on.  
 Spirit confused ! <sup>1</sup> lo, on thy mighty breast  
 Where hangs the baldrick ! " Then to me he spake :  
 " He doth accuse himself. Nimrod is this,  
 Through whose ill counsel in the world no more  
 One tongue prevails. But pass we on, nor waste  
 Our words ; for so each language is to him,  
 As his to others, understood by none."

Then to the leftward turning sped we forth,  
 And at a sling's throw found another shade  
 Far fiercer and more huge. I cannot say  
 What master hand had girt him ; but he held  
 Behind the right arm fetter'd, and before,  
 The other, with a chain, that fasten'd him  
 From the neck down ; and five times round his form  
 Apparent met the wreathed links. " This proud one  
 Would of his strength against almighty Jove  
 Make trial," said my guide : " whence he is thus  
 Requited : Ephialtes him they call.  
 Great was his prowess, when the giants brought  
 Fear on the gods : those arms, which then he plied,  
 Now moves he never." Forthwith I return'd :  
 " Fain would I, if 't were possible, mine eyes,  
 Of Briareus immeasurable, gain'd  
 Experience next." He answer'd : " Thou shalt

see

Not far from hence Antæus, who both speaks

<sup>1</sup> *Spirit confused.*] I had before translated "Wild spirit!" and have altered it at the suggestion of Mr. Darley, who well observes, that "anima confusa" is peculiarly appropriate to Nimrod, the author of the confusion at Babel.

And is unfetter'd, who shall place us there  
Where guilt is at its depth. Far onward stands  
Whom thou wouldst fain behold, in chains, and made  
Like to this spirit, save that in his looks  
More fell he seems." By violent earthquake rock'd  
Ne'er shook a tower, so reeling to its base,  
As Ephialtes. More than ever then  
I dreaded death; nor than the terror more  
Had needed, if I had not seen the cords  
That held him fast. We, straightway journeying on,  
Came to Antæus, who, five ells complete  
Without the head, forth issued from the cave.

"O thou, who in the fortunate vale,<sup>1</sup> that made  
Great Scipio heir of glory, when his sword  
Drove back the troop of Hannibal in flight,  
Who thence of old didst carry for thy spoil  
An hundred lions; and if thou hadst fought  
In the high conflict on thy brethren's side,  
Seems as men yet believed, that through thine arm  
The sons of earth had conquer'd; now vouchsafe  
To place us down beneath, where numbing cold  
Locks up Cocytus. Force not that we crave  
Or Tityus' help or Typhon's. Here is one  
Can give what in this realm ye covet. Stoop  
Therefore, nor scornfully distort thy lip.  
He in the upper world can yet bestow  
Renown on thee; for he doth live, and looks  
For life yet longer, if before the time  
Grace call him not unto herself." Thus spake  
The teacher. He in haste forth stretch'd his hands  
And caught my guide. Alcides<sup>2</sup> whilom felt

<sup>1</sup> *The fortunate vale.*] The country near Carthage. See Liv. Hist. l. xxx. and Lucan, Phars. l. iv. 590, etc. Dante has kept the latter of these writers in his eye throughout all this passage.

<sup>2</sup> *Alcides.*] The combat between Hercules and Antæus is adduced by the poet in his treatise "De Monarchiâ," lib. ii. as a proof of the

That grapple, straiten'd sore. Soon as my guide  
 Had felt it, he bespake me thus : " This way,  
 That I may clasp thee ; " then so caught me up,  
 That we were both one burden. As appears  
 The tower of Carisenda,<sup>1</sup> from beneath  
 Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud  
 So sail across, that opposite it hangs ;  
 Such then Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease  
 I mark'd him stooping. I were fain at times  
 To have past another way. Yet in the abyss,  
 That Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,  
 Lightly he placed us ; nor, there leaning, stay'd ;  
 But rose, as in a bark the stately mast.

## CANTO XXXII

## ARGUMENT

This Canto treats of the first, and, in part, of the second of those rounds, into which the ninth and last, or frozen circle, is divided. In the former, called Caina, Dante finds Camiccione de' Pazzi, who gives him an account of other sinners who are there punished ; and in the next, named Antenora, he hears in like manner from Bocca degli Abbati who his fellow-sufferers are.

COULD I command rough rhymes and hoarse, to suit  
 That hole of sorrow o'er which every rock  
 His firm abutment rears, then might the vein  
 Of fancy rise full springing : but not mine

judgment of God displayed in the *duel*, according to the singular superstition of those times. " *Certamine vero dupliciter Dei judicium aperitur vel ex collisione virium, sicut fit per duellum pugilum, qui duelliones etiam vocantur ; vel ex contentione plurium ad aliquod signum prævalere conantium, sicut fit per pugnam athletarum currentium ad bravium. Primus istorum modorum apud gentiles figuratus fuit in illo duello Herculis et Antæi, cujus Lucanus meminit in quarto Pharsaliæ, et Ovidius in nono de rerum transmutatione.*"

<sup>1</sup> *The tower of Carisenda.*] The leaning tower at Bologna.

Such measures, and with faltering awe I touch  
 The mighty theme ; for to describe the depth  
 Of all the universe, is no emprise  
 To jest with, and demands a tongue not used  
 To infant babbling.<sup>1</sup> But let them assist  
 My song, the tuneful maidens, by whose aid  
 Amphion wall'd in Thebes ; so with the truth  
 My speech shall best accord. Oh ill-starr'd folk,  
 Beyond all others wretched ! who abide  
 In such a mansion, as scarce thought finds words  
 To speak of, better had ye here on earth  
 Been flocks, or mountain goats. As down we stood  
 In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,  
 But lower far than they, and I did gaze  
 Still on the lofty battlement, a voice  
 Bespake me thus : " Look how thou walkest. Take  
 Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads  
 Of thy poor brethren." Thereupon I turn'd,  
 And saw before and underneath my feet  
 A lake,<sup>2</sup> whose frozen surface liker seem'd  
 To glass than water. Not so thick a veil  
 In winter e'er hath Austrian Danube spread

<sup>1</sup> — *A tongue not used*

*To infant babbling.*] *Nè da lingua, che chiami mamma, o babbo.*  
 Dante in his treatise *De Vulg. Eloq.* speaking of words not  
 admissible in the loftier, or, as he calls it, tragic style of poetry,  
 says—" *In quorum numero nec puerilia propter suam simplicitatem*  
*ut Mamma et Babbo,*" lib. iii. c. vii.

<sup>2</sup> *A lake.*] The same torment is introduced into the *Edda*, com-  
 piled in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. See the "Song of the  
 Sun," translated by the Rev. James Beresford, London, 1805 ; and  
 compare Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, v. i. dissert. i. and Gray's  
*Posthumous Works*, edited by Mr. Mathias, v. ii. p. 106. Indeed,  
 as an escape from "the penalty of Adam, the season's difference,"  
 forms one of the most natural topics of consolation for the loss of  
 life, so does a renewal of that suffering in its fiercest extremes of  
 heat and cold bring before the imagination of men in general (except  
 indeed the terrors of a self-accusing conscience) the liveliest idea of  
 future punishment. Refer to Shakspeare and Milton in the notes  
 to Canto iii. 82 ; and see Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 8vo.  
 1807, v. i. p. 182,

O'er his still course, nor Tanais far remote  
 Under the chilling sky. Roll'd o'er that mass  
 Had Tabernich or Pietrapana<sup>1</sup> fallen,  
 Not e'en its rim had creak'd. As peeps the frog  
 Croaking above the wave, what time in dreams  
 The village gleaner oft pursues her toil,  
 So, to where modest shame appears,<sup>2</sup> thus low  
 Blue pinch'd and shrined in ice the spirits stood,  
 Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.<sup>3</sup>  
 His face each downward held; their mouth the cold,  
 Their eyes express'd the dolour of their heart.

A space I look'd around, then at my feet  
 Saw two so strictly join'd, that of their head  
 The very hairs were mingled. "Tell me ye,  
 Whose bosoms thus together press," said I,  
 "Who are ye?" At that sound their necks they  
 bent;

And when their looks were lifted up to me,  
 Straightway their eyes, before all moist within,  
 Distill'd upon their lips, and the frost bound  
 The tears betwixt those orbs, and held them there.  
 Plank unto plank hath never cramp closed up  
 So stoutly. Whence, like two enraged goats,  
 They clash'd together: them such fury seized.

And one, from whom the cold both ears had reft,  
 Exclaim'd, still looking downward: "Why on us  
 Dost speculate so long? If thou wouldst know  
 Who are these two,<sup>4</sup> the valley, whence his wave

<sup>1</sup> *Tabernich or Pietrapana.*] The one according to the old commentators a mountain in Slavonia, the other in that tract of country called the Garfagnana, not far from Lucca.

<sup>2</sup> *To where modest shame appears.*] "As high as to the face."

<sup>3</sup> *Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.*]

Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.

So Boccaccio, G. viii. N. 7. "Lo scolare cattivello, quasi cicogna divenuto, sì forte batteva i denti."

<sup>4</sup> *Who are these two.*] Alessandro and Napoleone, sons of Alberto Alberti, who murdered each other. They were proprietors of the

Bisenzio slopes, did for its master own  
 Their sire Alberto, and next him themselves.  
 They from one body issued : and throughout  
 Caina thou mayst search, nor find a shade  
 More worthy in congealment to be fix'd ;  
 Not him,<sup>1</sup> whose breast and shadow Arthur's hand  
 At that one blow dissever'd ; not Focaccia ;<sup>2</sup>  
 No, not this spirit, whose o'erjutting head  
 Obstructs my onward view : he bore the name  
 Of Mascheroni :<sup>3</sup> Tuscan if thou be,  
 Well knowest who he was. And to cut short  
 All further question, in my form behold  
 What once was Camiccione.<sup>4</sup> I await  
 Carlino<sup>5</sup> here my kinsman, whose deep guilt  
 Shall wash out mine." A thousand visages  
 Then mark'd I, which the keen and eager cold  
 Had shaped into a doggish grin ; whence creeps  
 A shivering horror o'er me, at the thought  
 Of those froze shallows. While we journey'd on  
 Toward the middle, at whose point unites

valley where the Bisenzio has its source, a river that falls into the Arno about six miles from Florence.

<sup>1</sup> *Not him.*] Mordrec, son of King Arthur. In the romance of Lancelot of the Lake, Arthur, having discovered the traitorous intentions of his son, pierces him through with the stroke of his lance, so that the sunbeam passes through the body of Mordrec ; and this disruption of the shadow is no doubt what our Poet alludes to in the text.

<sup>2</sup> *Focaccia.*] Focaccia of the Cancellieri (the Pistoian family), whose atrocious act of revenge against his uncle is said to have given rise to the parties of the Bianchi and Neri, in the year 1300. See G. Villani, *Hist. lib. viii. c. xxxvii.* and Macchiavelli, *Hist. lib. ii.* The account of the latter writer differs much from that given by Landino in his Commentary.

<sup>3</sup> *Mascheroni.*] Sassol Mascheroni, a Florentine who murdered his nephew.

<sup>4</sup> *Camiccione.*] Camiccione de' Pazzi of Valdarno, by whom his kinsman Ubertino was treacherously put to death.

<sup>5</sup> *Carlino.*] One of the same family. He betrayed the Castel di Piano Travnigne, in Valdarno, to the Florentines, after the refugees of the Bianchi and Ghibelline party had defended it against a siege for twenty-nine days, in the summer of 1302. See G. Villani, *lib. viii. c. lii.* and Dino Compagni, *lib. ii.*

All heavy substance, and I trembling went  
Through that eternal chilness, I know not  
If will<sup>1</sup> it were, or destiny, or chance,  
But, passing 'midst the heads, my foot did strike  
With violent blow against the face of one.

"Wherefore dost bruise me?" weeping he ex-  
claim'd.

"Unless thy errand be some fresh revenge  
For Montaperto,<sup>2</sup> wherefore troublest me?"

I thus: "Instructor, now await me here,  
That I through him may rid me of my doubt:  
Thenceforth what haste thou wilt." The teacher  
paused,

And to that shade I spake, who bitterly  
Still cursed me in his wrath. "What art thou,  
speak,

That railest thus on others?" He replied:  
"Now who art thou, that smiting others' cheeks,  
Through Antenora<sup>3</sup> roamest, with such force  
As were past sufferance, wert thou living still?"

"And I am living, to thy joy perchance,"  
Was my reply, "if fame be dear to thee,  
That with the rest I may thy name enrol."

"The contrary of what I covet most,"  
Said he, "thou tender'st: hence! nor vex me  
more.

Ill knowest thou to flatter in this vale."

<sup>1</sup> *If will.*] Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate.

*Milton, P. L. b. i. 133.*

<sup>2</sup> *Montaperto.*] The defeat of the Guelphi at Montaperto, occasioned by the treachery of Bocca degli Abbati, who, during the engagement, cut off the hand of Giacompo del Nacca de' Pazzi, bearer of the Florentine standard. G. Villani, lib. vi. c. lxxx. and notes to Canto x. This event happened in 1260.

<sup>3</sup> *Antenora.*] "So called from Antenor, who, according to Dictys Cretensis (de Bello Troj. lib. v.) and Dares Phrygius (De Excidio Trojæ) betrayed Troy his country." *Lombardi.* See note on Purg. Canto v. 75. Antenor acts this part in Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, and in Chaucer's *Troilus and Crescide*.

Then seizing on his hinder scalp I cried :  
 "Name thee, or not a hair shall tarry here."

"Rend all away," he answer'd, "yet for that  
 I will not tell, nor show thee, who I am,  
 Though at my head thou pluck a thousand times."

Now I had grasp'd his tresses, and stript off  
 More than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes  
 Drawn in and downward, when another cried,  
 "What ails thee, Bocca? Sound not loud enough  
 Thy chattering teeth, but thou must bark outright?  
 What devil wrings thee?"—"Now," said I, "be  
 dumb,

Accursed traitor! To thy shame, of thee  
 True tidings will I bear."—"Off!" he replied;  
 "Tell what thou list: but, as thou scape from  
 hence,

To speak of him whose tongue hath been so glib,  
 Forget not: here he wails the Frenchman's gold.  
 'Him of Duera,'<sup>1</sup> thou canst say, 'I mark'd,  
 'Where the starved sinners pine.' If thou be ask'd  
 What other shade was with them, at thy side  
 Is Beccaria,<sup>2</sup> whose red gorge distain'd  
 The biting axe of Florence. Further on,  
 If I misdeem not, Soldanieri<sup>3</sup> bides,

<sup>1</sup> *Him of Duera.*] Buoso of Cremona, of the family of Duera, who was bribed by Guy de Montfort, to leave a pass between Piedmont and Parma, with the defence of which he had been intrusted by the Ghibellines, open to the army of Charles of Anjou, A.D. 1265, at which the people of Cremona were so enraged, that they extirpated the whole family. G. Villani, lib. vii. c. iv.

<sup>2</sup> *Beccaria.*] Abbot of Vallombrosa, who was the Pope's legate at Florence, where his intrigues in favour of the Ghibellines being discovered, he was beheaded. [See G. Villani, lib. vi. c. lxxv. He was legate of Alexander IV., and was a native of Pavia.]

<sup>3</sup> *Soldanieri.*] "Gianni Soldanieri," says Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. xiv., "put himself at the head of the people, in the hopes of rising into power, not aware that the result would be mischief to the Ghibelline party, and his own ruin; an event which seems ever to have befallen him who has headed the populace in Florence."—A.D. 1266.



With Ganellon,<sup>1</sup> and Tribaldello,<sup>2</sup> him  
Who oped Faenza when the people slept."

We now had left him, passing on our way,  
When I beheld two spirits by the ice  
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one  
Was cowl unto the other; and as bread  
Is raven'd up through hunger, the uppermost  
Did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,  
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously  
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus<sup>3</sup> gnawed,  
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate  
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,  
"The cause, on such condition, that if right  
Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,  
And what the colour of his sinning was,  
I may repay thee in the world above,  
If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

<sup>1</sup> *Ganellon.*] The betrayer of Charlemain, mentioned by Archbishop Turpin. He is a common instance of treachery with the poets of the middle ages.

Trop son fol e mal pensant,  
Pis valent que Guenelon.

*Thibaut, Roi de Navarre.*

O new Scariot and new Ganilion,  
O false dissembler, etc.

*Chaucer, Nonne's Prieste's Tale.*

And in the Monke's Tale, Peter of Spaine.

<sup>2</sup> *Tribaldello.*] Tribaldello de' Zambrasi, who was bribed to betray the city of Faenza, A.D. 1280.

<sup>3</sup> *Tydeus.*] See Statius, Theb. lib. viii. ad finem.

## CANTO XXXIII

## ARGUMENT

The Poet is told by Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi of the cruel manner in which he and his children were famished in the tower at Pisa, by command of the Archbishop Ruggieri. He next discourses of the third round, called Ptolomea, wherein those are punished who have betrayed others under the semblance of kindness; and among these he finds the Friar Alberigo de' Manfredi, who tells him of one whose soul was already tormented in that place, though his body appeared still to be alive upon the earth, being yielded up to the governance of a fiend.

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,  
 That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,  
 Which he behind had mangled, then began :  
 "Thy will obeying, I call up afresh  
 Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings  
 My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words,  
 That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear  
 Fruit of eternal infamy to him,  
 The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once  
 Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayst  
 be

I know not, nor how here below art come :  
 But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,  
 When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth  
 Count Ugolino,<sup>1</sup> and the Archbishop he

<sup>1</sup> *Count Ugolino.*] "In the year 1288, in the month of July, Pisa was much divided by competitors for the sovereignty; one party, composed of certain of the Guelfi, being headed by the Judge Nino di Gallura de' Visconti; another, consisting of others of the same faction, by the Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi; and a third by the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, with the Lanfranchi, Sismondi, Gualandi, and other Ghibelline houses. The Count Ugolino, to effect his purpose, united with the Archbishop and his party, and having betrayed Nino, his sister's son,

Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,  
 Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts  
 In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en  
 And after murder'd, need is not I tell.  
 What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,  
 How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,  
 And know if he have wrong'd me. A small  
 grate

they contrived that he and his followers should either be driven out of Pisa, or their persons seized. Nino hearing this, and not seeing any means of defending himself, retired to Calci, his castle, and formed an alliance with the Florentines and people of Lucca, against the Pisans. The Count, before Nino was gone, in order to cover his treachery, when everything was settled for his expulsion, quitted Pisa, and repaired to a manor of his called Settimo; whence, as soon as he was informed of Nino's departure, he returned to Pisa with great rejoicing and festivity, and was elevated to the supreme power with every demonstration of triumph and honour. But his greatness was not of long continuance. It pleased the Almighty that a total reverse of fortune should ensue, as a punishment for his acts of treachery and guilt; for he was said to have poisoned the Count Anselmo da Capraia, his sister's son, on account of the envy and fear excited in his mind by the high esteem in which the gracious manners of Anselmo were held by the Pisans.—The power of the Guelfi being so much diminished, the Archbishop devised means to betray the Count Ugolino, and caused him to be suddenly attacked in his palace by the fury of the people, whom he had exasperated, by telling them that Ugolino had betrayed Pisa, and given up their castles to the citizens of Florence and of Lucca. He was immediately compelled to surrender; his bastard son and his grandson fell in the assault; and two of his sons, with their two sons also, were conveyed to prison." *G. Villani*, lib. vii. c. cxx. "In the following March, the Pisans, who had imprisoned the Count Ugolino, with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren, the offspring of his son the Count Guelfo, in a tower on the Piazza of the Anziani, caused the tower to be locked, the key thrown into the Arno, and all food to be withheld from them. In a few days they died of hunger; but the Count first with loud cries declared his penitence, and yet neither priest nor friar was allowed to shrieve him. All the five, when dead, were dragged out of the prison, and meanly interred; and from thenceforward the tower was called the tower of famine, and so shall ever be." *Ibid.* c. cxxvii. Troya asserts that Dante, for the sake of poetical effect, has much misrepresented the real facts. See his *Veltro Allegorico di Dante*. Ed. 1826, p. 28, 9. This would render a conjecture, which the same writer elsewhere hazards, still more improbable: that the story might have been written by Dante when the facts were yet recent, and afterwards introduced into his poem. *Ibid.* p. 96. Chaucer has briefly told Ugolino's story. See *Monke's Tale*, Hugeline of Pise.

Within that mew, which for my sake the name  
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,  
Already through its opening several moons<sup>1</sup>  
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep  
That from the future tore the curtain off.  
This one, methought, as master of the sport,  
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,  
Unto the mountain<sup>2</sup> which forbids the sight  
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs  
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged  
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.  
After short course the father and the sons  
Seem'd tired and lagging, and methought I saw  
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,  
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard  
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask  
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang  
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;  
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?  
Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near  
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind  
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I  
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up  
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,  
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.  
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.<sup>3</sup>  
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,  
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet  
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day

<sup>1</sup> *Several moons.*] Many editions, and the greater part of the MSS., instead of "più lune" read "più lume"; according to which reading Ugolino would say, that the day had broke, and shone through the grated window of the prison, before he fell asleep.

<sup>2</sup> *Unto the mountain.*] The mountain S. Giuliano, between Pisa and Lucca.

<sup>3</sup> *All stone I felt within.*] "My heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand." *Shakspeare, Othello*, act iv. sc. 1.

Nor the next night, until another sun  
 Came out upon the world. When a faint beam  
 Had to our doleful prison made its way,  
 And in four countenances I descried  
 The image of my own, on either hand  
 Through agony I bit; and they, who thought  
 I did it through desire of feeding, rose  
 O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should  
 grieve

'Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest<sup>1</sup>  
 'These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;  
 'And do thou strip them off from us again.'  
 Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down  
 My spirit in stillness. That day and the next  
 We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!  
 Why open'dst not upon us? When we came  
 To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet  
 Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help  
 'For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en  
 Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three  
 Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:  
 Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope  
 Over them all, and for three days aloud  
 Call'd on them who were dead. Then fasting got  
 The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,  
 Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth  
 He fasten'd like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,

<sup>1</sup> *Thou gavest.*]

Tu ne vestisti  
 Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.

Imitated by Filicaja, Canz. iii.

Di questa Imperial caduca spoglia  
 Tu, Signor, me vestisti e tu mi spoglia:  
 Ben puoi 'l Regno me tor tu' che me 'l desti.

And by Maffei in the Merope:

Tu disciogleste  
 Queste misere membra e tu le annodi.

3

Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame  
 Of all the people, who their dwelling make  
 In that fair region,<sup>1</sup> where the Italian voice  
 Is heard; since that thy neighbours are so slack  
 To punish, from their deep foundations rise  
 Capraia and Gorgona,<sup>2</sup> and dam up  
 The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee  
 May perish in the waters. What if fame  
 Reported that thy castles were betray'd  
 By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou  
 To stretch his children on the rack. For them,  
 Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair  
 Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,  
 Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make  
 Uncapable of guilt. Onward we pass'd,  
 Where others, scarf'd in rugged folds of ice,  
 Not on their feet were turn'd, but each reversed.

There, very weeping suffers not to weep;<sup>3</sup>  
 For, at their eyes, grief, seeking passage, finds  
 Impediment, and rolling inward turns  
 For increase of sharp anguish: the first tears  
 Hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,  
 Under the socket brimming all the cup.

Now though the cold had from my face  
 dislodged  
 Each feeling, as 't were callous, yet me seem'd

<sup>1</sup> *In that fair region.*] Del bel paese là, dove 'l sì suona.  
 Italy, as explained by Dante himself, in his treatise *De Vulg.*  
*Eloq.* lib. i. cap. 8. "Qui autem Si dicunt a prædictis finibus  
 (Januensium) Orientalem (Meridionalis Europæ partem) tenent;  
 videlicet usque ad promontorium illud Italiæ, qua sinus Adriatici  
 maris incipit et Siciliam."

<sup>2</sup> *Capraia and Gorgona.*] Small islands near the mouth of the  
 Arno.

<sup>3</sup> *There, very weeping suffers not to weep.*]

Lo pianto stesso li pianger non lascia.

So Giusto de Conti, *Bella Mano*. Son. "Quanto il ciel":  
 Che il troppo pianto a me pianger non lassa.

Some breath of wind I felt. "Whence cometh this,"

Said I, "my Master? Is not here below  
All vapour quench'd?"—"Thou shalt be speedily,"

He answer'd, "where thine eyes shall tell thee whence,

The cause descrying of this airy shower."

Then cried out one, in the chill crust who mourn'd:

"O souls! so cruel, that the farthest post  
Hath been assign'd you, from this face remove  
The harden'd veil; that I may vent the grief  
Impregnate at my heart, some little space,  
Ere it congeal again." I thus replied:

"Say who thou wast, if thou wouldst have mine aid;

And if I extricate thee not, far down  
As to the lowest ice may I descend."

"The friar Alberigo,"<sup>1</sup> answer'd he,  
"Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd  
Its fruitage, and am here repaid, the date<sup>2</sup>  
More luscious for my fig."—"Hah!" I exclaim'd,  
"Art thou too dead?"—"How in the world aloft  
It fareth with my body," answer'd he,  
"I am right ignorant. Such privilege

<sup>1</sup> *The friar Alberigo.*] Alberigo de' Manfredi of Faenza, one of the Frati Godenti, Joyous Friars, who having quarrelled with some of his brotherhood, under pretence of wishing to be reconciled, invited them to a banquet, at the conclusion of which he called for the fruit, a signal for the assassins to rush in and dispatch those whom he had marked for destruction. Hence, adds Landino, it is said proverbially of one who has been stabbed, that he has had some of the friar Alberigo's fruit. Thus Pulci, Morg. Magg. c. xxv.

*Le frutte amare di frate Alberico.*

<sup>2</sup> *The date.*] Come Dio rende dataro per fico.  
*Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo*, l. iv. cap. xix.

Hath Ptolomea,<sup>1</sup> that oft-times the soul<sup>2</sup>  
 Drops hither, ere by Atropos divorced.  
 And that thou mayst wipe out more willingly  
 The glazed tear-drops<sup>3</sup> that o'erlay mine eyes,  
 Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,  
 As I did, yields her body to a fiend  
 Who after moves and governs it at will,  
 Till all its time be rounded: headlong she  
 Falls to this cistern. And perchance above  
 Doth yet appear the body of a ghost,  
 Who here behind me winters. Him thou know'st,  
 If thou but newly art arrived below.  
 The years are many that have past away,  
 Since to this fastness Branca Doria<sup>4</sup> came."

"Now," answer'd I, "methinks thou mockest  
 me ;

For Branca Doria never yet hath died,  
 But doth all natural functions of a man,  
 Eats, drinks, and sleeps,<sup>5</sup> and putteth raiment on."

He thus : "Not yet unto that upper foss  
 By th' evil talons guarded, where the pitch

<sup>1</sup> *Ptolomea.*] This circle is named Ptolomea from Ptolemy the son of Abubus, by whom Simon and his sons were murdered, at a great banquet he had made for them. See 1 Maccabees, ch. xvi. Or from Ptolemy, king of Egypt, the betrayer of Pompey the Great.

<sup>2</sup> *The soul.*] Chaucer seems to allude to this in the Frere's Tale, where a fiend assumes the person of a yeoman, and tells the Sompnour that he shall one day come to a place where he shall understand the mystery of such possessions,

Bet than Virgile, while he was on live,  
 Or Dant also.

See Mr. Southey's Tale of Donica.

<sup>3</sup> *The glazed tear-drops.*]

—sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears.

*Shakspeare, Rich. II. act ii. sc. 2.*

<sup>4</sup> *Branca Doria.*] The family of Doria was possessed of great influence in Genoa. Branca is said to have murdered his father-in-law, Michel Zanche, introduced in Canto xxii.

<sup>5</sup> *Eats, drinks, and sleeps.*] —But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No, wench, it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such. *Shakspeare, Tempest, act i. sc. 2.*



Tenacious boils, had Michel Zanche reach'd,  
 When this one left a demon in his stead  
 In his own body, and of one his kin,  
 Who with him treachery wrought. But now put  
 forth

Thy hand, and ope mine eyes." I oped them not.  
 Ill manners were best courtesy to him.

Ah Genoese! men perverse in every way,  
 With every foulness stain'd, why from the earth  
 Are ye not cancel'd? Such an one of yours  
 I with Romagna's darkest spirit<sup>1</sup> found,  
 As, for his doings, even now in soul  
 Is in Cocytus plunged, and yet doth seem  
 In body still alive upon the earth.

## CANTO XXXIV

### ARGUMENT

In the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors are wholly covered with ice. And in the midst is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.

"THE banners<sup>2</sup> of Hell's Monarch do come forth  
 Toward us; therefore look," so spake my guide,  
 "If thou discern him." As, when breathes a  
 cloud

Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night  
 Fall on our hemisphere, seems view'd from far

<sup>1</sup> *Romagna's darkest spirit.*] The friar Alberigo.

<sup>2</sup> *The banners.*]

*Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni.*

A parody of the first verse in a hymn that was sung by the church in praise of the cross.

A windmill,<sup>1</sup> which the blast stirs briskly round ;  
Such was the fabric then methought I saw.

To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew  
Behind my guide : no covert else was there.

Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain  
Record the marvel) where the souls were all  
Whelm'd underneath, transparent, as through glass  
Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid ;  
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,  
That on his head, a third with face to feet  
Arch'd like a bow. When to the point we  
came,

Whereat my guide was pleased that I should see  
The creature eminent in beauty once,  
He from before me stepp'd and made me pause.

"Lo!" he exclaim'd, "lo Dis; and lo the  
place,

Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with  
strength."

How frozen and how faint I then became,  
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not ;  
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.  
I was not dead nor living.<sup>2</sup> Think thyself,  
If quick conception work in thee at all,  
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways  
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice  
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like

<sup>1</sup> *A windmill.*] The author of the Caliph Vathek, in the notes to that tale, justly observes that it is more than probable that Don Quixote's mistake of the windmills for giants was suggested to Cervantes by this simile.

<sup>2</sup> *I was not dead nor living.*]

οὐτ' ἐν τοῖς θύμῳις,  
οὐτ' ἐν τῇσι ἀπὸ θανάτου.

*Euripides, Supplices*, v. 979. Markland's edit.

—tum ibi me nescio quis arripit.

*Timidam atque pavidam, nec vivam nec mortuam.*

*Plautus, Curculio*, act. v. sc. 2.

A giant,<sup>1</sup> than the giants are his arms.  
Mark now how great that whole must be, which  
suits

With such a part. If he were beautiful  
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare  
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him  
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight!  
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy  
Upon his head three faces<sup>2</sup> one in front.  
Of hue vermilion, the other two with this  
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;  
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left  
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile  
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth  
Two mighty wings, enormous as became  
A bird so vast. Sails<sup>3</sup> never such I saw

<sup>1</sup> *A giant.*] Nel primo clima sta come signore  
Colli giganti; ed un delle sue braccia  
Piu che nullo di loro è assai maggiore.

*Freszi, Il Quadrir.* lib. ii. cap. i.

<sup>2</sup> *Three faces.*] It can scarcely be doubted but that Milton  
derived his description of Satan, in those lines—

—Each passion dimm'd his face  
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair.

*P. L.* b. iv. 144.

from this passage, coupled with the remark of Vellutello upon it:  
"The first of these sins is anger, which he signifies by the red face;  
the second, represented by that between pale and yellow, is envy,  
and not, as others have said, avarice; and the third, denoted by the  
black, is a melancholy humour that causes a man's thoughts to be  
dark and evil, and averse from all joy and tranquillity." Lombardi  
would understand the three faces to signify the three parts of the  
world then known, in all of which Lucifer had his subjects: the red  
denoting the Europeans, who were in the middle; the yellow, the  
Asiatics, on the right; and the black, the Africans, who were on the  
left; according to the position of the faces themselves.

<sup>3</sup> *Sails.*] Argo non ebbe mai sì grande vela,  
Ne altra nave, come l'ali sue;  
Ne mai tessuta fu sì grande tela.

*Freszi, Il Quadrir.* lib. ii. cap. xix.

—His sail-broadvans  
He spreads for flight. *Milton, P. L.* b. ii. 927.

Compare Spenser, *F. Q.* b. i. c. xi. st. 10; Ben Jonson's Every

Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,

But were in texture like a bat;<sup>1</sup> and these  
He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still  
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth  
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears  
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.  
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,  
Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three  
Were in this guise tormented. But far more  
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost  
pang'd

By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back  
Was stript of all its skin. "That upper spirit,

Man out of his Humour, v. 7; and Fletcher's *Prophetess*, act 2, scene 3. In his description of Satan, Frezzi has departed not less from Dante than our own poet has done; for he has painted him on a high throne, with a benignant and glad countenance, yet full of majesty, a triple crown on his head, six shining wings on his shoulders, and a court thronged with giants, centaurs, and mighty captains, besides youths and damsels, who are disporting in the neighbouring meadows with song and dance; but no sooner does Minerva, who is the author's conductress, present her crystal shield, than all this triumph and jollity is seen through it transformed into loathsomeness and horror. There are many touches in this picture that will remind the reader of Milton.

<sup>1</sup> *Like a bat.*] The description of an imaginary being, who is called Typhurgo, in the *Zodiacus Vita*, has something very like this of Dante's Lucifer.

Ingentem vidi regem, ingentique sedentem  
In solio, crines flammanti stemmate cinctum,

—utrinque patentes

Alæ humeris magnæ, quales vespertilionum  
Membranis contextæ amplis—  
Nudus erat longis sed opertus corpora villis.

*M. Palingenii, Zod. Vit. lib. ix.*

A mighty king I might discern,  
Placed high on lofty chaire,  
His haire with fyry garland deckt  
Puft up in fiendish wise.

Large wings on him did grow,  
Framde like the wings of flinder mice, etc.

*Googe's Translation.*

Who hath worst punishment," so spake my  
guide,

"Is Judas, he that hath his head within  
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,  
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw  
Who hangs, is Brutus :<sup>1</sup> lo ! how he doth writhe  
And speaks not. The other, Cassius, that appears  
So large of limb. But night now re-ascends ;  
And it is time for parting. All is seen."

I clipp'd him round the neck ; for so he  
bade :

And noting time and place, he, when the wings  
Enough were oped, caught fast the shaggy sides,  
And down from pile to pile descending stepp'd  
Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.

Soon as he reach'd the point, whereat the  
thigh

Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,  
My leader there, with pain and struggling hard,

<sup>1</sup> *Brutus.*] Landino struggles, but I fear in vain, to extricate Brutus from the unworthy lot which is here assigned him. He maintains, that by Brutus and Cassius are not meant the individuals known by those names, but any who put a lawful monarch to death. Yet if Cæsar was such, the conspirators might be regarded as deserving of their doom. "O uomini eccellenti!" exclaims the commentator, with a spirit becoming one who felt that he lived in a free state, "ed al tutto degni a quali Roma fosse patria, e de' quali resterà sempre eterna memoria ; legginsi tutte le leggi di qualunque repubblica bene instituta, e troveremo che a nessuno si propose maggior premio che a chi uccide il tiranno." Cowley, as conspicuous for his loyalty as for his genius, in an ode inscribed with the name of this patriot, which, though not free from the usual faults of the poet, is yet a noble one, has placed his character in the right point of view—

Excellent Brutus ! of all human race  
The best, till nature was improved by grace.

If Dante, however, believed Brutus to have been actuated by evil motives in putting Cæsar to death, the excellence of the patriot's character in other respects would only have aggravated his guilt in that particular point. "*Totius autem injustitiæ nulla capitalior est quam eorum, qui cum maxime fallunt id agunt, ut viri boni esse videantur.*" *Cic. de Off. lib. i. cap. xiii.*

Turn'd round his head where his feet stood  
before,

And grappled at the fell as one who mounts ;  
That into hell methought we turn'd again.

"Expect that by such stairs as these," thus  
spake

The teacher, panting like a man forespent,

"We must depart from evil so extreme :"

Then at a rocky opening issued forth,

And placed me on the brink to sit, next join'd

With wary step my side. I raised mine eyes,

Believing that I Lucifer should see

Where he was lately left, but saw him now

With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,

Who see not what the point was I had past,

Bethink them if sore toil oppress'd me then.

"Arise," my master cried, "upon thy feet.

The way is long, and much uncouth the road ;

And now within one hour and half of noon<sup>1</sup>

The sun returns." It was no palace-hall

Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,

But natural dungeon where ill-footing was

And scant supply of light. "Ere from the abyss

I separate," thus when risen I began :

"My guide ! vouchsafe few words to set me free

From error's thrakdom. Where is now the ice ?

How standeth he in posture thus reversed ?

And how from eve to morn in space so brief

Hath the sun made his transit ?" He in few

Thus answering spake : "Thou deemest thou art  
still

On the other side the centre, where I grasp'd

<sup>1</sup> *Within one hour and half of noon.*] The Poet uses the Hebrew manner of computing the day, according to which the third hour answers to our twelve o'clock at noon. [The hour indicated is more probably 7.30 a.m.]

The abhorred worm that boreth through the world.

Thou wast on the other side, so long as I  
 Descended; when I turn'd, thou didst o'erpass  
 That point,<sup>1</sup> to which from every part is dragg'd  
 All heavy substance. Thou art now arrived  
 Under the hemisphere opposed to that,  
 Which the great continent doth overspread,  
 And underneath whose canopy expired  
 The Man, that was born sinless and so lived.  
 Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere,  
 Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn  
 Here rises, when there evening sets: and he,  
 Whose shaggy pile we scaled, yet standeth fix'd,  
 As at the first. On this part he fell down  
 From heaven; and th' earth, here prominent  
 before,

Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,  
 And to our hemisphere retired. Perchance,  
 To shun him, was the vacant space left here,  
 By what of firm land on this side appears,<sup>2</sup>  
 That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,  
 From Belzebub as distant, as extends  
 The vaulted tomb;<sup>3</sup> discover'd not by sight,  
 But by the sound of brooklet, that descends  
 This way along the hollow of a rock,  
 Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,  
 The wave hath eaten. By that hidden way  
 My guide and I did enter, to return

<sup>1</sup> *That point.*] Monti observes, that if this passage had chanced to meet the eye of Newton, it might better have awakened his thought to conceive the system of attraction, than the accidental falling of an apple. *Proposta*, v. iii. p.<sup>te</sup> 2, p. lxxviii. 80, 1824.

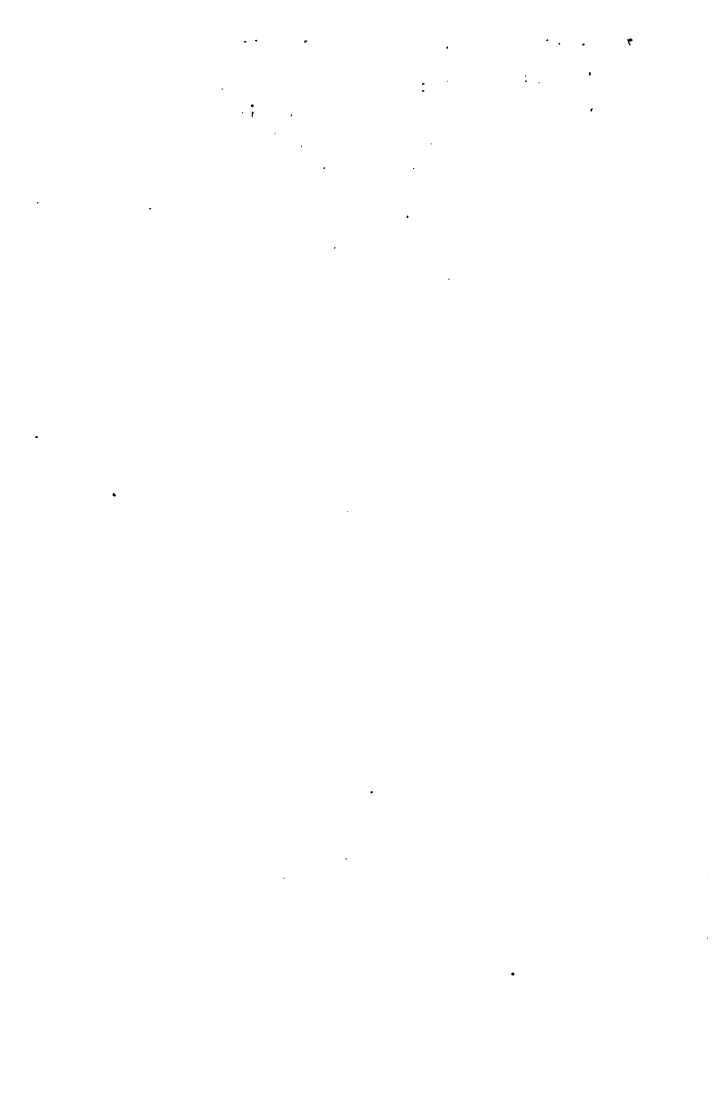
<sup>2</sup> *By what of firm land on this side appears.*] The mountain of Purgatory.

<sup>3</sup> *The vaulted tomb.*] "La tomba." This word is used to express the whole depth of the infernal region.

To the fair world: and heedless of repose  
We climb'd, he first, I following his steps,  
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven  
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave:  
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.<sup>1</sup>

[<sup>1</sup> It should be noted that the last line of each *cantica* of the *Commedia* ends with the word *stelle*.]





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Sedley, but she swallowed her mortification as well as she had the abominable curry before it, and as soon as she could speak, said, with a comical, good-humoured air—

“I ought to have remembered the pepper which the Princess of Persia puts in the cream-tarts in the *Arabian Nights*. Do you put cayenne into your cream-tarts in India, sir?”

Old Sedley began to laugh, and thought Rebecca was a good-humoured girl. Joseph simply said—“Cream-tarts, Miss? Our cream is very bad in Bengal. We generally use goat’s milk; and, ’gad, do you know, I’ve got to prefer it!”

“You won’t like *everything* from India now, Miss Sharp,” said the old gentleman; but when the ladies had retired after dinner, the wily old fellow said to his son, “Have a care, Joe; that girl is setting her cap at you.”

“Pooh! nonsense!” said Joe, highly flattered. “I recollect, sir, there was a girl at Dumdum, a daughter of Cutler of the Artillery, and afterwards married to Lance, the surgeon, who made a dead set at me in the year ’4—at me and Mulligatawney, whom I mentioned to you before dinner—a devilish good fellow Mulligatawney—he’s a magistrate at Budgebudge, and sure to be in council in five years. Well, sir, the Artillery gave a ball, and Quintin, of the King’s 14th, said to me, ‘Sedley,’ said he, ‘I bet you thirteen to ten that Sophy Cutler hooks either you or Mulligatawney before the rains.’ ‘Done,’ says I; and egad, sir—this claret’s very good. Adamson’s or Carbonell’s? . . .”

A slight snore was the only reply: the honest stockbroker was asleep, and so the rest of Joseph’s

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